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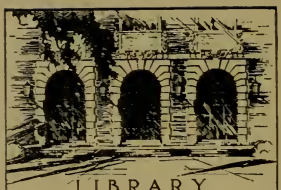

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THE

VILLAGE

OF

MARIENDORPT.

VOL. IV.

Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode,
Printers-Street, London.

THE

VILLAGE

OF

MARIENDORPT.

A TALE.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,

AUTHOR OF THE FAST OF ST. MAGDALEN, KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN, &c. &c. &c.

My son! My son!
Do I behold thy face? Oh, fold thine arms
Around me, clasp me to thy bosom, lean
Thy cheek 'gainst my fond cheek, and shade my breast
With the thick ringlets of thy clustering hair!
* * * * *
What shall I say to thee, — how tell thee all?

POTTER'S *Euripides.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

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THE

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MARIENDORPT.

CHAPTER I.

The sympathy of Madame Roselheim and Meeta upon the occasion of Rupert's departure was too perfect for them to trust themselves with the expression of it together: by tacit consent, therefore, they separated immediately after he went; retiring to pour out in secret those tears and those prayers which he so eminently deserved. Muhldenau, having given way to a long train of sad and serious thought after they

quitted him, arose from it solely to prosecute enquiries connected with the subject of their grief.

Every enquiry of the sort, then, and subsequently, proved fruitless. Whoever had concerted the plan, had either done it so well, or bribed so highly, that no traces of their route by land or water were to be detected; and Julian's afflicted friends were at length obliged to resign all hope of recovering him, conquering their fears by imagining him, however violent the means, placed, after all, in the hands of doting parents.

Yet though not one of the family at the Parsonage ventured to yield to sorrowful reflections, a cloud darkened all their hearts! Every instant they looked with habitual expectation to the opening door of the general sitting-room, for Rupert's smiling countenance, or Julian's infantine one; and as often turned away, sighing and disappointed.

A distant step, an indistinct tone, kindled all their looks at the same instant: as quickly would those lights go out, vanishing with the delusion that had given them birth.

There was not a place in the Parsonage, indeed not a spot in the garden, where they might not remember to have seen both Rupert and Julian: so that whether Madame Roselheim and Meeta occupied themselves within the house, or sought diversion of thought among the flowers without, they could not escape bitter and sudden pangs.

There was a tall cluster of hollyhocks close by the water's edge, which marked a spot, the favorite haunt of Rupert and Julian: it was at once sunny and sheltered; and the former used to sit and read there, while the other sent the heads of the flowers which the night-winds had scattered, down the stream of the canal.

Meeta never saw this spot without

thinking acutely of both: remembering with mournful pleasure the scenes of fairy land, towards which Julian's poetical imagination described his flower-fleet as drifting; and seeing again in her fancy, the frequently-lifted eye of his observant and indulgent brother.

Sometimes a strain of Rupert's flute, or a tone of Julian's voice seemed to come on the air, and startled her with a wild joy, which the next instant destroyed: — yet still her heart beat long and tumultuously afterwards; and the thought that she might, too probably, never hear either of these sounds in reality again, caused her to retreat far from every eye, where she might yield to, or calm her sad distraction, in lonely freedom.

Sometimes she wept over these remembrances in perfect despair; believing that Julian's life would sooner or later fall a sacrifice to that early sensibility which made him so interesting; and that Rupert's love must go out with the last

spark of his fortune. Probably, she thought, his prospects as a soldier would be ruined for ever, by this treacherous theft of his prisoner; since although a child of five years was certainly unimportant in himself, the value of him to powerful parents, rendered him of such consequence to the powers of the Protestant League, that supposed carelessness in guarding his person might be visited as sorely upon his captor, as suspected connivance. If so, Rupert's ruin was certain; and she might live to see him she loved, with a broken spirit, as well as fortune;—live to see that glowing heart become dead to its own fondest desires, brooding only over a blighted existence, and a dishonoured name.

Such a living death of the soul, was frightful to the contemplation of a heart like hers; and as often as it presented itself to her thoughts, she felt that she could rather bear to see him drop into the

grave before her, or to hear that he lay with untarnished glory on the bed of honour, than thus behold light after light, of that mind and heart, go out in the darkness of despair.

Obliged from tenderness for Rupert's mother, and from fear of betraying herself to her father, to conceal these thoughts within her own breast, Meeta's fortitude must have utterly failed, had she not occasionally supported herself, on the hope that Aremberg's prolonged stay might arise from the circumstance of Marshal Torstenson being still at head-quarters; and that with two such friends by his side, Rupert might cease to dread harsh or lukewarm measures.

To this hope she added many a prayer: and when she talked with her father, who not unfrequently began the topic, she caught with eagerness at the blessed conviction he expressed, that although it often pleases Providence to

try a good man with almost every species of calamity and deprivation, it rarely happens that the loss of fair fame is included amongst the number.

If such were the tormenting apprehensions of her less-experienced mind, what were those of Rupert's mother? These never slumbered. — More than once, a frightful imagination crossed her; and it seemed probable that the person or persons whose barbarous selfishness had planned the seizure of Julian, might find a devilish delight in contriving documents, or allowing assertions to pass uncontradicted, corroborative of a suspicion, that the whole business was a collusion between the father and son.

Narrow minds might find a reason for such suspicion in the pecuniary necessities of Rupert; and abler ones suspect him of being gained over by a higher bribe: thus selling his honour

and betraying his trust, for future promotion in an adverse service.

To this alarming idea, Madame Roselheim had nothing to oppose, except the confidence of one acquainted with the innocence of the person suspected. And if her heart failed her at intervals, fearing that her son's integrity might be borne down by envy or prejudice, it relied still too entirely upon a remnant of virtue in his father's breast, not to feel persuaded that an appeal to him at last, would be successful.

There might come a moment then when this injured wife could address her husband without moral debasement: and if such a moment were to arrive, she determined, that cost what it might, she would herself demand his testimony to her son's integrity, as an act to which a father knowing that integrity, stood bound by all the laws of God and man.

With this haven to look to, having once made up her mind to have recourse to it when all others failed, Madame Roselheim tempered her fears for Rupert: but for Julian her apprehensions and regrets often arose to agony.

Could she have been quite assured, that the child she loved so fondly were well and happy, her distress on his account would have been less pardonable, therefore easier combated by her own just principles; but his recent recovery from a dangerous malady, the timidity of his nature, and the vivacity of his affection for the friends he was torn from, justified the utmost extremity of her fears for his life.

There were times, when Madame Roselheim fancied the death of this hapless child, and the feelings of its parents in consequence; and, shuddering at the horror and agony of their reproaching consciences, she felt that there was an anguish of soul she had never known,

and to which all the misery and wrong she had endured, was light and transitory.

Meeta, while she thought of these parents, whether as connected with Julian or with Rupert, or with Madame Roselheim herself, thought of them with an unqualified abhorrence, which confounded both in the same degree of guilt: the tempted with the tempter! Unlike Rupert, she had no ties of nature and of early partiality, to soften her judgment of the Count Rhinegravestein's character; nor yet any hoard of recollected love and happiness, like his injured wife, to balance indignation by tenderness. She had lived too, always on the laps of good and amiable persons, far from the busy stage of life, where more difficult parts are sustained, and failure in them is consequently more frequent. She judged with the rigorous justice of a young heart, pure in its own feelings and intentions, ignorant of great temptations,

unconscious yet of actual sin, and nobly steadfast in the belief, that the rule of a Christian's life should indeed be the example of his divine Master.

If her profound disdain and lively abhorrence of Rhinegravestein's character therefore, were not expressed like Esther's, they were only deeper rooted for being less apparent: and, though she never permitted a remark to drop from her lips, which might pain Madame Roselheim to hear, even accidentally, she no longer could rebuke the untutored Esther, when she exhaled her indignant spirit in invectives against the guilty pair that would have murdered her lady.

Since the siezure of Julian, this singular woman had spoken of him with a kindness which even during his illness, her proud spirit would not suffer her to express. Sometimes she actually brushed a tear from her cheek, while she emphatically prayed God to take him to himself, ere he became as bad as those he

was going to! And when Meeta sought to check the revolting prayer, Esther, more than once, turned on her a look that passed like a two-edged sword through the secret of the other's heart; muttering, that if Julian were out of the way, the rightful heir might come at last to his own, and so be able to make himself and other folks that she loved, happy in more ways than one.

From such remarks, coupled with such looks, Meeta retreated precipitately.

The death of the Franciscan, and the danger of Julian, had called forth as much sympathy, as awe and fear, in the general inhabitants of Mariendorpt and its vicinity. A just dread of infecting the whole village, had indeed withheld even persons who had passed through the disorder, from offering their personal services, and the shelter of their houses, to any member of either afflicted household; but they had nevertheless found means to supply their revered minister,

almost gratuitously, with every thing needful for his sick inmate; presents of fruit, wine, and rare delicacies, being often left in the garden of the Parsonage, by Muhldenau's parishioners.

Now that the taint of contagion was pronounced removed from the house, and the few remaining members of it known to be under affliction, these good people flocked in to condole with Madame Roselheim, and to grieve for her with Meeta and Muhldenau.

Sincere sympathy, from the humblest bosom, is grateful to the loftiest human character: and although amongst their village neighbours there were several whose uncouth modes of comfort were ill adapted to soothe the distresses of delicate and refined minds, these found favour for the sake of their kind intentions; and others did indeed pour the balm of genuine benevolence into wounded feelings, with equal gentleness and judgment.

Mr. Vanderhoven was one of the few by whom consolation was rather required than given. His return to his home was marked by circumstances calculated to throw a damp over a stronger spirit than his. Father Joachim in the grave, Julian forcibly carried off, the charming Adolpha removed to a distance, his nephew and Rupert absent, altogether formed a mass of melancholy impressions which the worthy man had not force to resist.

If he went to the Parsonage, as was his custom whenever his spirits were depressed, or any serious matter weighing heavy upon his mind, he saw faces only that smiled, not hearts, as formerly; and aware that they put a constraint upon themselves to cheer him, he went there as seldom as possible.

Muhldenau's always-pensive brow was now stamped with a deeper print of sad thoughtfulness; and however he might seek to engage his family and visitants in discourses of a general character, how-

ever he might endeavour to provide for them and for himself innocent or laudable occupation, it was evident that a very painful anxiety possessed him, for the fate of Julian, and the result of Rupert's return to camp.

In the midst of such important cares and deep regrets, less urgent ones found little attention. Madame Krazau and Adolpha were not merely spoken of, but thought of by their friends at the Parsonage, as the visionary personages of a pleasing dream. Not that they valued them less in reality; but they knew them comparatively secure and happy; and the pleasurable time they had been known in, seemed to have no connection whatever with the sad and fatal ones which followed. Aremberg's image belonged to old associations; and they often talked of him, and wished for him, with an earnest longing, not unmixed with anxiety on his account. Thus passed at

Mariendorpt, the first week after Rupert's departure.

Rupert himself was engaged in more pressing anxieties.

Proceeding with all the dispatch in his power towards the Swedish camp, he was careful to inform himself, as he went along, of the state of the war, and of the changes which must have taken place in it; and in the politics of the different cabinets during his absence in Holland.

Some important changes had, indeed, occurred. The latest news he received of the army, was from his uncle, not long after the battle of Nordlingen, where a signal victory was obtained by the French, under the great Condé, over the Imperialists; without, however, breaking the latter's strength so completely as to prevent them from making formidable head again in the same quarter; dyeing their adversaries' laurels there, and in other parts of Germany, deeply in blood.

The balance of success preponderated sufficiently in favour of the Protestant interest, to operate powerfully upon public opinion. While the French were actively fortunate in Swabia, the armies of Sweden (in which were included the lesser bodies of their inferior allies), were securing their conquests in Moravia, Bohemia, and Silesia, and carrying the war into Saxony.

Alarmed by the progress of his first ally, the Elector of that country found there was safety for him only in a temporary retreat from his engagements with the Emperor: he therefore concluded a truce with Marshal Torstenson.

To balance the loss of a friend by that of a foe, the Emperor then sought to detach the French from the confederacy against him, by liberating the Elector of Treves, (without, however, restoring his territory;) the detention of that prince being the pretext of France for having joined the league of the Protestant

powers. This hope being frustrated, and the French still finding reasons for continuing to seek their own aggrandisement, under the cloak of keeping good faith with their ally, the Emperor saw himself obliged to think seriously of accommodation. and at the moment Rupert received this information of preceding events, his Imperial Majesty was pressing the conclusion of the peace negociating at Munster, with a sincerity prompted by his drained resources, but which the first success of his generals would annihilate.

Rupert heard also, that after having brought affairs to this point, Marshal Torstenson's shattered health had indeed obliged him to give up the command of the allied armies; and that a peace of some sort, was actually in every man's expectation.

A peace, however gratifying to Rupert's benevolent feelings, must, in his present subaltern condition, be fatal to

his hope of honourable subsistence. While he contemplated the probability of such an event, he drew an involuntary sigh of regret, that his boyish choice of a profession had not been over-ruled by some strong necessity, and he forced into a way of life better calculated for the acquirement of independence. But glory is like the living object of man's love, until possessed, he continues to believe that no other blessing can make him happy; consequently, while that impression remains — and in some natures it remains for life — no other does. Only the experience of many a misery, sometimes equally consequent upon the attainment of both objects, leads the man to regret the election of the youth; and to wish, not that his friends should have made themselves hateful to him, by opposing his desires, but that other obstacles might have obliged him into a different course.

These thoughts, however, merely

glanced, at times, through Rupert's mind: darker ones lodged there: and so long as a cloud hung over the public character of his father, and threatened his own honour, that which might burst over his fortune was little heeded.

In the retirement of Marshal Torstenson, the fall of Count Cratzenstein, and the elevation of General Wrangel, Rupert feared he read his sentence beforehand: for an enquiry into the mode of his prisoner's escape, he not only expected, but determined to court.

Secure as he was in his innocence of foul collusion, or base anxiety to win favour from his father, he might yet, with some show of justice, be arraigned for negligence; and if his judges were predetermined to find him guilty — and perhaps Wrangel's animosity might influence the opinions of other officers, — it would be in vain for him to plead a soldier's dependence upon another soldier's plighted faith. The very relation

in which the Count of Rhinegravestein stood to him, and which led him the more steadfastly to rely upon that general's honour, would form, possibly, the chief ground for suspecting and condemning himself.

To prove guilt in his conduct, Rupert well knew, was impossible; but he was aware that it might be difficult for him to prove his innocence. Of that, indeed, he could bring no other proofs than presumptive ones; such as a stainless life hitherto, his continuance in honourable poverty, the very circumstance of his having hastened directly to head-quarters with the news of his own misfortune, instead of going to reap the fruit of his supposed crime, in the camp, or at the Court of Bavaria.

These evidences, strengthened by many minor ones, he could not doubt would clear him in the eye of every law, military or civil; and in the judgment

of unprejudiced men. But, would they establish his innocence, beyond a question, with the world at large, which is seldom inclined to doubt or enquire into injurious reports? Would they silence the whispers of envy, or stop the underground proceedings of active malice? If they did not do this, Rupert felt that his whole life would be blighted.

And, as if this sharp arrow were not barbed sufficiently, another stinging apprehension dipped its point in poison. Every private particular of his own, and his parent's history, he concluded, must be dragged to light, before a set of indifferent persons, many of whom might never have known that history, but for this unfortunate examination. And though Rupert knew that he was now superior to that false shame, which in his boyish days, would have made the exposure of his own poverty, and his mother's dependent state, a burning agony to him, he still shrunk from the

prospect of hearing his father's deep transgressions freely discussed among strangers.

Thus, seeing before him one of two misfortunes, either unmerited disgrace, or a long check to his military advancement; knowing also that if a peace came, his prospects were over, it is not wonderful that even his buoyant spirit should fail under the weight of so many heavy anticipations.

No one, he well knew, could essentially serve him in this business, except only his father: and if he came not forward of himself, to clear his own and his son's honour, Rupert must believe him a party to the base transaction, and cruelly resolved upon his ruin. He determined, therefore, rather to perish than seek the testimony of such a father by any other mode than that of a public appeal to his justice.

When he thus doubted the conduct of one he wished not to believe devoid of

every noble principle, a severe pang wrung his heart for his mother's sake. So fondly confident as she was in her husband's abhorrence of all that society terms dishonourable, he dreaded the consequence if she should discover, after all, that Rhinegravestein's sense of honour had followed the fate of his higher principles; or that, like another Samson, he had yielded up his moral strength to another Dalilah.

Again and again that dear mother's image rose before his sight, oppressed with fears for him, with sorrow for Julian, and suffering perhaps from the joint effect of the last shocks he had sustained, and the blow so foully dealt her. — The last remembrance was one which never crossed Rupert, without "turning his sweet blood to gall:" for the instant his very brain maddened; and he felt, that had he been nigh when that blow was given, the ruffian that gave it must have atoned for it with his life.

From such distracting contemplations, he now and then allowed his thoughts to turn towards softer visions. His present stormy agitations required some balmy breath to soothe and allay them. He now courted the recollection of those looks and tones which he had formerly turned from in tremulous conviction of their danger; and he did so at this period, because whatever assured him of Meeta's devotedness to himself, rendered her tender care of his mother doubly certain. Yet ever as Rupert thought of the affecting moment in which he had first ventured to utter his love, and to read hers in her blushing eyes, he sighed out a prayer for her future happiness with one more fortunate than himself.

"But *my* fate is fixed, Meeta," he said to himself, during one of those fits of solitary communion, "endeared to me by scenes like those we have gone through so lately together, I can never love another. My mother must never

dream of a brilliant destiny for her son — at least, not if marriage is to bestow it." — And, with a sigh, he glanced an instant at the recollection of Adolpha Falkenberg; then forgot her again, in tenderer, sadder reveries about Meeta.

The late events had thrown an unusual degree of gloom over Rupert's soul. For the first time in his life, he saw with distempered vision, and believed every thing dark and lowering. Which-ever way he turned, whether reverting back, or looking forward, a black and dismal waste, haunted by the spectre forms of objects lost, and hopes foully murdered, seemed stretching before him.

In this state of mind, he was happily encountered, when mid-way in his journey, by his friend Aremberg. The surprise of the latter was great; for he imagined his friend still at Mariendorpt. But what were his other feelings, when he heard the many calamitous events that had taken place during his absence, a

period of little more than seven weeks! Affectionately and justly attached to his uncle, it may be confessed, that Aremberg's first poignant concern was upon his account: since Mr. Vanderhoven was indeed a material sufferer in comfort, by those distresses which more immediately belonged to the inhabitants of the Parsonage. — But after paying him the tribute of his first sorrowful expressions, Aremberg dwelt with unfeigned sympathy upon the death of Father Joachim, the apprehensions for Julian's fate, and finally upon the concluding misery of all Rupert's probable vexations in consequence of the child's seizure.

When Aremberg was at the camp, he heard that the negociation for the exchange of the little prisoner had been suspended some time before, by an unexpected event, the death of the noble personage for whom alone the allies had consented to give him up. It was pro-

bable, therefore, that the knowledge of this circumstance, and the fear of another long train of impediments similar to what had preceded them, had prompted Julian's parents to this outrage, which placed his person again in their hands.

It was probable that Rhinegravestein, trusting to his own increased consequence with the Emperor, now that the latter had no powerful ally left except Bavaria, made sure of being screened in the act; possibly varnishing the business to others, as to himself, by the old gloss of religious motives.

Aremberg thought too contemptuously of Count Rhinegravestein's authority as a husband, and of his slavery to popish sophisms, to hesitate in believing him a principal actor in this shameful transaction, and he had his own private intentions in consequence. But his object now was of a different nature.

However contemplative and retiring by nature as well as habit, Aremberg

was neither shy nor slow to act, when occasion required exertion; he now saw the course he ought to take for his friend's best interests; and he willingly sacrificed to them all the indulgencies of confidence, and of personal pleasure. — His purpose was to follow Marshal Torstenson without loss of time, while Rupert should proceed, with equal speed, to head-quarters. Aremberg had so lately parted with the Marshal there, ere each of them commenced their different routes, that he believed it certain he should overtake him time enough, either to induce him to turn back, and give his powerful countenance to his young aid-de-camp's character, or receive instructions how the latter ought to act, in the event of a formal investigation taking place.

Aremberg had convinced himself so thoroughly of the Swedish hero's high opinion and personal regard for Rupert, that knowing the latter's honour as

pure as virgin gold, he would not admit that there was any thing to dread with such an advocate in prospect.

He now detailed the particulars of the interview he had fortunately obtained from Marshal Torstenson on arriving in Suabia, and the gratifying encomium that gallant soldier had bestowed upon Rupert's varied military talents. He had said, that he owed his life or liberty to him, on the memorable morning of the reconnoitring adventure; signifying his purpose of retaining Rupert's name upon the list of officers attached to his staff, whom at a future day he might hope to claim as his followers to the field; or in the event of a peace, offer favourable situations in his government of Pomerania.

Rupert, he said, must consent to retain the pay of the appointment, so long as he wished to preserve its privileges at a later period.

The Marshal spoke highly of his successor as an able commander and intrepid soldier; but owned he was rather jealous of interference; little inclined to pay particular attention to a recommendation of the person who had gone before him, but certainly an excellent judge of merit where it was shown, and likely, therefore, to advance it unprompted.

From another field officer, however, the Marshal anticipated immediate kindness for his aid-de-camp: this was General Konigsmark; a young man himself, risen suddenly to eminence by splendid achievements, and as remarkable for the generosity, as the impetuosity of his temper.

To this patronage, the late Commander-in-chief trusted Rupert; regretting only that his division was acting at present in a different quarter from that where Wrangel commanded in person, and of which the regiment Ru-

pert served in, formed a part — but the shifting game of war was likely to bring those separate bodies so often together, that a single recommendation in general terms, promised ultimate advantage to the young soldier continuing to study the finest military lessons under another master. Marshal Torstenson remarked, that his aid-de-camp was yet young enough to wait for promotion; and not knowing that he had a private reason for apprehending actual hostility from the Commander-in-chief, conceived no other measures were necessary for his ultimate good.

Aremberg, in repeating the substance of his interview, withheld parts with which he had no right to acquaint his friend at present; and in despite of the latter's unusual pensiveness, forced him into smiles, when he described the nervous trepidation of the Marshal on his sudden irruption into his tent, and the difficulty he had in establishing any

thing like ease between two such persons.

Rupert's spirits were roused by so many proofs of Marshal Torstenson's esteem, and lightened by the hopes they held out to him: for the first time since he parted from all he loved at Mariendorpt, his brow cleared entirely, and Aremberg saw his friend again. The former waited only to confirm this gratifying change, to answer briefly and satisfactorily a few hasty enquiries after the ladies he had conducted to Lauterbourg, then hurried in an opposite direction from that which Rupert was to take in pursuit of Marshal Torstenson.

In seeing Aremberg again, Rupert felt that he had recovered his good angel; an union of sound sense, with deep feeling, which coupled with less intellect would have formed a romantic character, peculiarly distinguished Aremberg, and rendered him as sure a guide as a sympathizing companion.

Rupert was yet young and inexperienced enough to feel, or believe, that he could not wholly rely upon his own judgment in the great concerns of life: an affectionateness of heart, rather than deficiency of mental energy, making him love to lean on some friendly breast, he had continued so to lean upon Aremberg's, when his own strength was become sufficient for his own support.

If his thoughts now rested with comfort upon that excellent friend, they were disturbed and unpleasant whenever they turned towards Colonel Roselheim. Rupert was aware that he must prepare for a disagreeable meeting with him; both on account of Julian's escape, and the supposed conduct of his father.

Rupert loved his uncle too sincerely, not to grieve that any thing was likely to embitter his satisfaction at finding him spared by the war-blast which had laid his first patron, Count Cratzenstein in the dust. He would have given much,

could he have insured their meeting under different auspices. It was always with poignant concern that he allowed himself to see the spotted side of Colonel Roselheim's mixed character — that begrudgment of other men's fame, which made him pleased with occasions of detracting from it. He could only resolve to endure this, and every other disagreeable, with patient respect; still reserving to himself the right of maintaining his own claim to upright intentions, thwarted as those certainly were now, by the base conduct of some other person. In his father's cause, Rupert meant simply to follow his mother's example, and beg a suspension of judgment, until the affair could be formally notified to the Count, and an opportunity consequently afforded him of clearing his reputation. With these views, and in this temper, Rupert proceeded towards head-quarters.

The great body of the Swedish army, at that time, had just taken up a strong position on the border line between Suabia and Franconia; but the advance, which consisted of German auxiliaries, had pushed on to the Palatinate; and as Rupert journeyed along the Bergstrasse, he saw detachments posted in every one of those romantic villages which are invariably to be found at the mouths of all the valleys leading downwards from the Odenwald. The wild, and wooded heights of that mountainous chain of country, with each its ruined castle, or hastily-repaired fortress, seemed threatening, like the war, the pretty hamlets at their feet. The hills, indeed, were warm with the ripening vintage, but instead of children scrambling to gather fruit amongst them, or girls washing linen in the brook below, he saw grim or thoughtless soldiers, revelling to day, in what they might destroy to-morrow; and heard the tramp and splash of war-

horses through the sparkling mountain-streams that watered every valley.

It was not the first time that Rupert had felt the painful discordancy of such scenes and such accompaniments; but he felt it the more now, for having so lately enjoyed the peace and simple pleasures of Mariendorpt. He remembered those beautiful evenings of summer, during which the inhabitants of the Parsonage used to walk out all together into the neighbouring meadows, where Julian gathered daisies to make necklaces for Meeta, or sought rarer wild flowers for his governor's herbal. The trees that shaded those walks, the gentle waving of the leafy boughs above, the sweet smell of the grasses around, the soft air itself, the looks, the voices of his dear companions were all as if present to him. Then changing the picture, he saw the same dear persons assembled, in the season of frost and snow, at their morning meal, the humane Muhldenhau throwing out

the collected crumbs to expecting robins at the window, while Meeta was awing his four-footed favorite into respect for their little pensioners. Every piece of furniture in that room was perfect in Rupert's recollection; he remembered all their appropriate places and all their antiquated forms: nay, he could number every tile of the stove, and have drawn every landscape which figured in white and indigo china upon their smooth surfaces. What true affection and enviable tranquillity dwelt in that humble home? and why might not Rupert, standing in the midst of disputed villages, imagine equal love and comfort in many a house, even humbler than his own, which fear and flight had now left desolate.

Had Aremberg been a partner to these reflections, perhaps he might have added another, and remarked how much more tenaciously memory adheres to scenes of simplicity and pastoral pleasure, as associated with the images of lost or absent

friends, than to scenes of showier glare and giddier amusement. Who is it that may recall the person they love best, either amid the crowd and splendours of a city, or under the noiseless shades of the country, that does not prefer the latter recollection? Nature, therefore, speaks in our hearts to the end of our lives; reproving our factitious preferences, with the voice of truth, and reminding us that man first dwelt "in a garden."

When our hero quitted the army in the spring, its head-quarters was in the vicinity of Brunn in Moravia: these were now removed to Suabia, where Torstenson had hoped to form a junction with the French, intending to enter Bavaria with their united strength, and force the Elector of that country to follow the example of Saxony.

General Wrangel, on whom the gallant Torstenson's baton of command now devolved, prosecuted the same scheme of

war; Rupert therefore might expect to find a formidable array of great military characters in the allied camp, if the projected junction should be effected ere his arrival.

If his conduct were to be investigated, the wider the scrutiny was, and the nobler the men by whom it was undertaken, the more surely he might rely upon a just and honourable result. But no junction had been effected. The French and Swedish troops were checked by the sudden appearance of a strong body of Austrians, under an Archduke; and these, occupying a position between the Danube and the Neckar, prevented the French from passing the latter river; and at the same time awed the Swedes posted beyond the former, from advancing into Bavaria, which Rhinegravestien was just re-entering, after defeating the troops of the Union on the Egra.

Military affairs were in this state, when Rupert reached Donawert, a fortified

town, which protected the Swedish camp, and formed the temporary residence of the Commander-in-chief. His first act, on entering the town, was to present himself after the usual formalities, to General Wrangel, state the unpleasant circumstances which brought him there, and deliver himself up to whatsoever private reproof or public investigation that officer might think fit to inflict upon him.

By what petty springs are even minds otherwise great sometimes moved! — The mean resentment of disappointed vanity, or a baser passion baffled, and the pleasure of repaying mortification, were distinctly visible in the reddening up of Wrangel's fine-looking face, and the quick sparkle of his large floating eye: but he knew enough of decorum to assume the distant air of a Commander-in-chief, approached by an inferior officer; and he addressed the latter in terms of

exceedingly polite, though cold condolence.

He confessed "that his misfortune was most unfortunate," that of course it subjected the young cavalier to suspicion, on account of his known relationship to the prisoner, and the illustrious person to whom the action would in all likelihood be traced; that it would require, therefore, the gravest investigation; and oblige the Commander-in-chief to measures apparently very severe, since he must apprize Rupert not to be shocked if he found himself placed under immediate arrest the moment he left his presence.

General Wrangel, while affecting to consider any baseness as impossible in the young hero before him, took pains to repeat the different reasons for suspecting him of collusion with the enemy, which might be urged as arguments against his cause in the event of a trial.

These he collected from Rupert's own simple statement, with remarkable accuracy, and marshalled with wonderful precision. Amongst them were the facts of Rupert's original religion, being that of his father's church; his subsequent intimacy with one of its zealous members, the Franciscan; his possible re-conversion by that priest; and the unlimited power which catholic priests are known to have over their converts. He touched, as if contemning such suspicions for his young officer, upon the splendid temptations in the power of Count Rhinegravestein to hold out to his disinherited son, and hinted at the force of pleasures and honours over youthful ambition; yet, still he repeated, that he was confident no such weakness would be discovered by those who were to search and suppose it possible.

Wrangel's looks contradicted his language; and provokingly courted Rupert's

observation of their insulting meaning. Rupert, for an instant, stood on the brink of ruin: his temper was already in a state of unusual irritation, from the annoying nature of his distresses, and the exclamation, "Unfeeling coward!" was just bursting from his very heart, when the timely image of his mother rose and checked it. He felt, in a moment, the destruction he must bring on himself, and the desolation on her, by this vain braving of a powerful enemy; and reining in his contemptuous indignation, he unfastened his sword, and offering it to his general, as is the rule in cases of military arrest, said, with a glance which the other might interpret as he pleased, "I suppose now, that I must deliver up my sword to your Excellency; but I would not yield it so to an enemy in the field."

Wrangel was silent a few seconds, then looking round upon one of his aid-de-camps, (for they were not alone,) coolly

bade him advance, and receive Captain Roselheim's sword.

Rupert then said something about committing his character, unfearing, to the scrutiny of his brave companions in arms: professed himself secure in the loyalty of his conduct, but ready to receive, with the humility becoming his youth and inexperience, any censure they might think he merited, for too firmly relying upon the faith of a gallant foe.

The agitated tone in which Rupert pronounced his father's name, and noticed his hitherto unsullied reputation for fidelity to all his public engagements, gave General Wrangel a new engine by which to torture him.

He affected now, to commiserate him for having trusted too romantically to a reputation evidently unfounded; asserting that the escape of Julian could only be planned by Count Rhinegravestein, and executed by his emissaries; appeal-

ing to his aid-de-camp, whether the Count had not applied for a protection for his Countess, to visit a dying relation in Cologne; whether she had not actually gone thither, two or three months back, evidently now, for the sole purpose of managing and securing her son's seizure.

Rupert's blood boiled up again at this unqualified assertion; perhaps the more, because the information coupled with it, staggered his own confidence: he was on the point of denouncing the Countess herself, as the sole inventor of the act, when remembering that by doing so, he was committing the very fault he blamed in his General, — prejudging a possibly guiltless person, he only bowed, and said calmly, "I leave the Count of Rhinegravestein's honour, as I do my own, in the hands of justice. Till a fair scrutiny redeem both, I must submit to hear them questioned by every private in the army — following your Excellency's example."

The last sentence, though the last words were indignantly spoken, started a tear in the eye of the young soldier;—Torstenson would have said that tear became his noble aspect. But his present commander only looked at him with increased bitterness, saying, sarcastically, "I do not advise you, Sir, to appear thus forward in the defence of a father, that does not appear to give any *visible* proofs of his affection for your person, or show any *visible* care of your fortune." And he laid a biting emphasis upon the word *visible*, thus twice used.

His malicious purpose was, however, too obvious not to defeat itself, by putting the object of it upon his guard: and Rupert, having purposely kept his eyes down, remained without changing his countenance, or his position, as if wholly unmoved.

Wrangel thought he had yet another arrow out of a different quiver. All at

once, he condescended to enquire after the state of his young officer's health; lamented that his gallant conduct in Bohemia should have been followed by such serious consequences to it, as his total change of appearance made evident, had been the case. Wrangel was weak enough to condescend still further, saying something in a more familiar tone, importing that the once handsome cavalier would have small chance now, of making conquests of a different nature, from those obtained by sword and pistol.

At any other time than the present, Rupert would have had difficulty in repressing downright laughter at this pitiful attempt to mortify him: even now, he was amused by it; and a smile, of which he was unconscious, crossed his features, as if to show his former rival that they wanted only their customary expression, to become as formidably charming as formerly.

He answered the remarks upon his

health by a respectful inclination of the head; and the expression of a hope that he might be found more competent to the fatigues of a campaign than his altered looks led others to expect: and Wrangel perceiving that he was less vulnerable on this point, than he had appeared on preceding ones, resumed the Commander-in-chief, and stiffly reminding him that he must now confine himself, till further orders, to his own immediate quarters, dismissed him with distancing ceremony.

CHAP. II.

As Rupert went out from General Wrangel's presence, with feelings all chafed by the various modes and subjects of attack with which it had pleased that officer's malice to try his patience, he blamed himself for feeling thus; admitting, that as he had hitherto lived amongst amiable, if not always amongst good people, he must consider himself in the light of a spoiled child, and prepare, therefore, to submit with becoming grace to the discipline of bad tempers, and little minds.

The sweet peace of Mariendorpt then rose upon his soul, like the uprise of the summer moon; he contemplated the soft vision till it tranquillized him completely;

and then his thoughts turned with grateful regret to the idea of Marshal Torstenson.

How differently would that hero have received any man under Rupert's painful circumstances!—equally correct in discipline, and firm as Wrangel in the execution of all those forms and laws which constitute military order, perhaps more incorruptible in final decision,—so long as the question were yet to be argued, of whether dishonour did or did not belong to a name hitherto unsullied, so long would that great man have shown generous confidence in the fidelity of the accused, and have treated him as a brother soldier under misfortune, not as a criminal branded with disgrace.

It is true General Wrangel had expressed sentiments of a tolerant nature; but he had not looked them; he had managed to threaten, even while affecting to condole; and although Rupert had recovered from the alarm which seized

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him on first dreading an imputation on his character, and was therefore fearless now of the result, he knew that Wrangel would have infinite opportunities of distressing and goading him, while the affair was pending; that he would perhaps have it in his power to prejudice and poison opinion beforehand; consequently he lamented more than ever the removal of his noble friend.

Something the Commander-in-chief said during the late interview, showed Rupert that he meant to mortify him in the point essential to his future advancement. This was the avowal, that although immediate application would be made to the Imperial Court for its disavowal of the business in question, by taking measures to restore the prisoner seized, the examination into the conduct of their own officer could not be made by the Swedish Generals till long afterwards. Public service must not be interrupted for private or trifling business;

and if Rupert found himself obliged to remain in his present uneasy situation until the field officers were at leisure for tedious formalities by going into winter quarters, he must do it with the best grace he could, as military regulations would not admit of his having any share in the compaign while thus suspected.

From this discourse, Rupert clearly understood that he was to be considered under arrest all that time; and thus would be so long condemned to irksome, humiliating inactivity, losing, consequently every possible chance of promotion. This to him was not merely a mortification, but a serious calamity; and as he thought with filial anxiety about the future provision of his mother, should events deprive her of his uncle's bounty, the loved image of Meeta seemed to remove still further from his vain hopes.

Grieved and perplexed as Rupert was by the cloud that hung over him, he soon had to acknowledge that it was not preg-

nant alone with vexations; it dropt some favours also. The moment his arrival and situation were known in the town and the camp, his brother officers, instead of shunning his prison-room, flocked to see and cheer him; treating the affair with the levity of friendly youth, and repeating with good-natured pleasure the chagrin of the common soldiers upon this confinement of their favourite officer. Rupert's was a heart easily warmed into cheerfulness by the breath of kindness; it was one that loved to love its kind; so that ere he had been under arrest four-and-twenty hours, his looks and his spirits rose for a while to their natural level.

It was not long ere he received a proof of what he might expect from General Wrangel's dislike. The resort of so many evident well-wishers to his person was no sooner known to the latter, than under pretence of keeping the young subalterns to the study as well as practice of

their profession, he issued an order that no one was to be admitted to the room of the officer under arrest, without express permission from himself, the Commander-in-chief. This unexampled severity, though artfully professing to aim at the idle habits of boyish officers, gave Rupert fearful promise of what he might expect hereafter; and his soul revolted at the wanton tyranny of a man against whom he had never committed any other offence than one contemptible in itself, and purely unintentional. When the bright eyes at Halle, which Wrangel vainly courted, had beheld Rupert so admiringly, he little dreamt how dearly he should pay for glances which he disregarded, and for commendations which he never sought to hear. Such are the strange caprices of our destinies in this life!

Refusing now, for the sake of the young men themselves, to admit any of his brother officers' visits, and condemned

therefore to complete solitude, Rupert sought an asylum for his vexed spirit in books and the pencil. At one time he resolutely plunged into mathematical calculations; at another he forgot all his petty mortifications and graver anxieties, in a soldier's enthusiasm over the immortal work of Cæsar, a work which has left posterity at a loss which most to admire in it, the great master in war, or the great master of stile. Thus enriching his mind while condemned to bodily inaction, it might be said of Rupert as the quaint Hacket says of a different hero, "Imprisonment to him was no more than it is to a flower, put into an earthen pot, straightened for spreading, but every whit as sweet as in the open beds of the garden."

Yet there were intervals, during which Rupert felt his present confinement hard to bear, in the morning when many a drum beat the cheerful *reveillée*; in the evening when the bugles of the cavalry were heard at different distances, wind-

ing their long-drawn melancholy strains over the softening river, or among the swelling echoes of the neighbouring hills. — At these times Rupert could see from the windows of his room which looked down upon the camp, different parties proceeding out, or returning from duty: and as the well-known sounds of military array reached his ear, as he knew them to be going or coming back from some successful enterprise, a keener sense of his own thraldom and inactivity "entered into his soul."

In the silence of night other thoughts obtained possession of him. — Those occupations which through the day enabled him successfully to combat uneasy reflections about his mother, and those sights which had no association with her image, were then no more; and wakeful from want of exercise, unable to escape from whatever idea forced itself upon him, Rupert found that his saddest, in some degree,

his sweetest hours, were those he thus involuntarily yielded to her and Meeta.

He had been several days under arrest, when his uncle, whom he had abandoned the hope of seeing, in consequence of his post being at a distance, and the General's unwillingness to let him quit it for his sake, — suddenly appeared.

Colonel Roselheim came all in heat and dust, after a ride of full fifteen miles from the small town, of which he had recently been made commandant. No sooner had he heard of his nephew's return and the circumstances of it, than he wrote to request permission to come to Donawert for a few hours, together with the further favour of an order to see his unlucky relative. General Wrangel could not deny such a request to one of such undeniable conduct as the veteran in question, and contenting himself with strictly limiting the Colonel to the time he proposed, gave the permission sought.

Rupert's apprehension of much dis-

agreeable and wounding conversation with his uncle ere they should separate, was not done away, merely by the ardour with which the Colonel caught him in his arms, hugged him to his breast, telling him in a voice between crying and gladness, that he was the happiest man in the world at seeing him again, and the very sorriest too, at meeting him under such confounded circumstances.

Rupert's grateful affection for past and present kindness brightened his looks, as he more than once returned his uncle's hearty embrace, and glanced over his hale and homely face; it was the same face as he had left it: except that the mustachios which Rupert's remonstrances used formerly to keep in tolerable order, were grown into the beard, and soiled more than usual by the slovenly use of tobacco.

Colonel Roselheim began by saying that he had not five minutes to stay, and

in that short time desired his nephew would answer positively and fully to all the following questions. — "How his mother was? How the devil he could let his prisoner be carried off? Whether he did not think the honourable Count Rhinegravestein and his titled concubine were not both at the bottom of it? Whether he did not agree with him, that the old Popish Governor of the boy deserved to be hanged for aiding and abetting them? What he meant to do to clear himself and bring the real criminals to justice? And lastly, whether there was any one thing in the world by which he himself could serve his nephew on this occasion.

In all this catalogue of questions, there was not one couched so offensively to Rupert individually as he might have expected; there was neither anger nor triumph in the manner of asking them, and the latter felt with overflowing pleasure, that if his uncle's infirmity of cha-

racter were called into action by another's prosperity, the adversity of that very person, attracted his instant kindness: under such impressions Rupert squeezed his uncle's hand emphatically, while he replied to his questions as briefly as possible.

Colonel Roselheim's hard-favoured features underwent many changes during the narrative; and at the description of the Franciscan's respectable conduct and melancholy death, he exclaimed aloud in the simplicity of a good heart "Now God forgive me!" His looks inflamed, when Rupert began to speak of Julian's seizure: the former, afraid of kindling a fire which he might not afterwards be able to smother, forbore to mention the blow given to his mother by one of the ruffians; since the quivering agitation with which he himself still thought of that dastardly act, warned him not to stamp it upon the memory of his uncle.

He passed by some of Colonel Rosel heim's queries without answering them, excusing himself on the score of time, and proceeding to such as were of real importance: nay, he said he must reply to his uncle's last question, by asking one in return, Whether it would not be better and more respectable for Rupert, for his friends to show themselves confident in his integrity, and to remain quiescent.

Colonel Roselheim was of his opinion directly: there being only two or three opinions of his own, which had any root in his mind. These indeed grew there, as into a rock: for they were the only subjects he pondered over again and again, as belonging to his personal expectations and personal grievances. — Among these was his strong envy of his brother; and much too well aware of that, Rupert contrived to divert his conversation from that channel by asking some well-timed question about a

surprise that had taken place lately, in which Colonel Roselheim had especially distinguished himself, and obtained for his high reward the command of the place surprized. But though this diversion was ably made by Rupert, and animated the veteran's discourse for a while, it did not totally rescue the former from the evil he dreaded; and he was forced to endure the pain of hearing assertions of his father's baseness, and his own pusillanimity in consequence, unless he branded that baseness with the name it deserved.

Colonel Roselheim made no scruple of attributing the transaction, as much to Rhinegravestein's resentment at his son for having refused to live a dependant in the house where he had a right to command as heir, as to his desire of regaining the offspring of his second marriage; and bluntly gave it as his opinion, that the proud general of the Elector, already feared his son's growing

laurels would eventually overtop his own.

Rupert's inward thoughts were unhappily not so completely at rest upon the subject of his father, that they were incapable of disturbance by the suggestion of others: they were now put into painful agitation again. But his sense of misgiving, arose from the probable influence of the countess who was known to seek her husband's participation in censurable acts, as his forgiveness after any offence given by her pride or jealousy, by means degrading to woman's dignity and delicacy; — by all the blandishments of lavish flattery, and unbridled fondness; — by profuse acknowledgments of transgression without real contrition; and by unnumbered slavish, yet refined attentions to every thing which in public could gratify her husband's vanity, or exalt his magnificent pleasures. To those, her varied and uncommon talents, richly enabled her to

contribute; and Rupert well knew that scenic representations of which her husband's exploits furnished the subject, and her own music and poetry the execution, were often the means she employed to extort his gratitude or his smiles, and so win back the favour her fiery temper had forfeited. Secretly admitting the fact of his father's weakness, he yet repulsed the most unworthy of the motives attributed to him by the Colonel, with a vehemence which made the latter take fire.

"Well sir," he said at last, as his uncle ended an angry speech, "let me pray that this subject may rest till it is canvassed and settled publicly, — for so of course it will be: then if my unhappy father is found concerned in the business, I will give him up for ever, and shall only intreat you to consider that I remain his son, be he what he may! and that all which either God or man can demand of me, in such miserable circumstances, is silent acquiescence in

the decision of the world against him. You would not, my dear uncle, have me exult over the transgressions of a parent? — I believe, tears rather —"

Tears did indeed, interrupt Rupert's explanation of what he deemed the duty of a virtuous child to an erring parent, and as he turned away his face to hide what honoured him, Colonel Roselheim hummed once or twice, then tried to whistle, and at last started on his feet at the sound of the town-clock striking a later hour than he fancied: — shook Rupert affectionately by the hand; said he never saw so good a soldier, so great a fool upon certain occasions, and abruptly bade him farewell.

The spirits of Rupert were not destined to long suspense, either upon the subject of his father or of himself. Official remonstrance to the Austrian representative at Munster, through the medium of the Allies' ministers there, were only upon the road, when a flag of truce ap-

peared at Donawert bearing a letter from the Count of Rhinegravestein then just occupying Bavaria.

The letter was short, earnest, and manly, written directly after learning the fact of his youngest son's seizure from the lips of a Swedish officer, captured on the frontier by a roving band of his troopers: — it expressed strong abhorrence of the act, and pledged the writer either to restore the boy before another month terminated, or to deliver himself up in his stead: — he added, that whether the scandalous deed were the effect of misguided friendship for himself, or the subtle contrivance of some enemy, to ruin him, he felt equally bound to demand of his Sovereign Lord the Emperor, an imperial mandate for the child's restitution. Upon the actual return of Julian into the hands of the Allies, or his own voluntary relinquishment of what was only inferior in a man's heart to honour, — his home, his station,

and his public duties, — he would rely for the vindication of his character. Till then, he trusted fearlessly to the candour of brave enemies.

This letter, which caused a strong sensation at head-quarters amongst the superior officers to whom it was necessarily communicated, as being addressed to them all, was read and spoken of according to the different humours of the different readers. Some admired the wild nobleness of the proceeding it promised: some laughed at it as a pompous folly: others considered it as of a piece with Count Rhinegravestein's character for popular exhibition; and a few looked on it as a mere stratagem to gain time and preserve reputation until some lucky turn in politics might enable him to retain the disputed child: — it was not communicated to Rupert until Aremberg returned from his pursuit of Marshal Torstenson, and being informed of the incident, hastened to relate it and

the event of his journey to his secluded friend.

Unconscious of any personal ill-will existing between his successor and his young aid-de-camp, and little capable of unnecessary exertion, Marshal Torstenson was induced by his attendants to give up his first idea of retracing his road, and content himself with writing his opinion of what was going on, together with his high testimony to the character of the suspected person. Aremberg saw him forward the same testimonial to the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern, at Munster, accompanied by his conviction that nothing but the mere form of a regular investigation would be deemed requisite by the Allies; and that, rather to quiet the unfortunate young officer's mind, who must wish his integrity manifested past a suspicion, than to satisfy themselves.

The Marshal desired Aremberg to tell Rupert, that no man of common sense

could entertain a doubt of the latter's innocence, from the simple fact of his coming himself to tell the story, and court examination. The whole load of infamy, he observed, must fall upon the Austrian and Bavarian courts, unless they obliged the perpetrator of the act, to produce and return the prisoner.

To the kindest expression of concern for his present uneasy feelings, the Marshal added "a hope that his aid-de-camp would take the first convenient opportunity of paying him a visit in Pomerania, and giving him an opportunity of seeing whether he were as agreeable a companion among cabbages and apple-trees, as he had found him a sure support in the midst of armed enemies."

With such proofs of friendship as these, from such a man, Rupert blamed himself for letting the animosity of such an one as Wrangel pain him beyond an instant: and when to this gratifying and cheering account of his embassy, Arem-

berg added the important information, that Count Rhinegravestein had written a vindication of his own character to the Swedish officers, Rupert's heart was oppressed and overwhelmed with joy. — That was a tide for which, indeed, he was not prepared, and as he thought of what his mother would feel on the occasion, gratitude was added to sudden pleasure.

Participating openly with his friend, Aremberg owned that this letter had spared him the pain of seeking an interview with Rupert's father; a step he should have believed himself bound to take otherwise. This right action of Rhinegravestein's, he said, led him to hope that better feelings were resuming their influence over the Count's mind, and his Countess's power decreasing with that of hollow distinctions and deluding vanities.

Aremberg knew the Christian pleasure of rejoicing over a repentant sinner, and

he could therefore sympathise in the feelings both of the mother and son, when they confessed that all other earthly happiness, however great, would be imperfect in their estimation so long as they saw Rhinegravestein proceeding with an unawakened conscience in the proud career of his fortune.

To convey this gladdening intelligence to his mother, was Rupert's first wish; and Aremberg, unwilling to leave him only for the purpose of being the bearer of it, proposed sending a letter so far on its road to Mariendorpt as the next messenger to the congress could take it. Rupert wrote such a letter upon the spot; Aremberg delivered it unsealed to General Wrangel, who not daring to violate his character as a gentleman, by looking at its contents, coldly desired his secretary to close it properly, and forward it by the first dispatch to Munster.

When the Commander-in-chief's un-

gracious manner was commented upon by Aremberg as believing it habitual to him, Rupert made his own dispiriting reflections: but, unwilling to pain his friend uselessly, or to draw more largely than he had done, upon the patronage of Marshal Torstenson, — ingenuously ashamed of stating the despicable ground of Wrangel's rancour against him, he prepared himself to abide much of slight and offence and minor wrong from the latter, while he determined to let no ill usage turn him aside from public duty. He thought, with the hoping spirit of youth, that he might safely trust to Providence and future events, for removing him from the immediate circle of his powerful adversary.

Meanwhile he pressed the sitting of the court that was to try him, as earnestly as respectfully; for suspence was irksome; and the system of vexing him, was evident in the difficulty which even Aremberg had in getting admittance to

his quarters. General Wrangel still, however, contrived to defer the sitting by that variety of expedients which the head of an army, with an enemy almost within sight, could easily devise for rendering such a thing inconvenient: it was not, however, in his ability to oppose the positive instructions of the assembled representatives at Munster; and upon the arrival of a messenger from that place, a court was called.

Rupert had his triumph, Wrangel's malice its defeat. The Court took its complexion from that of the instructions just mentioned: it was merely a court of inquiry. The Swedish Chancellor's official letter had invited the members of it, simply to go through an established form necessary to the private feelings of the brave individual concerned, but not at all called for by public opinion. Oxenstien, quoting Marshal Tortenson's dispatch, as his authority, added, that he only required to know a few circum-

stances of the case, to be satisfied that no graver severity was requisite.

The Court opened, by putting some questions to the person examined; Rupert's statement of facts was heard; the Count of Rhinegravestein's letter read. It was then asked, if any one present was prepared to tax the officer before them with collusion or criminality of any sort, with regard to the affair in question; and if so, if they were prepared also to make good their charge? No one appeared—No one spoke:—The different opinions were then sought and given—these were nearly unanimous. Rupert was honourably acquitted; and dismissed without reprimand or censure.

General Wrangel, who was present, though not a member of the court, shrugged up his shoulders as the decision was pronounced; and, striving to hide his discomfiture under an air of indifference, congratulated his young officer in good set terms.

Every other person present shook Rupert cordially by the hand, expressing their satisfaction at having him once more amongst them in the tent and in the field.

Rupert's heart was full; he returned the kindly pressures of so many friendly hands in silence; and, leaving Aremberg to say something for him, precipitately left the council-room.

Thus had the cloud which hung over him passed away, as many dreaded ones do from others, like a breath of smoke! his own honour cleared; his father's scarcely doubted. — Friends had thickened round him; and the only substantial evil he had to apprehend, after all, was the continued ill-will of his commander. This evil might, indeed, obstruct his advancement, though it could not tarnish his name, and was one, therefore, which Rupert's friends must wish overcome. — To overcome it by any act of his own, seemed impossible to Rupert: impos-

sible not to his pride, but to his principles. — He might, indeed, refrain from offending the man who was not to be conciliated by merit and forbearance, but he could never court his favour by base compliance with his vices.

When Aremberg joined him, after exchanging a pressure of the hand with him, which had all the energy and emphasis of a congratulatory embrace, Rupert for the first time spoke of General Wrangel's dislike, and its original source.

Aremberg was the last man upon earth to counsel unworthy solicitude about an unworthy person: he had no reason to exhort his mild-tempered friend to patience under possible injustice or slight hereafter; he simply recommended a steady performance of his commander's orders, and great care to avoid entering the General's presence, except when called there by the routine of duty, or the customary forms of military respect.

By this method, Aremberg observed, he would gradually withdraw himself from Wrangel's memory as a man, and be thought of only as a meritorious officer. By such a method, and such a method alone, could Rupert have any chance of conciliating this powerful enemy, without degrading himself. — Aremberg could with difficulty comprehend how such formidable ill-will could have grown out of such paltry ground, as rivalry in the favour of a country-quarter beauty: — much less could he understand its continuance so long after the baffled inclination which gave rise to it, was over in the General's breast. He therefore prophesied its natural death very soon, provided Rupert did not keep it alive by an indiscrete display — which was not likely with his character — of the graces and accomplishments which won admiration for him. — And thus dismissing the subject, he spoke of his own departure.

Aremberg's own duties now summoned him back to Mariendorpt. Having fulfilled both here and at Lauterbourg, his evident commission of usefulness, he was bound to lose no time in relieving the painful anxiety of Rupert's mother, and hastening to re-animate the depressed spirits of an uncle whom he regarded in the light of a father.

Aremberg's clerical duties were as yet wholly voluntary: but, attached to Mariendorpt by as many remembrances, as present ties, he had of late made up his mind to offer gratuitous assistance to the very infirm and burdened minister of a neighbouring populous parish, where he might have full scope for the exercise of every sacred function, without interfering with the province of Muhldenau, or removing from the connections of his early life.

Aremberg's easy circumstances and eventual expectations rendered income no object with him; so that he could,

without imprudence, thus establish himself in a situation of no emolument; and wait the probable chance of ultimately settling as the successor of the good man he assisted.

These visions, while floating in his mind, he had, from time to time, communicated to Rupert: he now spoke of them as fixed; telling him, with a mixed smile of regret and cheering, that, like a parent bird, seeing her nestling fairly launched into air, he left him to his own wings for life.

Rupert shrunk involuntarily within himself at this expression, and a look of extreme pain appeared upon his countenance. "My dear Aremberg," he exclaimed, with a tone which attempted cheerfulness, "this sounds dismally awful! — I have had you so long at my elbow to prompt me when I was out, and to catch me up when I was falling, that I shall feel more like a child without its leading-strings, than a fledged

bird, when you leave me to myself. — I say nothing of the dismal solitude here," he added, striking his breast with deeper sensibility of look, yet preserving the careless tone in which he spoke. "Not solitude, my dear fellow," Aremberg answered, "my remembrance will have plenty of good company there, I am certain. And so long as we have dear and excellent persons to think of, and to endeavour to be more worthy of, we have much of the very best sort of happiness to be thankful for."

Rupert felt the salutary kindness of the last remark: it only showed him the more distinctly how much of comfort and instruction he would soon be reft of; but willing to appear less selfishly grieved than he was in fact, he uttered some playful folly about his friend's invariable eye to his profession of admonition, and proceeded to ask him some question connected with his future plans.

Their conversation soon took a deci-

dedly serious character; Rupert, with all the earnestness of affection for one object, and the confidence of it in another, besought Aremberg to watch over the comfort of his mother, and never to omit a possible opportunity of letting him hear of all he loved at Mariendorpt. He promised, on his part, to be as watchful for similar opportunities; never to rush into danger without a justifiable object in view; and always to remember that whenever any exigency required it, he had a father's purse in that of Mr. Vanderhoven, to have recourse to, and a brother's in that of Aremberg.

This way was the only one in which these friends spoke of money together. Rupert would never allow that it was justifiable in a man to increase the trappings of his situation — for so he called many things which others deemed indispensible, — by drawing upon the generosity of friends. "A man's fortune," he would say, "is his post; he must

keep to it, as long as it is tenable. When it is no longer so, then he may call in help."

Aremberg felt the nobleness and justness of this sentiment, and he resigned therefore from respect for it, the luxury it would have been to him to pour upon his friend all those elegancies and comforts which he disregarded for himself, and which his income could have purchased, had he wished it. Renewing his assurances of a son's consideration for Madame Roselheim, and promising to go out of his road to bid adieu to Colonel Roselheim, and talk with him over the late events, he took a hasty leave of the friend he loved above most earthly things, and would have left him, had not Rupert insisted upon seeing him a mile or two on his way.

As quitting the town, they rode together through the lines of the camp, Rupert was startled by a sudden shout from the men; he looked round to see

what occasioned their acclamations: but when he found that his acquittal was the cause, a bright colour overspread his face; and with feelings even more agitated than those he had so lately experienced in the military court, he lifted his hat and passed on, bowing from side to side, with looks that acknowledged the honest greetings of his humbler associates. When the burst of enthusiasm for himself subsided, he was equally gratified to perceive the concern of the soldiers at Aremberg's departure from them: the looks of many of them, showed that they knew his intention of going, not to return. Aremberg now repeated it to them, adding, that he left his blessing with them, and his entreaty that they would often call to mind what he had so often said on the subject of their duty as Christian soldiers, fighting avowedly for conscience. Some of the men promised obedience at once; others said they would remember, if they could; and a few, perhaps

more doubtful of themselves, but equally alive to the good conduct of others, merely cried, "aye, God bless your honour, any how!" and walked on.

A mile or two beyond the camp, the friends agreed to part. Once more they grasped and held each others hands in silent concern for a moment or two, then mutually wrung them, and nodding the farewell they did not trust themselves to utter, turned their horses' heads in an opposite direction.

Rupert immediately pulled his hat over his eyes, and lightly spurring his charger, galloped back to his quarters, in no mood for company.

But company quickly intruded, and a kindly mob of brother officers rushing in to congratulate him upon the termination of his wearisome confinement, revived in him the animating feelings of gratitude and pleasure.

These feelings were, indeed, revived; and the certainty that Aremberg, though

lost to him for a while, was carrying joy to his mother, soon made him consider his departure as a subject of gladness rather than regret.

But like most other persons, after parting from a friend, Rupert remembered numberless things he had left unsaid, and as many questions unasked, which he wondered could have escaped his notice at the time. He was surprised to find how little he knew of Aremberg's journey into Alsace, or of his amiable companions thither; and he blamed himself for having so inconsiderately filled nearly all their conversations with his own immmediate interests; leaving so small a portion to friendship and sympathy.

He now recollected, with shame, that more than once he had turned the discourse from the theme of Madame Krazau's suffering state, and Adolpha Falkenberg's exemplary attention to all the sick, sometimes querulous fancies, of that poor invalid: and while remembering

this, he admired his friend for delicately forbearing to urge a theme, which was most likely begun with the wish of kindling a warmer sentiment in Rupert's breast for that charming young woman, than the latter had acknowledged to him that he did feel, on the evening of his parting with her at Mariendorpt. But too sadly convinced, that Adolpha could never now, be more to him than an affectionately considered relative, Rupert consoled himself for this seeming inattention to his friend's object, by thinking, that, at any rate, he had not awakened expectations which he must hereafter disappoint.

CHAP. III.

Released from personal restraint, and restored to active duty, Rupert lost no time in resuming the business of his military situation; he found, however, no assistance from those directly in authority over him. The successor of Count Cratzenstein, like the successor of Marshal Torstenson, seemed little disposed to afford him opportunities of evincing his talents or displaying his bravery. He was a minion of General Wrangel's; expert in discerning at a glance, where favour pointed, or veered from; and prepared, therefore, to check the enterprising spirit of the young soldier whom the Commander-in-chief evidently beheld with a jaundiced eye. Thus he contrived to bind Rupert, almost wholly, to

mere parade duty in the town, or to foraging parties in those quarters out of the likely range of the enemy: purposely keeping him out of every expedition where real service was to be done, and credit acquired. Others were entrusted with reconnoissances, or surprizals, or employed in difficult convoys of provisions, ammunition, &c., while he was kept in the eye of the camp as a mere toy-shop soldier, drilling recruits, and overlooking accounts, &c., till his patience was nearly exhausted.

Never was there a greater trial of temper and moderation than such a one as this, to a young and spirited man, conscious of former desert and present zeal. One of two things, he knew, must be intended by this treatment; either to stamp upon him the character of being yet uncleared in the private opinion of his judges, therefore not trusted; or to sink him by degrees in the estimation of his military companions.

His companions in arms, however, were more just than those that oppressed him had hoped to find them: they saw their brave associate fettered to inglorious tasks, like some discarded war-horse, who hears the sound of the trumpet afar off in the day of battle, and struggles to rush into the ranks of his former fame; then, remembering that he belongs to a different master, droops, and yields to his changed destiny.

Rupert's immediate men, muttered in secret many a deep curse against his colonel: for they guessed not, that this oppression had a higher source; and generally concluded their rude encomiums upon whatever brave exploit took place, by saying that it was a shame that Captain Roselheim was prevented from sharing in it.

Rupert had enough of the infirmity of human nature, to be tempted to violate the law he had imposed upon his own conduct, that of never seeking to distin-

guish himself, independently of public service: it would else have been easy for him, to have covered himself with that sort of glory which dazzles all eyes, except those of complete masters in war. Could he have sat contentedly, under the conviction that he had spilt his own and others' blood, with no greater object than to hear his name once more echoed with acclaim, he might have made opportunities for forcing parties of the enemy into useless and hazardous fight.

But from this temptation, conscience effectually secured him; although no sense of doing right could steel his heart against the anguish of seeing, or fancying that he saw, his early laurels dropping leaf by leaf, under the cold blight of envy. Against a grief like this, Rupert had nothing to oppose: it fairly mastered his mild, yet cheerful spirit; and deprived equally of his uncle's kindly society, as of Aremberg's more effectual comfortings, he sunk into a depression

of heart, which assumed the appearance of disease. Rest and appetite forsook him; and though he retained either strength or resolution sufficient to go through the routine of vexatious duties allotted him, the mortification might have struck a mortal blow to his mental powers, had not an unexpected event aroused him out of himself.

During the period of his confinement, and subsequent penance of inaction, Rupert made frequent enquiries of those most likely to know, concerning the conduct of the imperial court, with respect to Julian. From these persons he received important information. General Wrangel was not a man to be questioned; and he never volunteered any thing to those not authorised to enquire. The public news of a hostile court were not easily got at by the members of an opposite party, so that Rupert collected only imperfect, often contradictory, accounts.

It was said, that the Count of Rhine-

gravestein's application to the imperial authority for an order to obtain his child from whatever hands detained him, had been counteracted by a private appeal of his Countess's, avowing the act; justifying it on the plea of religion, as her child was at the time of his seizure deprived of his spiritual director, and exposed to the influence of heretics, the more dangerous from the power they had obtained over his infant mind; threatening to carry the cause to the Court of Rome, in case the Emperor should be so careless of the souls of his faithful subjects, as to order the restitution of Julian.

With her usual mixture of boldness and address, this practised woman had thrown out several hints of her determination, either to exert her influence over her powerful kindred, for or against the cause of the Emperor, just as his favour to her, or his adverse conduct, should point out. Hoping, doubtless, that his perilous situation, at the present

juncture, from the desertion of so many allies, would make him stoop to any measures for repairing his injured fortune.

Some persons asserted that this letter was answered by an assurance of protection from the Austrian Court, by a grave declaration of the writer's pious alarm for her son's spiritual welfare; and that after a few well-got-up scenes on the part of her lord; such as counter-petitions, protests, expressions of profound concern, as a man of honour, but of unqualified submission, as a good Catholic, the whole affair was considered ended, the boy safely lodged under the paternal roof, and the Allies left free to rail, and fight on.

In opposition to this report, a different one was circulated. It was stated, that the Emperor had decided on the honourable side, and pronounced his opinion accordingly: that Rhinegravestein, after applying in vain to his wife for the place

of her son's concealment, having equally failed in threats and soothings, had broken openly with her, though still intent upon the recovery of his heir.

The first injurious report could only pain Rupert, as a malicious falsehood: after his father's letter to the Commander-in-chief, he had never entertained a doubt of his integrity; and he therefore felt inclined to give credit to much of that, which represented him, as he believed, he deserved.

The confusion of tumultuary wishes, and improbable results, which this opinion gave birth to, on the subject of his mother, may be imagined, but need not be dwelt on. They were the transient dream of a heart that sometimes slumbered over the memory of what grieved it most: but once awakened, to such recollections, every airy scene of happiness in which his father's image, shared with that of his mother, vanished into nothing.

Rupert's mind, at this period, had lost its power of extension: it was unable to stretch beyond two subjects. The first, was that of his father's unredeemed pledge, either to restore Julian, or to give himself up in his stead: and the second, brooding anxiety over the only event which was likely to remove him from the irksome state of contemptuous inactivity, to which he was kept by the united determination of his Colonel and his General.

This was a battle: and that was talked of as certain, if the French should succeed in crossing the Neckar, in the face of the Archduke's army; because with such an addition to his force, even should the Austrians think fit to retire without a blow, it was Wrangel's intention to enter Bavaria immediately, and attack Rhinegravestein, who was stationed there to cover Munich.

A battle either lost or won, if it did not provide an everlasting asylum for Rupert, against every species of earthly

wrong and sorrow, would probably cause a material change in military dispositions; and the regiment he belonged to, might then be added to some division under the command of a general less prejudiced against him than his present commander.

To this solitary hope, Rupert looked with the feelings of a man journeying over a pathless waste, guided by a single star which is every moment on the point of sinking behind impenetrable clouds.

The dear ideas of Meeta and his mother, of Julian and Aremberg, the respected one of Muhldenau, all that used to thrill him with joy, or melt him into tenderness, appeared no longer in his forlorn musings. Yet the very essence of what seemed his present self-absorption, was in fact the love he bore to these cherished objects: since their vital interest in his honour and advance-

ment, made both more momentous in his eyes.

In this mood, one evening, after being relieved from duty by the officer of the night, and returning home, he was met by a non-commissioned officer with a message from the commander-in-chief, desiring his immediate presence in the council-room. Rupert signified obedience by a kindly inclination of the head, for he was in no disposition to talk; and quickening his pace, so as to precede the man, without conjecturing why he was summoned, walked on in silence.

Having reached the General's quarters, and given in his name, he went forwards after the servant in attendance; but observing a sort of gaze and expectancy in all the faces he passed, he stopt and asked with some eagerness, whether the enemy were advancing?

The person he addressed was about to answer, when an aid-de-camp of

General Wrangel's suddenly opened the door of the apartment they were seeking, and Rupert entered with his question unsatisfied.

A group of General officers stood at the further end of the hall, discoursing together. The tallest of them turned his head round, at the noise made by the opening door, and Rupert saw his father.

The shock of such a surprise was like a thunderbolt; he staggered, and fell against the side of the apartment.

Rhinegravestein's face, which had flushed vividly on his son's entrance, now wholly lost its colour; he made one or two steps forward: but evidently recollecting himself, the place he was in, and the character he had to support; perhaps also, afraid of a humiliating repulse, he drew back, and resumed his former graceful air of manly ease.

Rupert had neither lost consciousness, nor the power of assisting himself; but while he was hurryingly trying to extri-

cate his arm from a young officer in the Bavarian uniform, who sprung immediately to his assistance, he heard sounds, and beheld objects, which had no reality.

A confused sentiment of resentment at General Wrangel, for betraying him into this exposure of private feelings, restored instant and deeper colour to his cheek, as he resumed an erect posture, and by a violent effort, asked in a distinct, though rather indignant voice, "What were his Excellency's commands?"

Wrangel evidently found pleasure in prolonging the hard task of self-command in the two principal objects before him; for he made a tedious speech, when a short one would have sufficed, purporting that the Count of Rhinegravestein was come himself in person to re-deliver up his heir into the hands of the Allies; redeeming, therefore, his pledge to that effect: that he, the Swedish Commander, had deemed it right to send for the actual

captor of the boy, that he might either resume former responsibility on his account, or consent to transfer him entirely (at the price of an equivalent for his ransom, which the Allies would pay) to the Allies themselves.

While General Wrangel was speaking, Rupert's senses began to confuse again, and his heart to beat oppressively. His eyes he purposely kept fixed upon the speaker's face, to preserve them from the fascination of other objects: yet the countenance of his father seemed absolutely printed upon vision; and a low, pleading murmur, like the plaining of a young dove, kept thrilling in his ear, convincing him that Julian was in the apartment also.

These impressions were sufficient to unman a robuster nature than his. His heart, already overflowing with numberless affecting recollections, yearned to his innocent brother; and the suspicion that his father had risked his safety, per-

haps his military character, only to see his face again, melted all the resolutions of dispassionate and strict justice. He felt, too, what an effort it must cost his father to maintain any appearance of that perfect self-possession which was requisite for the dignity of his station. Grief and self-abasement, he fondly hoped, must be in his father's heart; for if not, that heart must have grown callous to every sentiment of virtuous shame, and every sense of obligation.

Whether Rhinegravestein were or were not looking at him, all the time his son was listening to General Wrangel, Rupert knew not; but he felt with keen scorn of himself that his own complexion was undergoing such a variety of changes, as must make it easy for every by-stander to read what was passing within him.

The Commander-in-Chief had to repeat the question with which he closed his harangue.

"I have spoken to this question be-

fore, please your Excellency," said Rupert, recovering himself. "Field Marshal Torstenson had the goodness to report my answer to the Allied Powers. I hope, therefore, it is not necessary for me to repeat it now. But your Excellency must be aware that an inferior officer engaged in active service cannot pledge himself either to his commanders, or to the friends of his prisoner, for the safety and person of that prisoner: I must therefore beg to be instructed on this subject."

Rupert still kept his head turned towards General Wrangel: the latter answered brusquely, "You must take the difficulties you choose for yourself: I profess, Sir, that I could never understand the punctilio of not wholly resigning your right in a prisoner whom you cannot dispose of without the authority of the very powers to whom you refuse him." — Rupert merely bowed: Wrangel went on. — "The Allies are ready,

even now, to give you a fair price for him." Then turning to Rhinegravestein with sarcastic civility, "but what are the wishes of the young Lord's friends?"

"To ransom him at any price, on the instant!" answered the Count with vivacity. The sound of his voice made Rupert shiver audibly; but he only clasped his folded arms tighter together, and remained still looking another way.

"Will your Excellency allow me to make this proposal again to the Allies?" resumed the count with dignity: then in a tone of deep feeling, "to Julian's brave captor, I offer only — a father's thanks!"

The phrase was equivocal, but it went straight to a son's heart; and the tenderness and anguish it wrought there, were agony to controul.

Rhinegravestein's blanched lip quivered for a moment after the last expression escaped him, and his eye, in which

a tear was discernible, lingered yet longer on the figure of his son; but quickly resuming himself, he added, "If money cannot purchase my boy, negociation must be tried again. Till then, gentlemen, do with him as it seems best to men of honour: some of you, perhaps, are parents also."

"Count Rhinegravestein," observed Wrangel, with an air of contempt, vainly cloaked under a look of blunt raillery, "in all things you revive the days of romance!—you seem to forget that sound policy has more to do with expediency, than generosity: if we are to do *justice*, we must provide against a second seizure of this child, whether we are, or are not, parents."

Rhinegravestein just turned his full, fine eye upon him with an expression of calm disdain: then, as if completely disgusted with the principal, looked round upon the other members of this hastily-collected council, and said, "Of course,

my proposal for my son Julian's ransom or exchange, will be made to higher authorities, even than those with which I have the honour of treating now. I come hither simply to deliver up my boy, and to redeem my own honour."

"Your Excellency has done both, at some risk," General Wrangel rejoined, with that supercilious air with which worldly minds endeavour to throw ridicule upon the noble daring of lofty ones.

"I have confided myself to the honour of brave enemies: — no other risk," Rhinegravestein smilingly said; "and if there were, it would be worth something, to have gained the present opportunity of expressing my unfeigned admiration of the most gallant troops in the world — except my own! — Gentlemen, you must allow me to except my own." And waving his plumed hat with that mien of noble frankness which distin-

guished him, he smiled again upon the company present.

Rupert was once more within the sphere of his father's fascination; and alarmed at the flood of former feelings which was pouring in upon his soul, he repeated his request to General Wrangel, though in a less steady voice than at first, that he would say what was expected of him with regard to his *surveillance* of the prisoner.

"If you will again be answerable with your life, or your good name, for his forthcoming," replied Wrangel carelessly, "you may name his prison yourself."

"Then be it the monastery of St. John's in this town," Rupert said promptly, accepting at once the risk which must depend upon the good faith of one personage present. "I should hope such a situation may please all parties."

This proposal was immediately canvassed by the different officers, whom the arrival of Count Rhinegravestein's flag of truce had assembled at General Wrangel's call. The character of the Abbot of St. John's stood high, both with catholics and protestants; his house, therefore, was likely to remain unmolested, whatever might be the ultimate fate of Donawert itself: and the opinion was unanimous in favour of the proposal.

This opinion pronounced, after that discussion concluded the ostensible business of the meeting, General Wrangel pulled out his watch, and prefacing the uncourtly remark, with a slight apology, told Count Rhinegravestein that he had only so many hours left for his return, ere the time of truce granted would expire, advising him therefore to finish whatever he might yet have to do. "Your Excellency perhaps wishes to be alone with this young gentleman for a few minutes," he said, rising with a parade of consi-

deration at once as indelicate as ill-placed.

"Our business, I believe, is over," rejoined Rhinegravestein with dignity, withdrawing his eye which had immediately glanced expectingly towards Rupert, and which now turned from his averted face with something like disappointment.

"Captain Roselheim!" he said, with instant firmness, and coming forward with Julian in his hand, "I restore you your prisoner."

From the collected air with which Rhinegravestein began this address, it was evident he meant to have said something more — something complimentary perhaps, to his son's valour and generosity;— something to baffle the obvious disposition to scornful triumph discernible in General Wrangel; but his nature was too soft, his inward humiliation too strong, to bear him ably through the part he would have acted; and his voice faltering, in the

middle of the short sentence, wholly failed him at the conclusion.

Rupert met his advance in silence: he received Julian's hand with inward trembling and outward composure; still keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the ground. But his father drew a short, quick sigh, and Rupert instinctively looked up; — their eyes met. The feeling of that instant of time, was never effaced from either of their hearts, to the end of their lives.

As if every other person had received the same impression, an immediate stillness took place of the brief bustle with which the different officers were moving from their places.

The whole scene seemed to go round with Rupert: but he remained standing motionless as a statue, clasping the hand of Julian in both his, and looking down upon the child's upraised face, unconscious of what he looked on. The sensitive little creature stood as pale and

motionless: he was evidently schooled beforehand, into patient submission.

Rhinegravestein passed his hand hastily across his forehead, then tightening his cloak round him, motioned to the aid-de-camp that had accompanied him, to follow; and bowing with that graceful and noble air which made the manly beauty of his appearance so striking, bade the Swedish officers good night; adding, "Now, Gentlemen, which of you will do me the favour of blinding me?"

Something was said in reply, Rupert knew not by whom; nor what was spoken. His father's eyes were bandaged, a precautionary form customary on similar occasions; his aid-de-camp submitted to the same usage: a confused stir of hats and swords, of salutes and other civilities, succeeded; after which all was quiet, and he found himself left alone with the Commander-in-chief and the little Julian.

General Wrangel roused him from his stupor, by coldly bidding him conduct his young charge to the sanctuary he had chosen for him. And signifying the few formalities of a centinel, &c. abruptly bade him good night.

Rupert led Julian by the hand, quickly out of the hall: but the moment they were beyond the door, he lifted him up from the ground to his heart. The child threw his little arms about his brother's neck, and bursting into a convulsive passion of sobs and tears, clung there with a confidence of protection, which touched Rupert to the soul.

Our hero would fain have taken him to his own quarters, at least for a while; but General Wrangel's orders were positive: and rather seeking to shelter the child's feelings from the observation of passing soldiers, than to skreen his delicate form from the night-air, he wrapt his cloak over him with one arm, while, with the other, he held him close to his

breast, and proceeded thus, deliberately and sadly, towards the monastery of St. John's.

Many were the profound and troubled sighs which Rupert drew as he went along; many were the tender pressures he gave this dear burthen; many the whispered soothings he mixed with kisses as he bent his face down to that of the weeping and exhausted child, and tried to re-assure him upon the circumstances of his new situation. His own heart meanwhile was wrung with the most poignant pity. There was something inexpressibly affecting to his imagination in the hard destiny of an innocent condemned to suffer for the faults of others; harassed with alarm and fatigue, bewildered with present suffering and dreading more, bearing in his guiltless person the punishment due to a wicked mother and erring father.

It was evident from what the little Julian said now, and his previous behaviour

in the council-room, that his gentle spirit was completely awed into endurance of whatever was destined to him by strange hands. It was only when he felt himself again in his heart's home, the arms of that brother whose affection's stamp had effaced the lighter impressions of infancy, that he seemed self-privileged to vent his grief and testify his terrors.

Rupert became quite convinced of this, when, after reaching the Monastery, and asking admittance to the Abbot, he was told the fraternity were at midnight mass, and was bidden to wait in one of the empty rooms.

There he had leisure to look at, and question Julian.

The child's wan and sunken cheek; his altered countenance, altered from soft playfulness into an expression of eager, anxious expectation; the tremulous interruption of his dejected voice, made one question unnecessary: it was impossible to inquire whether he had been

happy when he got back to his parents. Rupert forbore such mockery; but, again and again, sealing his lips upon the pallid forehead and quivering eye-lids of the little victim, with a choaking sensation in his own breast, he merely inquired how he had been since they parted last?

Julian's young heart burst its flood-gates on this: his story was short, and told confusedly; but Rupert gathered enough from his broken recital to be certain of the following facts.

The ruffians by whom the boy was taken from Mariendorpt, had not executed their task with much consideration, either for the health of the young heir, nor for the state of his mind: they had most likely considered a child as little better than an image unconscious of removal, for they hurried him on to Cologne, through the various changes they were obliged to make in their mode of travelling to escape detection, without taking

the slightest trouble to appease his alarm, or to lessen his exhaustion.

Either the Countess Rhinegravestein had been forced to seek her instruments among the dregs of society, or this carelessness in the choice of them, spoke convincingly against her maternal feelings. — Her feelings, indeed, were of a different sort: irritated self-willedness, hasty contempt of public opinion, wrath at being so long baffled by the obstinate adherence of the Allies to their first determination; something too, of spiritual pride in thus braving disgrace for the sake of religion; above all, jealous hatred of the woman she would willingly have trod out of her husband's memory, as she had driven her from his bosom: — these combined, stimulated her to an act of unexampled audacity, and supported her in defending it afterwards.

Those communications from Holland, from Father Joachim, which had awakened many a slumbering regret in her hus-

band's breast, and given birth to real remorse there, had operated upon her, like a malignant poison; and although after the first mixed burst of invective and derision, with which she had canvassed the Franciscan's first letter, Rhinegravestein had retired from the subject, with a steadiness she could not shake; this intemperate woman found ample torture for herself, and fresh food for her animosity against his former injured wife, in the occasional depression of his spirits, and the frequent alteration of his looks. She fancied his heart returning to its earliest affections; and she saw, with the vexation of a nature insensible to the highest order of attachment, that in proportion to the increase of those sad or mortifying thoughts in her husband, the lustre of those personal advantages was tarnished, which were to her vain and sordid fondness, beyond all of mind or heart.

The Countess was sufficiently aware

of her lord's nice feelings on the subject of honour, not to venture at making him a party in the base scheme she meditated, of revenging herself upon the Allies, and afflicting, or disappointing some unfathomable scheme of Madame Roselheim: but she relied upon the customary influence of her degrading blandishments, to make him forgive the act now committed, and permit her to secure the imperial and papal mandate for her retaining the child, on the plea of his religious faith being assailed by the persons with whom his captor had placed him.

Thus the Countess had, indeed, tried the fidelity of Father Joachim, through a secret emissary, immediately after her purposed arrival at Cologne; and failing there, had employed another agent to effect her wishes.

When, after his governor's death, and his own severe illness, the little Julian was, at length, seized, and brought into

his mother's presence; her shock, and disappointment at seeing him, fully avenged those upon whom she had inflicted the anguish of his sudden loss.

Imperfectly recovered from extreme weakness, with the disfiguring marks of a fearful disorder still on his colourless face, exhausted from want of sleep and food, (for the perturbation of his spirits, during his hurried journey, would scarcely allow him to take either,) and all tremulous with fear, the poor boy stood before the Countess, rather like a victim, conscious of immediate sacrifice, than with the joy of a child, unexpectedly brought within sight of its parent-bosom.

When one of the ladies present, thinking Julian had forgotten his mother's features, told him "to kiss her, for it was his mamma;" the Countess thrust him from her, exclaiming, he was changed into a little monster! The scene that followed this cruel exclamation, may be imagined. She could not

doubt his identity; though in her first fierce ravings she tried to do so; — but she insisted that his beauty had been bewitched away by those vile people in Holland: and finally more enraged than ever, at the circumstances which had caused this mortifying change in the child she was proud of, not the cherished nursling of her love, she dispatched him on the instant, to the religious house, in another quarter of Germany, which she had previously destined for his asylum, till she could secure the protection of the Emperor and the elector, for him and for herself.

Report had done justice to her lord, when it described his indignation at the steps she had taken: his protest against Julian's seizure and detention, was immediately sent off to the Congress at Munster, and the Swedish camp; while he hastened to throw himself at his sovereign's feet, intreating a public order for the instant delivery of the child, by

whatever person had him in custody; declaring otherwise, his resolution to throw up his military command, with all his honours, and do as has been stated — place himself a voluntary prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Not only the Elector of Bavaria, but the Emperor knew well, that Rhinegravestein was the most powerful arm of their cause; and although the political influence of his Countess had often done the latter great service, that influence was evidently less powerful now, with her princely relations; and therefore if a choice were to be made between them, self-interest could not but decide for the husband.

Thus the imperial mandate was obtained and issued, which forced the surrender of Julian by the Jesuits, in whose college he was secreted.

Rhinegravestein ordered the child to be conducted to him at his camp, — refused to see his Countess, until she

should express contrition for what he chose to denominate her inordinate zeal for her son's spiritual welfare; and made arrangements for departing himself with Julian, so soon as the latter should be recruited, after his hurrying and cheerless journey.

Eminently skilled in creating or reviving affection, the few brief hours during which Rhinegravestein had Julian to himself, made him completely master of his boy's heart again: his compassionate and self-accusing tears washed the altered features of a face, where the same sweet spirit of infantine purity and affection, spoke more eloquently than in its days of health; but from which a mother's eye had turned with loathing.

Before this child alone, did Rhinegravestein give loose to the varied anguish of his soul; often clasping him suddenly and closely to his breast, after a long look at him, exclaiming, "My poor boy! My poor boy!"

When the little Julian, by degrees recovering from his stupifying alarm, told the artless tale of all he loved and had left at Mariendorpt — of all he had suffered since, his father's emotion rose to agony; and smiting his hands together in absolute, tearless despair, he exclaimed, "Am I ever to be forgiven?"

Well might Rhinegravestein, who had given this child such a mother, who had driven from his bosom such a woman as Julian's guileless gratitude depicted, ask that question of his own heart, and Heaven: the one spoke not to him yet; the other answered — never.

Torrents of relieving tears at length fell from his eyes, while listening to this dear son, now dearer than ever, from many a sad yet sweet association, and from all that he had innocently endured through the faults of those to whom he belonged. The hero of many a bloody field, vanquished by remorse and tenderness, was now changed into a broken-

hearted, self-abhorring man, with whom the veriest wretch on earth, could he have read his soul, would not have exchanged situations.

But even in the midst of despair, Rhinegravestein preserved his natural power of endearing; and Julian, accustomed to kiss away the often-stealing tears of Madame Roselheim, and playfully to hold down the swelling heart of his brother when he sighed, climbed his father's knee to caress and comfort him, believing that he wept at his altered looks, and grieved for his kind governor's death.

The mere attempt to soothe carried consolation with it; Rhinegravestein's tumultuous feelings subsided by degrees, and by the time it was right for him to set out for the Swedish camp, he had acquired sufficient command over himself, to school Julian into silent obedience.

To the chivalrous act of committing himself thus into the power of enemies,

Rhinegravestein was prompted, perhaps, as much by natural longing to see a son, whose early reputation caused him a feeling of paternal pride, as in the desire of retrieving his honour by some action which might carry danger with it to himself. Behind him, lay the Swedish forces under General Koningsmark; before him were those of Wrangel; and further on, lay the splendid troops of France. If, by any chance, his temporary absence from his camp were made known to either of the first-mentioned bodies; or if Saxony should treacherously complete its desertion of the Emperor, by suddenly changing its present neutrality into active co-operation with his enemies, consequences might ensue, fatal to Rhinegravestein's fame and fortune.

But something must be risked, ere he could believe himself wholly cleared from the foul blot on his military good faith, given to it by his own wife; something, the father at his heart whispered, which

might redeem him in the opinion of his son; something, to rouse in that son a kindly sentiment towards him.

What feeling of this unhappy man pointed towards the mother of the son who had sheltered and cherished the innocent usurper of his rights, perhaps we ought not to inquire; he was now the husband of another, and according to the perverted judgment of arbitrary laws, civil and religious, — the lawful husband. Thus there seemed guilt, even in his very repentance; and whatever were the sentiments he felt for the wife of his youth, they were driven down deep into his heart; they were carefully concealed there, even from his own examination; and whenever they rose and stung him, a desperate effort smothered and deadened them for a while.

With his judgment upon his own conduct thus hoodwinked by the very fear of seeing it in a different light than what he had done some years before; inclined

yet to defend himself by what he believed reason, while unsophisticated conscience condemned him, Rhinegravestein had come to the meeting with his eldest son, in that unsettled state of feeling, which left his conduct in some degree at the mercy of circumstances. He came to it, humiliated rather than repentant; unfeignedly respecting the superior integrity of his son, yet retaining some displeasure at his rigid abstinence from all connection with himself: yearning for a few moments of unwitnessed emotion, to express his gratitude, and allow his regrets to be imagined, yet withheld from asking this gratification, less through awe of Rupert, than from dread of his own laudable contrition being guessed at by others, and made a ground of contemptuous pity.

With this feeling, when, on announcing himself to General Wrangel that officer immediately proposed summoning his usual associates in council, and send-

ing for Rupert, Rhinegravastein at once acquiesced, hurt and disappointed at not finding the delicate tact of concealed sympathy with his private concerns, which he would have shown in a similar situation. From that moment he endeavoured as much as possible to look, and act, and speak, as though the captor of his heir were merely a respected stranger.

Fortunately, he had prepared Julian for what he called the behaviour necessary to support his father's dignity. Like all persons accustomed to courts, Rhinegravestein was particularly sore to ridicule, and dreaded what the French call *a scene* with disturbed apprehensiveness. His eye and hand, therefore, had to recall Julian more than once, during the late interview, to a sense of where he was, and to his previous promise of restraining both joy and sorrow.

To all of those circumstances which the young Julian could tell, Rupert

listened with an afflicted spirit; yet something of pleasurable, mixed with this pain, as the same well-known accents repeated names familiar to his ear, in the place which Rupert loved to denominate his home.

Julian spoke of his father with evident fondness; and as he described, in artless unconsciousness of the feelings he was awakening, the tears and exclamations of the count, during their short interview, Rupert was forced to conceal his sad sympathy, by burying his face in his hands. The hurried glance he had taken of his father just ere they parted, in the presence of General Wrangel, had left an impression upon his memory, which agreed well with Julian's moving account.

Rupert well remembered his father's buoyant and beaming look in the early days of what the latter falsely deemed his happiness: that look was changed. Still pre-eminent in figure, features, and manly complexion, the radiance of the

informing spirit was either dulled by time, or clouded by heavy thoughts. The light, in short, was withdrawn from that noble countenance: and Rupert could have grieved at such a marring of Nature's masterpiece, had not filial piety made him rather consider the change as a subject of gratitude. Once affected to seriousness and sadness, Rhingravestein's obvious remorse might at last amount to penitence, and justify his son in restoring to him all a son's tenderness.

The gallantry of his father's conduct also, could not fail to touch the heart of a young soldier, naturally inclined to actions of romantic generosity; and Rupert was rapidly running over in his mind, all that his father had said in the Swedish council-room, and contrasting it with the ignoble observations of General Wrangel, when the entrance of the abbot of St. John's interrupted his reverie.

The abbot was too good a catholic not to rejoice at the deposit committed to

him: Rupert received his pledge not to deliver the child up to any one, who came without authority from the allied powers; and receiving also his permission to visit the monastery, whenever duty would permit, he lifted Julian in his arms, and pressed him affectionately to his breast.

Julian was now familiar with patience; he returned his brother's farewell kiss without complaint, only praying the latter to repeat, that he would come and see him every day. As Rupert did this, putting the little creature's passive hand into that of the abbot, he thought of the buried Franciscan, and fancied he must often have experienced what he felt at this instant. No father's heart could have been fuller of concern, anxiety, and compassion, than Rupert's was then. He made but a few steps to the door of the room; and smiling back upon the piteous-looking child, tore himself away.

CHAP. IV.

Rupert's care on returning home, after making the due reports at General Wrangel's quarters, was to communicate the most important part of what had just occurred, to his mother and his uncle. A letter was got without difficulty to the latter; but, it was after much pains and frequent disappointment, that the one he wrote to Madame Roselheim was dispatched through a mercantile house to that of Mr. Vanderhoven.

The contents of both letters may be imagined. Whenever Colonel Roselheim was exceedingly displeased with the sentiments of a correspondent, he never answered their epistle: and Rupert therefore knew by that token, that his laud-

able joy at his father's late action had not met with similar feelings in the breast of his uncle: but trusting to the effect of personal influence when their different duties should allow them to meet and discuss the subject temperately; he rested satisfied with having acquitted himself of what he believed a duty; and dismissed the mortification from his mind.

Rupert was not now in a mood to foster melancholy: the late events had produced a most salutary change in his feelings: he had so much to thank Heaven for, that he would have deemed himself sinful had he continued to droop, even under the oppression of General Wrangel, and the empty life which that commander forced him to lead; and though he could not alter his allotted tasks, he could perform them differently than he had hitherto done: so that a very few days recovered his spirits, and restored cheerfulness to his looks.

A daily visit to Julian contributed mainly to this renovation: to talk even with a child, of Meeta and his mother, of Aremberg, and the father of Meeta, was the heart's holiday to Rupert. It was delicious to hear that infant voice prattling their praises, and recalling many a vanished scene precious to memory. It was delightful, too, to mark the amazing power of rapid vicissitudes of suffering and situation, upon the character of a little creature, who if kept for an equal time upon the lap of indulgent fondness, would probably have shown some taint of that selfishness which indulgence pampers.

Rest of body, and happiness of heart, quickly renovated that susceptible child. The monks of St. John were kind; they treated his delicate constitution judiciously, and the visits of his brother were cordials of more efficacy than medicines.

Either Julian's features were recovering their early regularity, or Rupert's eyes

made the charm they saw in them; for the latter often looked admiringly at him, with indignant recollection of the cruel exclamation uttered by his unnatural mother: an exclamation which Julian's young heart, seemed likely to echo with fear and aversion, to the end of his life. Rupert could not, would not undertake to soften that impression; the extent of his forbearance with regard to that unprincipled woman, amounted solely to silence: and as Julian rarely did more than glance at her name, after the first full tide of childish confidence had subsided, he was enabled to persevere without difficulty in this line of conduct.

Possessing now an object of deep and tender interest in the person of his little brother, Rupert felt the vexations of his situation less keenly than before; opposite considerations balanced each other in his mind: if his military duties were not of a nature to afford him glory or profit, they exposed him to less danger;

and it was essential to Julian's well-doing, perhaps, that his truest guardian should be preserved from the accidents of war; and if a battle were still at a distance, that might spare him the horrors of finding himself opposed in the field to his father.

The expectation of a general action had now, in fact, died away. The French army, instead of endeavouring to cross the Necka, and join that of Sweden, had suddenly fallen back; undertaken, and completed the reduction of Treves; reinstating its prince, whom the Emperor had released without restoring his dominions, and thus terminating their share of the campaign.

General Wrangel, placed nearly between the armies of the archduke Leopold, and that of Rhingravestein, was only protected from attack by one, or both of these generals, by the masterly disposition of his camp and the circumstance of General Konigsmark's troops being on the skirts of Bohemia, ready to fall upon the rear

of the Bavarian general, should he adventure a junction with the Archduke.

Thus each adverse commander seemed waiting for one of those unexpected strokes in the game of war, which open new chances to him that first seizes it. Affairs of posts were frequent between the Austrian and Swedish troops; and the cavalry of the latter, more than once distinguished themselves in a manner so brilliant, that Rupert's breast swelled afresh with bitter mortification.

His uncle's fortune, however, had taken a lucky turn: his defence of a difficult post, and his bold surprize of one more important from the enemy, was the camp theme for a period longer than usually allotted to similar matters; and when Rupert wrote to congratulate him upon these new laurels, he wrote with an honest warmth which elicited an affectionate reply.

Colonel Roselheim, affected to treat the matter as a trifle, his custom upon all

occasions when others did him justice, enquired, why the plague he never heard of his nephew except as patrolling the streets, or mounting guard over gates? and, put into complete good humour by his own success, added a hope that the young cavalier was rather purposed to win Adolpha Falconberg by martial exploits, than go sighing about for her, like a sick shepherd. — He made no allusion whatever either to his brother or the young Julian; but spoke largely of Madame Roselheim; congratulating himself upon the means which his fortunate capture had afforded him, of forwarding her a few more ducats than ordinary. In his postscript he evinced to Rupert, that he had either heard or guessed the reason of his forced inactivity, by telling him he thought there was wider scope for a young soldier under a bold, blundering fellow like himself, than under cooler heads; and that being in want of some more force to maintain the advantages he

had gained, he sent by the bearer of this letter, one to the Commander-in-chief, requiring such a supply, and asking the favour of having his nephew included amongst them.

However distressed Rupert might be at the idea of quitting a place where he saw Julian every day, and contributed so largely to his comfort, he could not fail to feel the full force of his uncle's kindness.

Whatever were Colonel Roselheim's peculiarities, however his careless manners might occasionally shock good taste, or his prejudices vex liberal feelings, there was so much to value in him otherwise, and Rupert was so deeply sensible of his goodness to his mother, that he chid himself at this moment for trying his failings too rigorously. — He failed not to remark how quickly Colonel Roselheim's ill-humour passed away with the burst of favour or popularity which had excited it; and that it was only necessary for his most hated enemy to fall into misfortunes,

to become an object of zealous interest and honest concern, to this strange compound of generosity and littleness.

Rupert had experienced in his own person the effects both of these good and bad qualities; and it may be supposed how immediately he banished all recollection of the past, in grateful estimation of that affectionate alacrity, with which Colonel Roselheim was now inviting possible mortification for his own temper hereafter, by trying to give his nephew an opportunity of repairing his tarnished laurels.

Compared with Marshal Torstenson, Colonel Roselheim had perhaps sunk beyond calculation in the scale of actual greatness; but compared with General Wrangel, at least in all the qualities of heart, he rose triumphant. There was a cold-blooded, persevering, petty malice in the character of that man, which made Rupert positively begrudge him the few illustrious qualities he possessed; not that our hero envied those qualities the

admiration they obtained; he merely thought that they might better have suited a better man: they might, in truth, all be resolved into a strong mental power, using ably and resolutely, its instruments of a vigorous body, and iron nerves.

Many a nobler spirit, lodged differently, failed, where this inferior one, by dint of hardier clothing, succeeded.

Awakened to the hope of joining his good relative, it was with poignant vexation that Rupert saw part of another regiment of horse sent to reinforce Colonel Roselheim, instead of that to which he belonged. It was not possible for him to make any remonstrance against a choice, which rested solely in the Commander-in-chief's will; and swallowing his indignation, he returned to his ordinary inglorious duties. But chance destined him a species of revenge which he little anticipated.

Returning late one night from a so-

litary ramble beyond the camp, he scarcely noticed a man, who coming out of a lone house, and suddenly trying to turn another way without being seen, lost his footing, and fell down the broken steps of a bank bordering the road. As Rupert hastened to assist him, some persons ran from the door-way of the house to do the same, calling on him by some common name, coupled with phrases of affectionate alarm. What was Rupert's astonishment, as he caught a glimpse of the fallen person's face, to recognize the peculiar features of the Commander-in-chief himself.

The coarse soldier's cloak Wrangel wore; the name given to him; the innocent looks of the pretty girl who had called him by it; and the very decent, though exceedingly poor appearance of the man that seemed her father, struck him at once with horror at the palpable purpose of his General, and with humane concern for its intended victims. With

the most felicitous presence of mind, he passed on, as if he had not noticed the General, and walking forward till he saw him out of sight, turned, retraced his steps, and found the old man still standing, though now alone, under his clay-arched door. "Who was that man you helped to rise just now?" he asked kindly.

The peasant, alarmed at this question from an officer, and perhaps proud of the honour he was going to boast of, answered frankly, "An honest fellow, that will marry my daughter when he comes to be corporal; no offence, Sir, I assure you that he is out of camp: he is quartered to-night further on."

Rupert took the simple peasant's hand, and lifting his hat quite off his head, to show he wished no concealment, said, in a convincing voice—"My friend, take a stranger's advice: before you trust your pretty daughter any more in that man's company, come into the

town, and go to morning parade, get close to the great gun in the review square, and look well at General Wrangel; get near enough to hear his voice, then ask any soldier beside you, and you will learn that the General is married. As you value your daughter's peace or innocence, do as I advise you."

Rupert staid not for reply, but hastening into the open air, ran in a different direction from that his commander had taken, towards the town.

He felt strangely; for he was conscious that by this act of benevolent duty, if these people were either weak or wicked, he might have ruined himself for ever. Yet he could not wish it undone; humanity, not vengeance, had prompted it; and though he might fall in trying to save others, he still felt that the great law of christian charity demanded it of him: that conviction consoled him.

Whether the poor countryman did or did not follow his counsel, and discover

by his own ears and eyes the villainous purpose of General Wrangel, Rupert had no means of ascertaining; for before morning parade, he received orders to follow with his troop of horse the cavalry that had gone the day before to Colonel Roselheim. The motive of this order he could not doubt; it was obviously the uneasy apprehension of possible discovery on the part of Wrangel, who might not be quite secure that Rupert's non-observance of him had been real; but not staying to scrutinize the former's reason for thus suddenly yielding up the power of annoying him, he hastened to take leave of Julian, and repeat many an earnest injunction concerning him to the abbot.

Julian's little heart, softened by late happiness, gave way under this unexpected stroke; he was for some time incapable of comfort; but the abbot gravely admonished him in the name of saints and virgins, and Rupert cheered him with the hope that his absence would be but tem-

porary; then forcing down his own feelings, while soothing those of this hapless child, he parted from him with a long and earnestly-taken kiss.

Colonel Roselheim received his nephew joyfully; and for the first hour of their meeting, was so occupied in showing him the fine state of his regiment, the defences of the town, the weakness or strength of certain positions, &c., that he had not time for other subjects; their first hours, therefore, were purely pleasurable to them both.

But a cloud, if not a storm, was sure to succeed this sunshine; and Rupert was not taken by surprise, when his uncle, after a short whistling reverie, suddenly asked, "How the devil his father was able to look him in the face when he came to head-quarters with his poor puppet of a boy?"

Rupert gently deprecated any thing unkind about his little brother; and willing to avoid useless altercation, merely

stated the exact circumstances of that interview, unaccompanied by other remark than an expression of satisfaction, that the military honour of the name of Roselheim was now cleared from stain.

This was, perhaps, the only point of view in which the angry Colonel could see the subject had any reference to himself; it touched him at once: he grumbled out some sentence indicative of a sense of family honour; and appeased by his nephew's forbearing language, as much as by the agreeable surprise of learning that he had never spoken to his father; he put his own construction upon this fact, hastily conjectured that Rupert was coming round to his violent sentiments, and betwixt a laugh and a curse, told him he could pardon him for being ashamed to confess as much.

Rupert contented himself with briefly and distinctly saying, that he should always continue to believe himself bound by filial laws to show more sorrow than

anger at his father's dereliction from right; and aware that his uncle in his present mood must have some theme for railing, he made a diversion, though not in his own favour, and dropt the name of Adolpha Falkenberg. Colonel Roselheim seized it instantly, protesting that he never conversed with so dull and blind a person as their quondam chaplain; although he had questioned him upon the subject of the charming Adolpha's visit to Mariendorpt, and asked every possible question about the affair between her and his nephew, it was always — *he had not observed this — never heard that*, &c.; in short, the Colonel said if he were to form an opinion from Mr. Aremberg's unsatisfactory information, he should be forced to think the whole thing had come to a dead halt; and if so, if his nephew had suffered such a creature, with such a fortune, to slip through his fingers, after she had actually come and delivered herself up into his hands, he could only say,

that he heartily wished, for his pains, his future reward should be the arrantest camp-follower that ever tramped after a thrice-whipped poltroon.

Rupert's laugh and bow for this obliging wish, was accompanied with so good-humoured and lively a sally, that his uncle's wrath, which rarely exceeded what the wise man compares to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," disappeared at once: he joined in a hearty laugh at his own ridiculous violence, and more quietly expressing a hope that the business would come to something in time, received Rupert's promise, that when the war was over, he would seriously set about finding out, whether the girl had a fancy to him or not.

Thus restored to harmony, Rupert was afterwards careful to avoid any species of conversation likely to renew disagreement; and thus taking to himself the occupation of preserving his good uncle

in satisfaction, he no longer found leisure to muse himself into sadness.

Colonel Roselheim soon found him fitting employment. The objects for which he had demanded a reinforcement of cavalry were undertaken, and one accomplished. A convoy of winter clothing for the Archduke's army was seized and carried off at great risk by a body of horse, amongst whom Rupert and his troop particularly distinguished themselves; while those employed in a different quarter to surprise the remount of an Austrian regiment, were cut off to a man, though more advantageously situated than their successful comrades. In the latter case, no blame fell to the share of Colonel Roselheim, who planned the attack, the failure being attributable to want of conduct in the leading men; and in the former, Rupert failed not to obtain an ample meed of praise for his uncle, by ascribing his own success chiefly to the previous instructions of the former.

For Rupert's own comfort the consciousness of usefulness was alone necessary; at any time he could be contented without other testimony. When in the path of duty, the voice of glory was to him only like that inspiring music, which beguiles the weariness of the soldier on a march; its sound was neither his aim nor his reward; and it was only when condemned, as he had lately been, to unmerited oblivion, feeling himself thrown by like a withered branch, while yet conscious of sap and verdure, and protecting shade, that his soul revolted against the injustice of the act, and his spirits drooped under its continuance.

Restored to all his best military duties, health and cheerfulness came with them; and conscious now, from late experience, that there were more torturing griefs than mere separation from those he loved, he did not permit himself to dwell often or intently upon the remembrance of Meeta and his mother. The idea of Julian fre-

quently caused him a sigh, and whenever his father's image presented itself, he felt an emotion of gratitude for the Providence which placing him thus nearer the hostile troops of the Imperialists, removed him from the dreaded chance of engaging with those of Bavaria.

Thus re-instated in his profession, and conscious of being both a delight and an unsuspected assistance to his less-gifted uncle, Rupert had been some time under his command, when a message was delivered to him, while sitting with his uncle over their early breakfast, notifying that an aid-de-camp of Count Rhinegravestein's was come into the town under a safe-conduct from the Commander-in-chief, from whose hands he had received the young lord Julian in exchange for a protestant prisoner of importance, and that he had now brought the child, in conformity with certain previous instructions, to take leave of, and to thank, his original captor.

Rupert would have gone alone to the hotel where Baron Idenstein (so the Bavarian officer was called) was waiting his invitation; but his uncle at first insisted upon ordering Rhinegravestein's minion to come to them; and at last convinced by his nephew of the discourtesy of such a mandate, he declared his intention of accompanying him; to see, he said, in what manner the Count of Rhinegravestein's aid-de-camp would behave to that lord's first and lawful son.

Alarmed at this determination, and the hostility implied in the mode of wording it, Rupert would have dissuaded his uncle from his purpose, as derogatory to him in his character of commandant of the place: failing in that, he besought him to spare them both the pain of such a useless piece of civility. Colonel Roselheim's purpose was fixed, for his spirit was chafed, and the *foul fiend* raised again, by this new proof of his brother's high consideration and extraordinary

power over his sovereign master; and he burned for an opportunity of venting the feelings it excited, before one, sure to report it to the object of his jealous choler.

Unless he chose to come to an open quarrel with his uncle, Rupert could not press his wishes or fears more urgently; he determined, however, to make the visit as short as possible, and they set off together for the place appointed.

He preceded his uncle only a few seconds up the broad staircase of the inn, and entered the room first, of course, where Baron Idenstein was sitting humming a tune to Julian upon his knee. The child immediately jumped down, and ran to his brother with open arms. Baron Idenstein, who had accompanied Rhinegravestein in his visit to Donawert, remembered Rupert directly: the latter had taken no cognizance, then, of him; yet the young hussar's was neither a countenance nor a mien to be forgotten,

if once noted; the one was spirited and intelligent, and the other prepossessingly open and peculiar. Rupert's first earnest look of the Bavarian's face determined him: "May I entreat you, Sir," he said, bending to his ear, and speaking in a hurried voice, "to bear with the excellent man who follows me perforce! He is my father's brother."

The creaking of Colonel Roselheim's jointless boots, and the clanking of his enormous spurs, were at that moment heard in the door-way; he entered, and Rupert finished what he had to say in a hasty whisper to Julian. He withdrew himself from the boy's clasping arms as he did so, and falling back with an air of respectful deference, named his uncle to the young officer.

Baron Idenstein made a profound obeisance, with that look of distant respect due to the highest military authority of the town; then resuming his ordinary ease, and speaking with a familiar gaiety

which had nothing offensive in it, he exclaimed, "Were I ever to change my name, it should certainly be to Roselheim; it always belongs to brave men."

"Aye, to your poor and honourable ones," returned the Colonel moodily, ashamed to let his nephew perceive the effect of this well-timed compliment: "your prosperous ones choose others, Wisbaden and Rhinegravestein, for instance. — But I thank you, Baron, for the intended civility. May I trouble you with a message to the Count of Rhinegravestein — if he is not too great a man to receive one."

Baron Idenstein bowed; Rupert was on the rack. After deliberately and contemptuously eyeing the awed Julian, Colonel Roselheim resumed in the same rough fashion, which he rather affected as the reverse of his brother's gallant courtesy. "Then tell him, Sir, from me, that if he wishes honest men to believe him sincere in his abhorrence of the

infamous action which robbed a lawful captor of his prisoner — a poor prize, God wot! — he will do well to bring the perpetrators of it to justice; and when he does so, he will find his brother again."

Idenstein, whose character seemed to be one of great vivacity of feeling, was about to say something, but glancing his eye upon the agitated Rupert, he checked himself, and merely bowed a second time.

Colonel Roselheim looked elated. "You were going to name the real perpetrator or rather deviser of this scheme, I perceive, Sir," he said, "by way of showing that the Lord of Rhinegravestein and Wisbaden could not well disgrace the wife of his bosom; but let me tell you, he is used to treat his wives with very little ceremony; and the vile ——"

"Hold, Sir!" interrupted the aid-de-camp, fire flashing from his eyes while he

struck his sword, "I owe my military fortune to the Count of Rhinegravestein, and I must not endure a breath even, injurious to him."

Rupert threw himself before Colonel Roselheim, "for the love of heaven, Sir," he said, "remember, that this gentleman is under your own protection, while in this town."

Colonel Roselheim drew back, embarrassed and vexed: "I mean no affront to that gentleman," he said, without looking up, "but I make no apology for speaking the truth."

The spirited young baron bit his lip once or twice, his colour went and came, he loosened his tightly-buttoned vest, and at length, having quite mastered himself, resumed his customary air of sprightly indifference, and throwing down his glove, said, "whenever I meet Colonel Roselheim in the field, if he does me the honour of wearing this in his hat, I'll lose my life, or win it back, with his

person to boot: — and then, if I do not force that brave soldier to acknowledge, that prisoners in Bavaria are rather more courteously treated than flags of truce here, I will be content to give up my patron's character, and that of my old hospitable home, into the bargain."

The easy grace, not unmixed with dignity, with which this was spoken, was quite of the Rhinegravestein school, as painters term it; it pleased and surprised Rupert, while it wholly confounded Colonel Roselheim. The latter took up the glove in silence, as awkwardly as a school boy receives a reprimand, and Rupert seized that moment, for thanking Baron Idenstein for the trouble he had taken, to afford him a sight of his little playmate. "My commission, Sir," replied the aid-de-camp, "is not done: or rather, my young companion's is yet to be executed. — My lord Julian, do you forget?"

The perturbed child to whom he spoke, and who was all this time glancing at

Colonel Roselheim with amazement and vague apprehension, now reddened at this call, and drawing a sealed packet from his breast, put it into Rupert's hand.

"You are to take that, for my sake, dear brother," he said, in a low voice, "as you love your grateful Julian, condescend" — here the little creature was out in the words of the speech framed for him; but his heart was true to their meaning, and he added, with earnest pathos, some artless words that were infinitely more powerful over Rupert's heart, than all the set phrases of over-anxious study. He took the packet, and drew back into the recess of a window, to examine its contents, leaving Colonel Roselheim in front of the aid-de camp.

The former, recovering from the stunning consciousness of uncivil violence, said, hesitatingly, "I hope I shall never put your gallant boast to the proof, Baron. But if you please to let our difference of

opinion of Count Rhinegravestein, rest, till we can fight it out in the fair field, I shall be glad to offer you to-day, a soldier's welcome to a soldier's fare."

Baron Idenstein excused himself with much politeness, alleging the precision of his orders, to proceed without delay back to Bavaria, explaining his present halt, by mentioning his positive command to see a certain paper lodged in the hands of Captain Roselheim, by his young charge.

While speaking, his eye often reverted to the figure of Rupert, whose fixed attention to a paper he was reading, and frequent change of complexion, did not escape the observation even of Colonel Roselheim. Rupert suddenly crushed that paper in his hand; and coming forward with looks disordered, rather by softened feelings than ruffled ones, he pressed the whole packet back upon Julian, saying, with perturbation, "No, no, my dear Julian!—one farewell kiss, sweet boy!—never any thing more!"—He

caught the child up in his arms as he concluded, raised him to his lips, his eyes, pressed him against his heart, and with a countenance all glowing between tears, and shame of those tears, bowed the courteous farewell he could not speak to Baron Idenstein, and hurried out of the apartment.

Astonishment kept Colonel Roselheim silent; concern produced the same effect upon Rhinegravestein's confidential aid-de-camp: but Julian called after his brother in passionate and pleading accents; and when he found he would not return, ran weeping for comfort to the baron's sheltering arms.

"Why, what the deuce is all this?" asked Colonel Roselheim, reddening between anger and uneasiness. Idenstein took the disordered packet from Julian, and putting it into Roselheim's hands, said with much earnestness, "Use your influence, brave colonel, upon this occasion, I pray; you will see that it is for

your gallant nephew's interest; and, I trust you won't think it would dishonour him. — I vow to you," he added, in an eager tone, "that in this case I —" here a lucky cough finished the sentence for the young Bavarian, and turning quickly upon his heel, he snatched Julian up in one arm, while with the other he waved his embroidered cap, and calling aloud for his horses and servants, disappeared before the colonel could decide whether he ought to retain the packet. Colonel Roselheim lost no time in examining it afterwards. — He found it contained a title-deed, and a short letter written in the name of Julian, but breathing the sentiments of Rhinegravestein.

In this affecting epistle, the writer had distinctly recapitulated all the signal obligations, for which, the child must ever be Rupert's debtor; repeating many of them from the written testimony of Father Joachim; and then asking, as the crown of all these favours, permission to testify

gratitude, and repair injury, by putting into Rupert's hands the writings of his mother's forfeited estate in Bohemia; assuring him that it was now purposely bought from the person on whom the Emperor had bestowed it after its confiscation; that its annual revenue therefore would be duly sent to the Amsterdam bank, for the young soldier's use, and that in the event of a tolerating peace, he might take personal possession of the place himself, and adopt the country of his mother. The letter concluded with the child's petition, that the brother he loved as a benefactor as well as brother, would accept this small offering at his hands, both for love of him, and in pity to the feelings of their father.

Here the letter abruptly ended, and the feelings it alluded to, without describing, were visible enough, in the blurred and blotted line that mentioned them. Such a termination had completely unmanned the son; it was not unfelt by

Colonel Roselheim; a gust of affection came over him, such as he had not known for his brother, since their boyish days, when that sense of superiority in every personal and mental endowment, that complete conviction of a different fortune, which afterwards blunted the sting of envy in the elder's breast, and excited something of contempt in the younger, was not engendered.

In fact this letter had touched the sacred and vulnerable part of Roselheim's soul; it had shown him his envied brother, the victim of remorse; and contemplating him in that point of view, he forgot the proud leader of armies, and the flattered ornament of a court.

When Rupert returned after a brief and tranquillizing absence, he found his uncle still standing, pondering, and staring upon the open letter; his first emotion was concern at the circumstance; but when, on nearer approach, he saw the Colonel's altered countenance, glad-

ness succeeded, and a few sentences sufficed to show that it was not his countenance only that was changed.

Rupert could not refrain from seizing his uncle's hand at this, and pressing it momentarily against his breast.

"I *am* sorry for him!" was the Colonel's lingering notice of this expressive action. "It is not all bright, you see, when the sun seems brightest. I'm a happier man, after all, and feel myself a greater one (for I need not go cringing and confessing to my own son), than the mighty Count of Rhinegravestein and Wisbaden. Well, God send him more grace still. — That infernal woman! — if there's one place in hell hotter than another, it is getting ready for her. I'd give my best scarf to see her vexation when she finds that you are master of Zeirendahl, in spite of her devices!"

"What, my uncle," exclaimed Rupert, "you do not wish, you cannot expect!"

"What can't I expect? what am I not to wish?" enquired Colonel Roselheim, in his own rough note of familiar bluntness, somewhat tinctured with displeasure. "I do protest, that if you are going to play me the fool's trick over again, which you did when you refused a fair equivalent for your prisoner, on his first capture, I shall wash my hands of you and your concerns for life."

Rupert did not venture to avow such an intention, though resolute to act by it, and he remained, therefore, without replying.

Colonel Roselheim lifted up his hands and eyes "Thou born fool!" he exclaimed, "I see what you mean by your confounded silence: but you shall answer me. Do you, or do you not, intend taking your offered right? and it is but half your right, after all."

"I cannot accept any thing from my father," was Rupert's steady answer. "Pardon me, my dear uncle, I will not

offend you by defending this refusal; I pray you only to indulge my weakness in it, if weakness it must be called."

"Pooh, pooh, Sir!" said the more irritated, because softening Colonel Roselheim, "I'll have no borrowing your mother's pretty, submissive ways, to get the better of me; it's all fair in a woman, but I hate it in a great, blustering fellow like you." Rupert smiled at this extraordinary portrait of himself; the Colonel went on.—"I do insist, Sir, upon your telling me direct, without trick or turn, why you refuse to accept a lawful independence for yourself and your mother?"

Rupert's cheek glowed. "It will cost me something, Sir," he replied, "to answer you without being hurried away by my feelings. From the first hour, then, in which I wedded myself to the cause and protection of my mother, I resolved never to accept any assistance of money or interest, from the father, who had vo-

luntarily degraded her, and illegitimated me. — Principle, not resentment, was the ground of this resolution: in consenting to become the pensioner of the Count and Countess Rhinegravestein, I should consent to my mother's dishonour and to my own. While I refuse their bounty, I continue my protest against the act that has disinherited me; and whatever kindly feeling I entertain towards my father, is then beyond suspicion. I now pity my father, from my soul; for I see he begins to condemn himself, and whenever he proves his thorough repentance of his cruelty to my mother, I shall believe myself justified in becoming his son again."

"Why, he proves it now, you mad-brained boy!" exclaimed Colonel Roselheim, staring on him, as though he really thought him out of his senses; not aware of the proof Rupert secretly wished and hoped. "He proves it by the very restitution in question:—he proves it by

this very phrase in this letter : — let me tell you, my conscience must be at its wit's end, before I could bring myself to ask any body to pity me : so what state must your poor, proud father be in ! — The tables are strangely turned, indeed, when I live to cry mercy for him, and you refuse quarter. By my life, I believe you can't live without having something to argue about ; and because I am disposed to be sorry for your father, you set yourself stiffly against him." — Rupert controuled himself ; he felt at once the folly of trying to explain his meaning to one whose mental perceptions were defective ; he might as wisely have insisted upon the purblind, seeing objects as they truly were.

Colonel Roselheim resumed ; and, jumbling together a set of arguments, as jarring as opposite elements ; first taking the subject in one point of view, and then applying the same remarks to it when placed in another ; he caused

such a confusion in his own ideas and those of his nephew, that it soon became impossible for the latter to do more than repeat his resolution of returning the deed of the Bohemian property, and remaining a portionless soldier still.

"These romantic heroics are mighty fine and easy just now," observed the Colonel, with rising choler; "but, if any thing were to happen to me, or to that worthy old man in Holland, and if you yourself were to get knocked on the head into the bargain, what is to become of your mother? how is she to be supported? In my plain opinion, it would better become you to think of providing for her, and taking back her own, than picquing yourself upon this pride of independence for her. Suppose, too, that Adolpha Falkenberg takes a liking to a brisker wooer! — there's that prospect gone. — Egad, if you were but in love with some girl without a penny, I should

soon see an end of these theatrical scruples!"

Colonel Roselheim had unwittingly touched more than one chord that vibrated through the whole being of Rupert. Meeta's lovely image passed before him, reproaching him for his resolution. Independence offered her to his arms: and the seducing vision of life spent with her, and blessings showered upon her father by his gratitude, suspended him a single moment. But his better angel arose upon his soul in the shape of the mother he knew superior to every unworthy weakness, and the temptation vanished. A deep and startling sigh burst from him; he passed his hand over his forehead, saying, in a suffocated voice, "Since my mother is the object of your kind anxiety, dear uncle, let me leave my justification to her; if she approve my conduct, I hope you will cease to blame it. If she counsels a different one, I pledge

you my honour, I will follow the path she prescribes: — I may safely promise this." And as he spoke, he folded up the packet which Colonel Roselheim in the heat of discourse had unawares suffered him to regain, and made a movement towards the door. — The Colonel followed him, grumbling and sulkily, into the street; at last he said, bluntly, "For the life of me, I can't see the difference of your letting your mother be obliged to that good man in Holland, who is no blood to her, and obliged to me, as she fancies, but she is not obliged to me at all; I only say it for argument's sake — I can't see the difference, I say, between that and her taking back her own lawful property — nay, I think —"

"There is a great difference, dear uncle," interrupted Rupert in his mildest manner, aware of what the Colonel was going to add. — "My mother's property is no more her lawful right now, than that of any other expatriated Protestant would

be hers. She chose between her conscience and her sovereign's decree. It is not her sovereign who restores it, but her husband, who first buys, and then offers to give it. She refuses therefore from him, or I do it for her, which is the same, a gift of such magnitude; in short, any gift; because obligation is a sort of bond, like natural ones, which we cannot break, without self-reproach. It is sweet to be obliged to good and honoured persons, my dear uncle;" Rupert added, pressing his uncle's hand with unfeigned affection, "at least the yoke is light, and I can bear it from a hand like this."

"Get about your business, Sir!" exclaimed the Colonel, pushing him away, and trying to escape without exposing his roused sensibility; "Go and see if that barrack-master has looked to the damaged corn; come and report to me if he has. I'll be plagued no more to-day about your fantastic splittings of hairs, and out-of-the-way feelings, that nobody is

wise enough to understand except yourself. — Get you gone;" and pointing one way, while he turned towards another, the uncle and nephew separated.

The Colonel was no sooner out of sight, than Rupert flew to the regimental stables, mounted his horse, and enquiring at what gate the aid-de-camp from Count Rhinegravestein had quitted the town, rode after him at full speed.

Baron Idenstein, encumbered with a child in his suite, (Julian being placed on the saddle before a careful servant,) was reining in his mettlesome steed, and coaxing her to keep an easier pace, when Rupert came in sight. At the eager call of the latter, the baron pulled up, and motioning to the two horsemen in his company, to trot on, stopt under some trees which screened the road.

Happily, Julian was so enveloped by the large military cloak of his conductor, that he neither heard nor saw his brother,

so that the agitation of another parting was spared them.

Taking off his hat, Rupert galloped up to Baron Idenstein; his hair ruffled by the autumnal wind, discovered his interesting and noble countenance, all pale with anxiety. The gracefulness of his action, and the gallantry of his mien, evidently struck the young Bavarian, whose own physiognomy and figure, while lifting his hussar cap, and more gaily returning the salute, were equally striking, though in a different style. Care had never blanched his cheek, nor corroded his breast; so that although full five years older than Rupert, he looked barely of the same age.

Had an indifferent spectator been observing both cavaliers, perhaps he would have found it difficult to have said which countenance presented youth under the most interesting aspect: Whether that, where it shone, as if neither cloud of evil

passion, nor of evil fortune, had yet darkened it; or that, where, with equally benevolent and brilliant beam, it struggled through many a vapour threatening it with extinction, but not menacing others.

Rupert at once held out the packet, accompanying the action with a grateful compliment to the Bavarian, for his conduct to Colonel Roselheim; then putting a folded paper back into his breast, he added, "When you do me the favour of re-delivering that packet to the Count Rhinegravestein, you may tell him, if you will, Baron, that there is much in this letter, which I would not part with for any other gift. It is the best keep-sake Lord Julian could give me. And I know not, how my hurried feelings made me forget that it was not necessary to return it, along with that useless writing."

The aid-de-camp, not pretending to remark upon these expressions, from a man whose private history he had no title to show his acquaintance with, sim-

ply received the packet with polite attentiveness. Rupert then wished him a good journey, and was turning about, when the Bavarian stretching out his hand, exclaimed: —

"By my faith, this must not be our last meeting, Captain Roselheim! — have the goodness to remember, if the chances of war should ever throw you into our hands, that you may always command my best services; and if there come a peace, pass not within falcon's flight of Grieffenswold, without turning out of your road to prove your first flattering compliment, sincere."

Rupert smiled pensively as he gave the promise requested, believing he should never enter Bavaria after his military duties were over; then hesitating a moment, added, "Ours is a very short, strange acquaintance, Baron. I scarcely know whether it warrants — but your countenance encourages me: What I am, you know; what I feel, I please myself to

think you can imagine; it will not seem extraordinary to you, therefore, if I confess that it is necessary to my ease of mind to hear something of that dear child before us — I have no means —"

"I comprehend you," interrupted Idenstein, seeing one of his men looking back; "you shall hear of us whenever it is possible;" and shaking hands with his new friend, he gallopped off, more exhilarated by the novelty and romance of this adventure, than affected by the sad and solemn feelings which caused its existence.

The impression left upon a man to whom life had hitherto been but one continued *jour de fête*, was as vivid and fleeting as that with which we come away from sympathizing with the hero of a well-wrought drama: the business of every-day concerns, and the bustle of more interesting scenes, in which Rupert played no part, naturally drove the latter from his thoughts; but they did not ba-

nish him thence; and renewed intercourse alone was necessary to revive the present glow, and to cherish it into actual friendship.

Rupert, with a profounder sentiment, turned his horse sadly and slowly towards the town. He was satisfied with what he had done, but not with what he had said: and like most other persons, after having passed through agitating scenes, he repented every word that he had uttered.

Tormented between the opposite fears of having appeared too rigid, or shown himself too easy, he scarcely knew whether he had not compromised his respectability, by allowing his interest in his half-brother to appear so distinctly before a stranger. It was now that he wanted Aremberg, that he might turn, and "look into the depths of his eyes," as he used to phrase it, and see whether he had acted rightly. He grieved, too, that he could not ask a single question about his

father's domestic situation. He was conscious of an uncontrollable desire to learn how the latter had terminated the quarrel which must have taken place between him and his Countess, when the seizure and restitution of Julian became a question which the honour of Rhinegravestein rendered it necessary for him to settle publicly.

Was a similar affliction to that of his mother, to be visited upon the head of her by whom that affliction was caused? Or could the widow of a prince, humble herself sufficiently to obtain forgiveness, from the inferior husband, whose good name she had put to hazard, though she might formerly have advanced his fortune? — Alas! and was such a loveless, selfish mother, to become the chief guardian and instructress of Julian?

Rupert heaved a heavy sigh, as he vainly asked this mournful question of himself; but aware that it was his duty to shake off whatever thoughts were

likely to deaden his spirit and incapacitate him for the animated performance of his stirring profession, he muttered a few words of apostrophe to Heaven for this offspring of his direst enemy, and patting the neck of his horse, was soon within sight of his own quarters.

CHAP. V.

Active and animating duties happily followed these private events.

Hitherto General Wrangel's military policy had been slow, and to younger spirits vexatious; but the game of war must always appear so, when played by master hands.

Watched by the Archduke Leopold's army; awed by Rhinegravestein's; as uncertain of Saxony's good faith, as the Imperialists themselves; and insecure of timely support from the troops of France, Wrangel had as yet not ventured to abandon his strong position upon the Danube and Wernitz; and neither of the hostile generals, from local circumstances of

the campaign, could without imprudence attempt to dislodge him from it.

Partial engagements were, however, continually occurring; posts lost and won; autumn was hastening away; winter cantonments were already beginning to form part of the commanding officer's contemplations.

One of General Wrangel's great talents was that of obtaining secret information better than any other man; and upon certain accounts transmitted to him from Vienna, he meditated a bold and novel stroke in that age — a winter-campaign amongst the steep and icy mountains of Bohemia; intending to preface that by a yet bolder attempt — a march across Bavaria itself.

To succeed in this latter object, it was necesary to open the scheme to General Konigsmark and secure his co-operation. Konigsmark must advance in the teeth of every difficulty at the concerted time, over the slippery heights, and through the

snow-heaped defiles of the Silesian mountains, to be ready for prompt assistance, should the surprised army of Rhinegravestein be, by miracle, able to collect together from their winter-quarters, either disputing Wrangel's way, or falling upon his rear. The time, the mode, the means of all this, must be leisurely weighed and securely arranged: the information must be conveyed as quickly as possible to General Konigsmark by some faithful and intelligent person, capable of comprehending and repeating by word of mouth the minutest detail of the projected enterprize; — one, whose constitutional courage and tried presence of mind, would insure the secret from falling a sacrifice to panic, or actual seizure; and yet, when seized, might be so unimportant, as not to make him a prize to the enemy, whereby they might extort the exchange of some valuable prisoner. This latter qualification was indispensable, as the chances of such an one falling into their hands were two to one,

provided he attempted to pass them, as he must do, if he went with expedition, to seek Konigsmark's division.

While Wrangel pondered over the names and characters of his subaltern officers, that of Rupert involuntarily presented itself. Marshal Torstenson had spoken of him with such serious, convincing commendation, and had so urgently recommended him to his successor, as a most efficient agent upon all occasions where gallantry of conduct and clearness of head were required, that but for private reasons, Wrangel would not have balanced a moment about nominating him to this perilous commission.

These private reasons may be guessed. Wrangel, however, was not aware of the share Rupert had in a late disappointment: he attributed the sudden disappearance of the peasant and his daughter, from the poor abode where he had visited them, in a character assumed for the cruelest purpose, solely to the accident of the father

having come into the town to see the parade, and having unluckily got too near the Commander-in-chief, not to know his intended son-in-law, under the latter's superb military dress. The honest countryman, convinced thus of the General's base intention, but conscious that his own destruction would follow the publication of the suspected wrong, simply took pains to attract Wrangel's eyes, and having fixed them, sternly struck his side, as if to imply the feelings struggling there, and nodding, without touching his hat, disappeared amongst the crowd.

After such a look, and such an action, General Wrangel was not surprised, though he was stung with disappointment, to find the man's house shut up, and himself and his daughter gone, no one knew whither. Rupert's image was in some degree, coupled with the unpleasant remembrance of this affair; and, perhaps, the same feeling which made

the Commander-in-chief suddenly send his young officer to Colonel Roselheim's support, urged him now to get more fully rid of an impertinent, whom fate seemed destined to cross him in matters of gallantry, and from whose mental powers, properly employed, he might reap signal advantage.

Upon the able performance of his present military plan, Wrangel's professional character would greatly depend. What then, was the remembrance of disappointment about the plaything of a day? and if the eyes of this young man humbled his libertine superior, would it not be better to remove him at once, and handsomely, and so silence his possible whisperings against him?

Wrangel decided that it was the best step for his own freedom of spirit, and for the good of the service; and he therefore summoned Rupert to Donawert.

The astonishment of the latter is not

to be described, when instead of a haughty reception, and a return to inglorious service, he was greeted with an avowal of confidence in his zeal and abilities, and informed of the critical business for which he was selected.

A less loyal heart would have taken alarm at this unexpected alteration, and suspected some sinister purpose under it: but Rupert happily was inclined to believe in the good he saw; and trusting that his patience under petty tyranny had subdued his commander's dislike; or that the ebb of disorderly passion had taught the latter to respect him that opposed it, he accepted the perilous honour, with grace and gratitude.

Wrangel then entered at once, and fully, into the ramifications of his extensive plan; saw with satisfaction the comprehensive, retentive, and accurate mind, he was trusting to; noted with surprise the acute questions asked by Rupert, the distinctness with which he

saw the difficulties of his own task, and the ingenuity with which he devised means to overcome them; and, finally, admiring him unfeignedly as an instrument, he only disliked him the more as a man.

Wrangel was sufficiently great in the field, to tolerate qualities likely to create him a rival there; but in the drawing-room his success was less certain, and he could not forgive any man for being handsomer or more captivating than himself. While Rupert was tracing his swift and secret route on a map marked with the different stations of the enemy, Wrangel was saying to himself — "Well! whether he fail or succeed, I shall be the gainer. Either more honour; or freer quarters among bright eyes and blooming cheeks!" and carelessly dismissing from his mind the possible destruction of the fine creature he was perforce admiring, he repeated some of his most important instructions, and bade him good

night, as coolly as though he were sending him home to quiet sleep, and a safe awakening.

Rupert's preparations were quickly made; and, providing himself only with a sufficient, but moderate stock of the common coin of the different principalities he must pass through, arming himself well, though as lightly as possible, he set off, accompanied by a trusty military servant, whose office was to escort him beyond the frontier into Franconia, and, leaving him there, to return with his horse to Donawert.

Great part of Franconia was occupied by the rear-guard of the Archduke; so that ere Rupert could attain the neutral ground of Saxony, he must skirt it and Bavaria, and be in continual danger of falling in with the enemy. If seized, alone, and disguised, as he must be, and discovered to be an officer of the Union, of course he would be treated as a spy, and condemned to immediate and ig-

nominious death. Of all the variety of military duty, that of a spy, was one which Rupert's soul revolted at; and he felt, that although he could consent to suffer innocently, in that supposed character, while in the performance of a duty equally hazardous but not odious, neither rhetoric nor worldly inducement could ever prevail upon him to enlist in so degrading a species of service in reality.

While imagining the possibility of such an unmerited fate, aware as he was of the summary sentences and executions of martial law, he shuddered a moment; thinking, not merely of himself, but of his mother's desolation, and his father's honour. Such a picture started up before him, that he durst not dwell on it. Meeta's death-shriek rung in his ear, and there was a single instant of time, during which he thought he could not, ought not to proceed.

This infirmity of a tender heart, quickly

passed away: — his lot was cast amongst dangers: — his fortune most likely hung upon the present trial of his resolution; and girding up his spirit afresh as he thought thus, he pursued his journey with greater enthusiasm.

Sometimes on foot, sometimes on the hired horses of the country people; now upon rivers, and now upon roads, and always disguised as an ordinary traveller; experiencing many alarms from the company of others; exposed to every inclemency of the variable weather; often wanting food, and sleeping in woods or wine-caves, to avoid falling in with the enemy; —Rupert made his way into Saxony; thence crossing the Marquisate of Lusatia, he entered Silesia, the object of his journey. It was near the end of November ere he reached the head-quarters of General Konigsmark at Sagun. His commission thus gallantly executed, was as favourably heard. Konigsmark entered into the scheme of General

Wrangel with all the enthusiasm of a younger soldier; and delighted with Rupert himself, for whom his favor had been previously bespoken by the late Commander-in-Chief, he would not suffer him to depart again on his return, until he had ascertained his capability of serving in a particular corps of flying-artillery he was then raising, adapted to a mountainous country, and the able officering of which, was an object of great anxiety to him. The admirable military education which Rupert might be said to have given himself, was now manifested; and assured of his science, as well as bravery, Konigsmark at once offered him a troop in this regiment, and offered to solicit General Wrangel's permission for his transfer from the one he now served in.

Rupert was conscious that such a request was the earnest of future favor. He felt, that independently of Marshal Torstenson's flattering recommendation of him, he had made a happy impression

upon General Konigsmark in his own person; and he thought that both together might conduct him eventually to all he hoped to reach. Pleased with the careless, good-humoured manners of General Konigsmark, whose province was a camp, and who seemed indeed as though he had never lived out of one, Rupert eagerly accepted the proffered benefit: it was settled, therefore, that if, after his return to the Commander-in-Chief with Konigsmark's approval of the projected plan, no fit opportunity should occur of his rejoining the troops in Silesia, he must consider himself as pledged to them, and join them when the two armies should meet victorious, as they hoped, in the heart of Bavaria.

Successfully as Rupert had executed his difficult commission, and fortunate as he was in immediately engaging the good will of the very man he wished to serve under, there was much in the whole business to distress and agitate him. He

could not but feel that he was actively employed in the furtherance of a scheme, which, if effectual, must touch his father in the tenderest point; and perhaps cost his father his life. It was in vain that Rupert endeavoured to calm the tumults of his soul at the latter idea, by reflecting that he was only in the path of his own duty as a soldier and a Protestant; that he was merely lending his feeble aid to the great and sacred work of procuring liberty of conscience for present and future generations; risking his own life, or peace of mind, to restore others to their homes, and to the worship of their fathers. But when he imaged himself in the same field with his father, again, and more loudly, did the voice of nature lift itself up within him.

Some reward, or some distinction, Rupert had a right to expect from his first employer, for his fidelity and ability; he was determined, therefore, to make that reward consist in the favor of being dif-

ferently employed, and purposely so, whenever the army of General Wrangel was likely to be pitched against that of Count Rhinegravestein. By his return now to the camp of the former, he would most probably escape this dreaded encounter. The scheme of war had settled, that General Konigsmark should advance at the very beginning of the new year, across Bohemia, suddenly presenting himself on the mountainous division between that country and the electorate of Bavaria; attracting by this movement, it was hoped, the scattered troops of Rhinegravestein, to the quarter menaced. If this demonstration of General Konigsmark should succeed in drawing Rhinegravestein to the eastern frontiers, the march of the latter was to be the signal for Wrangel to pour his stronger force into the heart of the country, from the south-west; and if the French could be brought sufficiently within reach, to keep the Archduke Leopold in awe, and pre-

vent his advance to succour Munich, while Konigsmark was falling back as if discomfited and entangling Rhinegravestein among the mountain passes, it was probable that the capital would fall into the hands of the Swedes, and the Elector be thus obliged to make terms with the victors.

These were the probabilities of General Wrangel's plan; and if they proved realities, Rupert would then escape the horror of next meeting his father in the field of fight. The worst that could happen, therefore, would be an engagement with the archduke's troops; and whether lost or won with him, a battle would then bring to Rupert no other misery than its customary horrors.

Thus calming himself as much as possible, upon the only part of this subject which could afflict his filial feelings, he took a respectful leave of General Konigsmark, and once more re-trod the dangerous path back to Suabia.

The danger and difficulties of his journey were equally great at the commencement, as towards the end of it; but they arose from very different causes: at the commencement, he had to encounter all the inclemencies of December, amongst precipices disguised under snows, and torrents swoln into rivers by the sudden melting of the lower drifts under heavy rains. The Silesian mountains scaled, those bordering Saxony were to be conquered; and journeying, for expedition and secrecy's sake, wholly alone, Rupert was at the mercy of hired guides for his personal safety, and could only trust to the uncertain shelter of some solitary cabin, or empty wine-cave.

But youth, resolution, and honourable ambition, can conquer most things; he therefore went cheerfully on, secure of being at any rate far from hostile neighbours. In Saxony his way was smooth, and his progress rapid; that electorate was now a neutral country; so that it

was not until he came to the frontiers of Franconia and Bavaria, that he found it necessary to pause, and consider which course he should take. In both these countries he was sure of encountering the troops of the enemy: parties from the archduke's army, and from that of Count Rhinegravestein's, were still hovering in all directions, to surprise convoys, and cut off stragglers. There were equal chances, therefore, of his falling in with such parties in either state; and the only circumstance which could turn the scale in favour of one, was some local reason for its being more favourable to concealment. It seemed to him, after a few enquiries, that by taking the route of Bavaria, he would decide most judiciously. He knew that country well, from his occasional progresses through it with his father's forest-master; who used, in the days of Rupert's unrivalled heirship (when he was often brought from Saltzbourg, to be his father's companion,

during a hunting-match of weeks,) to make him familiar with all the chases and sylvan tracts, explored by the bold pursuers of the boar and wild stag; he knew, also, the dialect of the country-people, their habits, prejudices, &c.; and it would be easy, therefore, for him to assume their language and manners, with the dress he must adopt to pass for one of that class. Another reason was conclusive; the soldiers of Count Rhinegravestein were more thinly scattered towards Donawert (for what cause he guessed not) than those of the Archduke were on the Fribourg border.

Into Bavaria, therefore, Rupert plunged, having previously purchased a strong miller's horse, used to hard fare and lodging, therefore capable of bearing him stoutly on.

For some time Rupert concluded he had decided rightly; for he pushed on, unmolested by the inhabitants, who sincerely believed him, under his rustic

disguise, and with his well-imitated phrases, one of themselves. The same appearances did not secure him from occasional interruption by the military; but they enabled him to get out of their hands without enquiry. That presence of mind, which is the sure offspring of courage, never failed him; and the very acquaintance he had with the private history of their General, assisted him in maintaining the character he assumed, that of a petty farmer, belonging to the Count's estate on the river Regen.

In this character he ventured to make those enquiries which a peasant so situated might be supposed curious enough to make, concerning his absent lord. The desultory information which Rupert thus collected from different persons, had as much of the painful as the satisfying in it.

He heard, that after a temporary disagreement, the Count and Countess Rhinegravestein were then living toge-

ther in their splendid mansion at Munich, (now the Bavarian head-quarters,) and that Julian was well, and resident there with them. — It was said, that the Countess had actually gone to her husband's camp, ere it broke up, and thrown herself at his feet to implore his forgiveness; and that she had obtained it, at last, wholly by dint of public humiliations which the Count's delicacy of mind evidently shrunk from, and wished to terminate.

The person who gave Rupert this information, added some jesting remark upon the Countess's notorious jealousy of her handsome Lord, which most likely made her more ready now to stoop to a confession of penitence, lest sullenness, or violent self-defence, should precipitate him into the actual infidelity, of which no one but herself had ever suspected him. His rare personal beauty, (from her unreasonable admiration of that poor advantage,) was the sceptre by

which Rhinegravestein had hitherto ruled a wife, whom neither public opinion nor private esteem could controul. But in the late act, she had committed what he deemed an irreparable outrage against his respectability, even more than her own; and he justly believed, that it was incumbent on him, to evince his indignation at it, at least by a temporary separation, if not one for life. Yet here, in defiance of this conviction, with the weakness of one ever vulnerable to the distress he actually saw, when once she contrived to enter the place whence his authoritative command had excluded her for a time, he was unable to persist in his resolution of remaining apart from the wife, whose conduct justified such an act. Her tears, her rhetoric, her transports of idolatrous passion, her liberal expressions of self-abhorrence (the freer said, because the less sincerely thought), and the artful, yet humble allusions she made to all that she had given up for his

sake, at a period when princes contended for her hand, were more than Rhinegravestein could resist. He had his son's softness of heart, without his fixed principle, or consistent delicacy; so that even while assured that he was again taking to his breast the woman that loved him solely for the pomp of his personal endowments, and the pageantry of his fame; even while that heart was aching with the memory of one who had loved his virtues and his true honour; even while recollecting what he had felt, what he had resolved in the presence of his irreproachable son; he raised the Countess from the ground, and with a feeling of sacrifice, which would have become a better cause, resigned himself to a life of public vanities again, and of secret remorse.

A separation from this pernicious woman, after such a lawless deed as she had performed in the face of the world, was in fact, what Rupert had fondly anticipated;—nay, was the test he had internally

appointed whereby to judge of his father's sincere contrition towards himself. In wishing that separation, he did not wish ought that he believed likely to diminish Rhinegravestein's domestic happiness; he conceived it due to his father's honour: and he fancied it would tend to Julian's future comfort and well-doing.

Thus, he wept the heart's tears, as he listened to the recital of a contrary course; and grieved to think how such intelligence would blight the soothing ideas of brightening virtue in her husband, which Rupert's own pen must have given birth to, by its account of his father's visit to Donawert, and his subsequent letter written in the person of Julian!

But it was not for one, doomed to care and exertion, to waste the life's blood of his youth, in vain lamentation over the self-wrought evils, even of a parent. He must live for the mother, who was the victim of all the other's weakness and

vanity: he must fix his eye solely upon one object — honourable support for her, and for himself. Determining, therefore, to enquire no further, and to speak of Julian and his father only in his prayers, he prosecuted his journey without mentioning the name of Count Rhinegravestein again.

He was but a few German miles from the southern frontier of Bavaria, when being overtaken by a heavy storm of sleet and rain, on so open a part of the country that it afforded scarcely a bush for shelter; he was so completely soaked through, that it became necessary for him to stop at the first house he might find, in order to clean his pistols, which, in case of attack by common plunderers, or roving soldiers, would be useless, unless properly dried; and the nearer he approached the end of his travel, the more anxious he was to secure himself against the possibility of failure by any negligence.

On the extremest verge of this wild, or rather flat of arable land, he descried a poor looking hut, (for it deserved not the name of house,) scarcely distinguishable in size and colour from the dark heap of peat, which scantily skreened it from the north, and was destined for winter fuel; he rode up to it, and alighting from his horse, knocked some time against the door with the rude staff he employed by way of whip: no one answered. At length a woman appeared, and, after a short parley, the good Bavarian he spoke, the civility of his manner, and the prepossessingness of his countenance, (for that he could not disguise,) quickly obtained him admittance. He entered a single clay chamber, barely furnished; a cheerful fire was however blazing in the centre; two or three children sat round it at their suppers; and in one corner was a bed, upon which lay a person carefully covered up.

Rupert did not at first notice this per-

son; but when he did so, receiving for answer to his question, that it was the woman's uncle tired out with a raging tooth-ache, and was trying to rest, he made some compassionate remark, and enquired no further.

Drying his wet clothes as well as he could, without taking any of them off, he remained standing over the fire, occasionally noticing the children, while rubbing his wet fire-arms, and preparing them for re-loading. One of the children soon became familiar enough with the supposed young farmer to climb his knee, and amuse herself with pulling about his hair. This was a display of his features, which Rupert had no desire to permit at this moment; for so many of the Bavarian country people were used to come into the Swedish camp with provisions, in defiance of their own government's orders, that he feared to be recognized so near the frontiers. By degrees he drew the little girl's attention from his pretty hair

to the buttons of his rude boot-stockings; and having sufficiently dried himself and his pistols, he saw that the weather was cleared, gave the quiet mistress of the cabin his thanks, expressed in homely phrase, (for he was careful not to offer her money,) and putting a kruitzer or two into the hand of his little persecutor, he took his leave, wishing the sleeper to awake freed from his late suffering.

Mounting his rough-coated horse, which had found some sort of shelter in the cavity made in the peat-stack by cutting out portions of fuel, Rupert proceeded leisurely down the road, which just at this part sunk abruptly, and led to more broken and intricate ground than the flat it skirted.

The wintry tempest had quite spent itself ere this; and though the air was bitingly keen, one of those fine nights had succeeded, which make even December-scenery agreeable. The season as yet was remarkably open, (a reason

why military operations were not suspended,) and if Rupert had already felt the inconvenience of that circumstance, its exposing him to frequent drenchings like the one just over, he reaped the solid advantage of being enabled to travel for a much longer continuance every day. He now meditated going on, while the moon lasted; and he thought if he did so, unmolested, he should be able to get beyond the frontier, and reach the Suabian town, of which his uncle was commandant. It was ever his custom during this journey, on quitting any house, or fellow-traveller, never to ride fast; for haste seems to imply apprehension. He now, therefore, merely trotted his horse, while he looked about him, and felt that complacent feeling steal over his mind, which the rudest scene of nature always produced in him.

The scene in which Rupert was, at this moment, had nothing either picturesque or beautiful in itself: it was only

a cross-road, winding between low banks, bare of verdure, except what some tall aquatic weeds bestowed, which grew in the bordering ditches, and were now heavy and bright with the rain-drops. The lane was deep and miry, but the moon shining upon the water in all the splashy hollows of the ruts, gave it a sort of beauty to Rupert's painter's eye.

As he gradually suffered the bridle to fall on the neck of his horse, while the tired animal toiled through heavy clay clogging his footing, and as he fixed his eyes upon the clear orb above, winning her way with soft majesty through illuminated clouds, she seemed not the less beautiful to him, because his affectionate fancy compared her with his mother. Though so serene and still, there was something touching and melancholy in her light; something so tender as well as lovely, that he felt as he was used to do, on seeing that beloved face again, after a short absence.

"Dear mother!" he exclaimed, involuntarily, aloud, "for what is there of sacred or sweet, that does not remind me of thee?"

Perhaps his thoughts wandered from that treasured idea, to a kindred one; for a deeper, a hopeless sigh, soon afterward heaved his breast. Whatever his reflections were at that moment, they were put to flight, by a voice calling on him to stop, and the figure of a man, alternately walking and running, approaching from the end of the road he had himself entered on. The person was alone, and apparently unarmed: what his purpose might be, Rupert guessed not: but feeling for his pistols, and checking his horse, he waited till the man came nearer.

As the latter approached, he took off his woollen cap, with an air of respect, which made Rupert conclude him to be a beggar: but the man's dress was decent; and as the moonlight fell on his upraised

face and grey locks, Rupert thought he had seen both before.

Another second or two terminated the alarm this idea gave him, and caused him agitation of a different kind.

The person in question, at once announced himself as the poor countryman to whom Rupert had unveiled the profligate designs of General Wrangel, in the suburbs of Donawert. He had fled thence, he said, to shelter with a married niece in Bavaria, until the Swedish army should remove their quarters; having safely deposited his pretty daughter — the only child left to his old age, in the hands of some benevolent nuns, not far distant.

He described his gratitude, with an earnestness, proportionate to the evident sincerity of his rustic integrity; and informed Rupert, that having, on the latter's entrance into his niece's hut, been startled by the sound of his voice and manner of speaking, the sight of a cer-

tain scar just above his right temple, which the child's playing with his hair discovered, had at once confirmed the idea awakened by his voice, and urged him to follow as he had done, and apprize him of a danger which threatened him nearly.

At this intimation, Rupert looked up and down the road to observe whether any one was in sight or hearing, and seeing no living thing except themselves, he alighted from his horse, and drawing him close to the bank, took his station under its shelter, with the honest Suabian.

The circumstances the latter had to relate, were, as he owned, imperfect; but he thought that he knew enough to warrant him in saying they were important; probably they might be completed by the conjectures of his auditor, who most likely had some key to the business they treated of.

What the Suabian related was this:—

Some Bavarian troopers, belonging to

a couple of regiments, quartered at a place a few miles higher up, had been lately at his niece's hut, enlisting her husband in a service of profit to him, but not of personal danger. It was their purpose, they told him, to enter the town of *** by stratagem, and if he would accompany them, and upon ascertaining their entrance, hoist the signal of a white flag from the Hill-tree, to the right of the town, that would be the token by which the remainder of their squadron were to advance, secure of entering and possessing the place surprised. The occasion of this sudden enterprise, was some private information sent to the Colonel of one of those regiments, stating, that Roselheim, the commandant of this Swedish station, would positively be absent during the whole of the ensuing night; therefore any feint or attack upon the town, would be more likely to succeed, when the proper commander was off his post — and secretly off it — than

when all things were going on in due order.

The Suabian added, that having, while in his own poor home, learned Rupert's name from accidentally seeing him as he passed to that very town, on the morning of his sudden march thither, having immediately recognised his striking countenance, and enquired who he was, he could not mistake him again, when he saw him by the strong glare of his niece's fire, even under a peasant's dress: — especially when that glare showed on the top of his fair forehead, the very mark which his own lamp had gleamed upon at Donawert.

The old man confessed that his niece's husband, in the hope of earning a little money honestly, was gone with the soldiers, to their colonel; therefore intreated, that if the poor fellow should by chance fall into the hands of the Swedes, from the information he was now giving, they would treat him kindly. Again

and again he assured Rupert, that nothing but the strength of gratitude to him, for saving himself from shame, and his daughter from ruin, would have induced him to betray what might be considered a confidence, being spoken before him in the belief that he was a loyal Bavarian. When this detail was closed, Rupert's brain was full of clouds; he attempted to understand the military project so vaguely reported by his informant, but in vain; still less could he account for the positive assurance that his uncle would be secretly absent from the command allotted him, at the dead of night. He questioned the old man, and found that the name of Lodowick Schwartz had often been mentioned by the soldiers; especially as denoting him for their source of information. Rupert at once remembered that his uncle's servant bore that name, a man he never liked, but whose bluntly impertinent flatteries swayed his master more than the latter would have

chosen to admit. If then on joining Colonel Roselheim, Rupert should find that he was actually going, for whatever reason, to absent himself at the time specified, he should have no doubt, that this servant was in league with the enemy.

Convinced that however enigmatical part of the affair appeared to himself, it was really pregnant with danger to his uncle, Rupert became more earnest and minute in his interrogatories; and having received all the satisfaction in the poor man's power to bestow, acknowledged that his own accidental service was richly overpaid by this providential adventure; confessed that it was not himself, but a near and dear relative that was threatened; and pressing into the old Suabian's hand the only piece of gold he had about him with a gracious and grateful benediction, he struck his horse's side with his heel, and was out of sight in a moment.

CHAP. VI.

Fortunately, the town Colonel Roselheim commanded, was in Rupert's direct road to Donawert, by the *détour* which circumstances in Bavaria obliged him to make, ere he could cross the frontier line safely; therefore, without betraying his duty, he could take that course, and halt at this first friendly station, with the allowable plea of recruiting himself ere he appeared at head-quarters.

Exceedingly harassed in mind, and more fatigued from that harassment, than he had felt himself during the whole of his journey, Rupert reached the gates of the town, three hours after midnight: but the rules, on such occasions, are unbending to solitary individuals, and he

was forced to wait there till day-break: when, never did the unexpected sight of the object beloved thrill human breast with livelier momentary joy, than did the firrt peep of dawn, through the leafless branches of what was called the hill-tree, warm that of Rupert.

Except during periods of actual service, Colonel Roselheim was not an early riser; Rupert therefore, unable to restrain his impatience to glean something of the mystery which caused him strange fears, went immediately to Major Heilbrunn, the second in command; an officer of merit, about his uncle's standing in the army, but even less fortunate. Something of confidential intimacy, on the subject of Colonel Roselheim's peculiarities, had long and insensibly established itself between Rupert and this officer; both noticed those peculiarities in the true spirit of affection, anxious to ward off their consequences from the offender himself, and to prevent observ-

ation of them, by less indulgent persons. It was not unnatural, therefore, that Major Heilbrunn, after a short conversation on other topics, should relate an incident from which he apprehended evil, though at a later period, to the worthy Colonel.

The business of a cartel had very lately brought into the town a distant relation of the Countess Rhinegravestein, a Saxon Count, serving under the Archduke Leopold. Colonel Roselheim had imprudently spoken of that lady, in terms impossible for her kinsman to hear, unless he had previously disowned her unjustifiable conduct; and this nobleman, being younger, and as inflammable, and proud of his relationship to the Countess, had retorted, by calling the Colonel an upstart and an apostate. A blow, Major Heilbrunn grieved to say, had been his old comrade's answer; and it was with difficulty, therefore, that he and an officer in the Saxon Count's company, could prevent them from ending

the mutual outrage by an immediate duel. A truce, not a peace, was at length concluded on the score of superior duty claiming the present moment; and the two by-standers, stood pledged to see satisfaction rendered by the one and taken by the other, at the point of the sword, whenever Colonel Roselheim should be released from his charge of the town, and free to stake his life in a private quarrel. Rupert could not hear this account, coupling it with what he had heard in Bavaria, without becoming certain that his uncle was rashly and secretly engaged in the desperate adventure of giving Count Rothweil the rendezvous somewhere distant: and that either the latter was base enough to take advantage of such a step, and revenge his affronted dignity, by imparting it to his own party; or that the Colonel's servant was indeed betraying his master from mere sordid motives.

Simply, but strongly expressing his concern at what the Major told him,

Rupert now hurried to his uncle's house; and having waited some time for his rising, was at length so impatient that he entered his chamber without ceremony, and woke him.

Colonel Roselheim's pleasure at this unexpected sight of his nephew, was loud and long; he had been apprized of his absence from camp, but was too well acquainted with the duties of secret service to ask where he had been, much less to enquire into the nature of his mission. He talked of various matters, with his usual transition from noisy volubility to unreflecting silence. Rupert, however, observed, that his uncle's countenance did not, as formerly, testify a vacancy of thought: it was vexed and sombre; and such an expression was the more striking, from the contrast it formed to his joyous boisterousness, while speaking.

After some time given to ordinary topics, interesting to them both, Rupert, with some trepidation, related the extra-

ordinary circumstance that had happened to him, near the frontiers. While repeating this, as a mere travelling adventure, the Colonel, unlike his custom, listened attentively: now knitting his brow into absolute cords; and now tightly pressing first the upper, and then the under lip over each other. When the recital ended, he seemed to take a sudden resolution; changed his look; all at once affected to laugh; said, the thing was like a gypsey's fortune-telling, all a jumble of guess and trick; and having completely dressed himself by this time, was going to leave the room, inviting the dismayed Rupert to meet him an hour hence at the riding-house, when as suddenly turning back, he burst into a passion of invectives and execrations.

From these disjointed apostrophes, his nephew was at no loss to gather more than Major Heilbrunn had told, or could tell him: and he besought his uncle to explain himself thoroughly.

Colonel Roselheim's impetuosity, if not his good sense, never allowed him to give half confidences; and flinging himself down upon a seat, he now more deliberately confirmed whatever Rupert suspected; adding the only part which yet wanted confirmation, and which the latter dreaded most to hear.

He confessed, that ashamed of having given any man a blow, without giving him also the opportunity of avenging it, he had found means privately to offer satisfaction to Count Rothweil, which being accepted, they were to meet that very night, at a certain hour after midnight, in an unfrequented grove, midway between their two stations; and there end their quarrel by torch-light with their swords.

Colonel Roselheim had put only his servant, he said, into his secret, throughout the whole transaction: he only was to accompany him: it had been settled, that this fellow should go privately

out of the town before dusk, with his master's horse, and wait for him at a due distance till the hour in which it would be necessary for the Colonel to join him, and ride to the appointed rendezvous.

Aware that there was hazard and culpability in thus quitting his post for a personal quarrel, Colonel Roselheim had demanded Count Rothweil's promise to keep the affair secret: it being sufficient for the latter's honour, that the customary satisfaction would be rendered him before one of the officers that had witnessed the affront, who might report it hereafter to Major Heilbrunn. The last-named officer could not be present, as the town would then be left without a protector. Between Count Rothweil therefore, and Colonel Roselheim's servant, the treachery must lie. Rothweil bore a fair reputation; his name had never been mentioned by the Bavarian soldiers when discussing their scheme; and the very fact of the regiments destined for the

stratagem, being a part of the force in Bavaria, seemed to remove the suspicion from one that belonged to that of the Archduke, on a different frontier.

Not only Rupert, but the Colonel himself, felt instant conviction that Lodowick was the traitor.

Without wounding his uncle by any fruitless remark upon his blameable conduct to Count Rothweil, Rupert expressed his deep concern at the probable consequences of it; convinced as he was, that some scheme was on foot by the enemy which might create the most disastrous confusion, were it to take place during the unauthorised absence of the commanding officer, the second in command being ignorant of that absence. He spoke of privately seizing and questioning Lodowick, and renouncing the rendezvous with Count Rothweil altogether, as a positive breach of public duty.

To renounce the appointment, Colonel Roselheim said, was not to be heard of.

Rupert then besought permission to go in his stead and meet Count Rothweil; not for the mad purpose, he owned, of exposing his own life; but in the hope of conciliating, or at least of postponing this fatal rencontre, until a time of truce.

To speak of postponing any matter to Colonel Roselheim, whereby his courage might be questioned, was speaking to the whirlwind. He might have replied to Rupert's reasonings and entreaties in the words of the poet: —

> "Why thus
> Address thy prayers to me! — th' assailing wave
> Moves not the rock!"

In a stern, rather than an angry tone, he commanded his nephew to silence on that topic, adding, "Meet him I will. — If you choose to go with me, boy, you shall have no cause to hang down your head for me afterwards. — I care for nothing, except this plaguy trick of the enemy: let's hear that part of your story again."

Rupert repeated the story; and as the uncle and nephew weighed every particular more narrowly, both became convinced that the traitorous information was solely the work of the former's trusted servant. Several slighter proofs, of less important things known or discovered by the enemy in former periods, rose to confirm this suspicion: and as Colonel Roselheim admitted this strong evidence, Rupert was surprised to see him remaining where he was, and not rushing out, as he expected, with mad imprudence, to accuse the traitor publicly, and so betray his own secret.

The degree of this man's guilt was a secondary concern just now; Rupert's chief concern was to divert his uncle from the purpose of meeting Count Rothweil; and in the hope of doing so, he once more placed before him, the scandal of being found off his post, should the Bavarians attempt, much less succeed, in a surprise.

Colonel Roselheim saw the danger he ran: but of two disgraces, the one positive, the other doubtful, (nay, he affected to believe impossible,) he found himself resolved to avoid the first. No man should ever be able, he said, to brand him for a coward; and what he should be called, if the town suffered harm through his hot-headedness, he would not enquire too curiously at this juncture. If Rupert chose to assist him, in making proper dispositions for having the enemy well-received, in case the vaunted attempt were made; and if he chose afterwards to go and see how he acquitted himself to Count Rothweil, he would take both acts as a kindness; but if the former feared to lose any of his own credit by either, in God's name let him stay away.

With a brimming eye and a fuller heart, Rupert squeezed his uncle's hand at this; and after a moment's deep breathing, said earnestly "If I could have per-

suaded you to give up this fatal business, my dear uncle, I should have taken it as the greatest proof you could ever have given me, of your valued affection; as it is, your fate is mine. I go with you to-night.

Colonel Roselheim embraced him. "A plague on my hastiness!" exclaimed he, "if you had been by when that stiff coxcomb first provoked me, as you were when that other young fellow flamed up, it would not have come to this. Why the devil do I always put myself in fault? A blow no man can forgive, till he has given a cut or thrust in return."

The necessary steps to be taken, by way of providing against a surprize of the town, even by the most ingenious stratagem, were now canvassed. Rupert suggested calling in a few companies of foot that were scattered about among the villages, and advised their entry to be made in loose parties, at different in-

tervals, not to attract attention, and after Lodowick should be gone out of it with his master and Rupert's horses. Some cavalry might be procured also, by application to another Swedish quarter, and if these were stationed in a wood on the Franconian side of the town, they would be ready either to fall upon the rear of the enemy, cutting off his retreat, if he failed of making good an entrance; or they might intercept the troop that was to advance afterwards to his support. Friendly cavalry, so posted, would have a double use: as Rupert thought, that if treachery were meditated by Count Rothweil, as well as by Lodowick, and a party of Imperialists were employed to cut off his uncle's return, a little hard riding would bring him within reach of their own dragoons; and if a signal and answering signal were previously concerted, he might put himself at their head, and when he re-appeared with them in the town, make his temporary absence seem

only a part of the well-laid scheme by which that of the Bavarians was frustrated.

Doubling of guards at the barriers, enlarging the horse-patrole, distributing a greater quantity of ammunition, all these things Colonel Roselheim knew the necessity of having done at the proper time; and the necessity, therefore, of letting Major Heilbrunn into the secret. The Major then was summoned; the confidence given, the responsibility accepted: signals were fixed on; and a password settled, which was to re-admit Colonel Roselheim, disguised as he must be going out, together with Rupert, at the Suabian entrance of the town.

Soon after, having thus arranged every thing, and given the word of a soldier to bury the transaction for ever in his own breast, Major Heilbrunn zealously endeavoured to dissuade his superior from a project so fraught with evil; but Colonel Roselheim was deaf to remon-

strance; and dismissing the Major, though in his kindest manner, hastened out with Rupert to reconnoitre the weakest parts of the place.

To turn the threatened evil into a brilliant success was assuredly desirable, and as there was nothing to be apprehended from a surprise, when it was foreseen, it formed therefore no part of Colonel Roselheim's plan to induce the enemy to abandon it, by shewing that it was foreseen.

Rupert had no sooner terminated his share in the consultations with his uncle and Major Heilbrunn, than borrowing one of the latter's swiftest horses, he rode almost without intermission, at full speed, to Donawert, where he went immediately to the commander-in-chief, reported the acquiescence of General Konigsmark in the plan for opening the coming year; and pleading the necessity of returning, after such long absence from his troop in the town where his

uncle commanded; and hinting at private business there, quickly received his *congé*, and got back just after sunset.

The whole day, indeed, passed in such excessive activity and occupation of mind, that it was not until he found himself at midnight beyond the last barrier of the town, walking swiftly towards the spot where Lodowick was waiting with the horses, that he had leisure to think of the actual aim of all this movement.

As though the subject had been unnoticed by him till this very moment, it appalled him now with a species of shock. He was accompanying his uncle, he knew, to a scene of death; either he or his antagonist would most likely fall; and if his uncle preserved his life through that peril, it might be only to lose it the next hour, amid the uproar of the attack upon the town. What was to be his own fate, throughout, Rupert stayed not to enquire; but the imagined fall of his good uncle was a misfortune of such

magnitude to him, in many points of view, that as if rousing from the stupor occasioned by some drug or philtre, and amazed at himself for not urging his arguments more persuasively than he fancied he had yet done, he rode his horse close up to his uncle's side, (for they were now mounted, and Lodowick riding at a short distance behind,) and suddenly broke in upon his meditations, by a renewal of all that he had vainly urged during the day, and to which the greater awe of his soul gave additional energy.

There is no man, however eminent for wisdom and virtue, especially in the first years of manhood, that rises completely above the level of the times he lives in: the extensive ramifications of Christian duty, and the consequent sinfulness of duelling, were not as distinctly ascertained then, as they are now; Rupert, therefore, had only the abhorrence to that practice, of a man naturally gentle and averse to blood; he was taught the

creed of a soldier on that subject; and acknowledging, that after giving a brave man a blow, his uncle must either give that man the usual satisfaction, or confess his fault, he now endeavoured to persuade him to the last step, enforcing with much eloquence, the true magnanimity of confessing error, when conscious of having offended; observing, that of all men his uncle might do this with the greatest security, as his personal courage was established by far nobler actions than drawing his sword in a private quarrel. Rupert then mentioned his mother, in a way that he hoped might move his auditor: but the Colonel only drew a long breath, something between a sigh and a groan, wished that he had married in his youth such a woman as she, and bidding him speak no more of her, added, "My mind is fixed, I tell you, Sir! wait till the play is done. I thank you, however, whatever happens; if I fall, do you hear, ride back, and dispute the last

foot of ground in the town — do you make a name for yourself, though it cost you your life to boot — and hark you, Rupert, dispose of that scoundrel by the way."

The last words were spoken in a still lower tone than the indistinct grumbling one, with which the first were said. Rupert understood from them, that his uncle meant not to let his servant escape, when once he was assured of his guilt, by the signal which was to announce the attempt upon the town — and he could not wish that he should; but it was impossible for Rupert to give the horrid promise of being his executioner. The latter now and then looked back at the fellow as they advanced, and saw him riding stupidly forwards, with his head hanging down, revolving, perhaps, his own guilt, and half repenting its probable consequences to his hasty but kind master.

As Rupert retreated, shuddering within himself, from these occasional glances,

and imagined the comparatively few pieces of gold for which this man was bartering so many lives as were likely to fall in this night's enterprise, he shuddered again, to think how often the immortal soul is thus sold for "a mess of pottage;" an eternity of happiness, for a moment of earthly gratification!

After the sombre ride of an hour, the horsemen turning off towards a glen, came in sight of the grove appointed by Count Rothweil. It was a dismal scene enough; for the trees were principally firs, that grew very high above, and feathered to the very ground below: a circle of black thorn skirted them; and girt in the grove, as if to mark it for the haunt of witches, or accursed spirits. The night was muffled and gloomy, as the persons met to increase its mournfulness; and every thing was so still, that even the melancholy winter wind would have been more cheerful, than such sepulchral repose.

Count Rothweil was already there with his second, and servant, all standing wrapt in their large military cloaks. The office not only of his servant but of Colonel Roselheim's was to hold the huge torches which were to light their masters to the work of death.

A few words of cold and constrained civility passed between the principals of this affair: the servants then shook their torches into a strong blaze, the seconds settled the usual punctilios of such meetings, and fell silently back.

At that moment, Rupert felt a certain conviction that his uncle would fall: — the sentence of his own death could scarcely have caused him such a pang.

Count Rothweil now observed that the steel of his adversary's weapon as the latter drew it forth, seemed peculiarly finely tempered: the Colonel immediately insisted upon exchanging swords: this the other more civilly declined; but accepted the advantage of

the first attack. He made it dexterously and earnestly: Colonel Roselheim defended himself temperately; and after a thrust or two from his opponent, it was evident less carefully, confining himself to parrying, without returning the lunges.

Count Rothweil noticed this, and as he made another thrust at him which entered his left side and drew blood, called pettishly on him to fight more in earnest.

The Colonel now drew back, and enquiring whether his enemy had received sufficient satisfaction, merely put his handkerchief between his waistcoat and the wound, while awaiting the answer.

Rothweil's second now took upon him to pronounce the satisfaction complete: his principal confirmed the declaration by a bend of the head: upon which Colonel Roselheim believing his character as a brave man placed beyond doubt, made a blunt confession of concern at the af-

front he had put upon a gallant soldier, and demanded pardon for it.

Count Rothweil seemed astonished; certainly not disagreeably so: and in granting it with a tolerable grace, took care not to insist upon an avowal of contrition for the offence which preceded it, that of branding his fair relative with opprobrium. He left that perhaps, to balance his own gross appellation of apostate; and touching his hat to the frank-hearted Colonel, confessed he was perfectly satisfied, and hoped that his sword had not proved keener than he imagined.

While the Austrian party were preparing for departure, Rupert, as if scarcely awakened after a painful dream, so surprised and rejoiced was he at this unexpected termination of a meeting which he feared would cost one, or both of them his life, now hastened to examine his uncle's wound, which had begun to bleed pretty plentifully. Lodowick showed the greatest anxiety to as-

sist in stanching it; and although his master declared it merely in the muscles of the side, and stanchable with an additional handkerchief, and a sash well tightened, the man persisted in recommending him to retire to a cottage, the owner of which he knew, and there have it leisurely examined, and securely bound up.

Colonel Roselheim merely cried pshaw! with a more passionate movement of the head than ordinary, exchanging a look with Rupert, which spoke what he thought of this officiousness. While the latter was bandaging his uncle's side, and the other gentlemen riding off, he remarked Lodowick's eyes perpetually turning towards that quarter where it was barely possible he might descry the white token of his accomplice's success. The fellow seemed unusually slow, or clumsy in making the horses ready for their riders: Rupert therefore, pushing him aside, helped his uncle to his saddle,

and snatching the bridle of his own horse from the lingering fingers of Lodowick, was just mounting, when the alarm bell ringing from the town, confirmed the truth of his Suabian friend.

At the loud sound of that bell, Colonel Roselheim started up erect in his stirrups, and exclaiming — "Treacherous scoundrel!" shot Lodowick dead at his feet.

Rupert had but a moment for amazement and horror; his uncle was already at full speed: he sprang upon his saddle, and striking his spurs into his horse's sides, followed with a velocity which quickly brought him up with the Colonel.

The cavalry stationed so judiciously in the wood, roused by the same signal, were now thundering along in the same direction. The only light in the sky, was that afforded by a few stars, which appeared through rifts of the clouds, so that the men and horses were seen im-

perfectly; but Rupert could not doubt they were their own friends: he waved his hat, as he gallopped up to them, and exchanged the pass-words. Having pushed before his uncle, whose aim was not to be known till they should get within the barriers of the town, Rupert proclaimed himself: the troopers repeated his name with an animated shout; and following his impetuous lead, they swept with him into the Suabian gate, which opened at his signal; and passing down the main street, directed by the sound of incessant firing, and the shouts of momentary triumph, he plunged at once into the thick of a desperate fight.

In concerting and executing this enterprise, the Bavarians had copied the well-known stratagem of Duke Bernard, so successful upon the city of Manheim; a body of their horse came thundering at the gate, tumultuously calling out, that they were a party of Swedes, broken by the Imperialists, and demanding admit-

tance. As at Manheim, the gates flew open to these feigned friends; but here they closed behind them immediately on their entrance. Instead of deserted streets and a few sleeping sentinels, the Bavarians were all at once assaulted by a compact body of pikemen, and saluted from the windows of the houses by a volley of shot. So unexpected a reception staggered the stoutest heart amongst them, and for a while they gave way before the ardour of the garrison; but their officers, animated by the very desperation of their circumstances, endeavoured to rally them, and paralize their adversaries, by calling out, that the commandant of the place was absent. This effort was successful; and the Imperialists were furiously charging forward, some endeavouring to gain possession of the gate to force it open for the entrance of their party vainly clamouring without, when the appearance of another and

more formidable body of horse bearing down upon them, with Colonel Roselheim himself at their head, finished their confusion. Some fled; some threw down their arms; a few made a desperate stand; but the greater part delivered themselves up as prisoners, yielding their horses and arms, a rich spoil to their captors.

Thus terminated an affair which might have had the most disgraceful consequences to the commandant's military fortune, and the most disastrous ones to the inhabitants of the town. Rupert, whom the stream of fight had hurried in a different direction from his uncle, and who, after the fortune of the town was decided, instead of seeking booty, or securing individual prisoners, solely occupied himself in stopping the effusion of blood, was returning through the dusky streets, to where he had last seen his uncle, when he was stopt by a man out

of breath, that was coming in search of him. The man's manner told his errand ere he spoke.

Having indiscreetly exposed himself, by throwing off his hat, and repeatedly shouting his name, with the purpose of demonstrating his actual presence, Colonel Roselheim had become an easy mark for the enemy, and had fallen, mortally wounded, towards the end of the encounter. Anxious to see his nephew, if possible, before he died, he had dispatched several persons in quest of him, and would not suffer himself to be moved further than a few paces from the place where he fell, lest the motion might hasten his death, and deprive him of this last satisfaction.

Rupert asked but one question — "Where his uncle was?" and being told where, ran direct to the town-hall.

He made his way, without difficulty, through the crowd of soldiers and town's-people in the market-place, for they parted

at the sound of his agitated voice, and hurrying into the open square of the town-hall, called the Exchange, saw, by the light of a single flambeau, his dying uncle, supported in the arms of Major Heilbrunn, and of one of his old soldiers.

There were several other persons in the place, more or less affected, according to their degree of interest in the sufferer; but Rupert saw only this single groupe.

The Colonel smiled at sight of him; and, as his heart-struck nephew threw himself upon the ground, where the others were supporting him on their knees, — exclaiming, "O, let *me* hold him!" he smiled more kindly again, and said, at gasping intervals, "Aye, let me die on his breast — the best — the truest — the bravest ———." The fluttering soul took wing with these affectionate and affecting words; words, which Rupert often soothed his grief with, in

after years; but at present he knew not that they were the last Colonel Roselheim would speak: he mistook the immediate stillness which followed them for temporary exhaustion; and almost afraid that the very heavings of his own heart must be painful to the sufferer, repented that he had so rashly removed him from a calmer support.

Quenching his fast-dropping tears, as well as he could, yet finding that they fell the faster for that effort, from his cheek to his uncle's head, he besought him to forgive such weakness; then bending down his face, he applied his lips to the wounded man's forehead: its chilling touch, made him recoil.

"What, is he dead!" he exclaimed with a voice that made every one thrill: no one replied. His own immediate shivering agony of conviction, was all the answer he received.

"He has fallen nobly; — died hap-

pily;" Major Heilbrunn at length observed.

Rupert felt the comfort these words were meant to imply; and locking the lifeless body he yet supported, in such an embrace as might have crushed it but a moment before, he whispered something to Major Heilbrunn, and resigning it to him, hastened to find some sheltering place for his gushing sorrow.

By the time Rupert returned, the soldiers had formed a bier of their arms and cloaks, and the Colonel's body covered with his own cloak, was lying on it, waiting his nephew's re-appearance. Drawing his hat over his eyes — though there was little light to show his emotion — and bending his head to the question of Major Heilbrunn, he motioned for the men to take up their sad burthen.

On reaching the house, which as commandant, Colonel Roselheim had occupied, but which now devolved upon the

next in authority, he saw the body laid decently upon a bed; and dismissing those that brought it, with a thanking pressure of the hand to each, conversed a while with Major Heilbrunn.

His heart not only yearned for the freedom of relieving itself with one who knew the secret aggravation of his grief, but languished to hear all that his uncle had said, between the interval of his fall and his death.

Major Heilbrunn carefully related every particular: by which Rupert became assured that the most prompt assistance had been rendered, and that his uncle had died satisfied with having bravely redeemed his fault of temporary absence. The affair had indeed ended brilliantly, as it is called; but it would never have been, and Colonel Roselheim would not now be lying a bleeding corpse, had not his own rashness and obstinacy offered the enemy the temptation of trying a surprise.

Major Heilbrunn observed, that every one in the garrison believed their commandant's absence, only a part of his masterly provision for counteracting the stratagem; and Rupert, who would have blushed to preserve such undeserved reputation for himself, yielded to human affection and reverence for the dead, and with an embarrassed sigh, said, he was glad it was thought so.

Two or three kind messages to himself, from his uncle, were repeated by the worthy Major. They were principally assurances of the most cordial approbation of him, in every point of view; and thanks for his advice and assistance on the late occasion: to these, were added a comforting intimation that the dying man was more mindful of his soul, than his imperfect conduct, growing out of his imperfect reasoning faculty, ever gave his friends reason to suppose.

Having listened to these details, with gleams of satisfaction, occasionally ap-

pearing through the mournful expression of his features, Rupert gave Major Heilbrunn the permission which the latter considerately sought, of taking upon himself the performance of certain melancholy ceremonials, and repeating his thanks, took leave of him for a time.

Rupert spent the few remaining hours till full day, alone, by the side of his dead uncle.

The meditations which occupied him in that solemn chamber, were as awful as mournful. His poor uncle lay before him, a victim, alike to his own infirmity, and to the treachery of another: that other had already paid the forfeit of life also; Rupert had lost a kind relative, and his mother the most zealous, if not the most judicious of her friends — alas! in some degree Colonel Roselheim's death was attributable to that zeal for her cause! — as Rupert fancied her grief on this occasion, other causes of regret presented themselves; and with a pang of

dismay, which only a moment before he would have believed it impossible for him to have felt for any wordly consideration, he saw at a glance the double calamity of this loss, to her. Half her means of decent support ended with the life of this affectionate friend. How was Rupert to supply the deficiency? he looked at the pale face that lay motionless on the bed from which it had so often arisen with life and activity — his own cheek well nigh as ghastly — and he felt the misery of thus uniting two such jarring thoughts, as the concerns of this world, with the solemn interests of another.

But again the grievous reflection pressed on him: his mother's benefactor was actually gone, and she was left henceforth to her son's poor means, and solitary exertions. Good God! — if the same chance of war were to remove him also! — Rupert ventured not to look a second time into possible futurity; but

addressing himself more earnestly and deliberately to the gracious Being he had before only momentarily apostrophised, he found that it was possible to "cast his cares upon Him," and be at peace. According to previous arrangement with Major Heilbrunn, who thought some painful circumstances better executed when the nephew of the deceased was removed from witnessing them, noon saw Rupert on his horse again; pursuing his way to Donawert; charged with the double duty of relating the fortunate capture of so many prisoners as were taken in the fruitless attack upon the town, and the lamented loss of its commandant.

General Wrangel heard the one account with animation; and the other with the indifference of a man, in whose eyes mere valour is a cheap commodity; the individual possessor of it, little more considered than a good sword-blade. He attempted a compliment of condolence in a few common places about the

fate of war, the age of the fallen veteran, &c., and making Rupert the bearer of Major Hielbrunn's nomination to the command of the town, gave him his assurance that the troop he belonged to should continue there, unless absolute necessity demanded its recall; and then intimated that he might return.

It may be supposed that Rupert lost no time in availing himself of this permission.

All the gratifications of well-earned praise, (for General Wrangel had admiringly reverted to the able execution of his secret commission,) even the better suffrage of his own consciousness that he deserved these praises, were withered and abortive joys to Rupert at the present season. Every hour that passed over his head in solitary communion with the past, made him more sensible to the true affection he bore his uncle, and to the deep desolation which the loss of that generous

relative would prove to his mother. Had Rupert's hardier companions encountered him on the way as he rode from Donawert, they would have jested, or marvelled perhaps at seeing the tears coursing down his cheeks, increasing as they flowed.

Major Heilbrunn had lost no time during Rupert's short absence, in preparing every respectful attention for the remains of his early friend.

The usual period elapsed, the usual ceremonies were performed with more than ordinary sincerity by many of the assistants; and Rupert returned from seeing the cold clay so lately animated with life and kindness, laid at rest in the earth, till "all that sleep shall be awakened."

The solemn and affecting ceremonial of a military funeral, with its melancholy music of muffled drums and wailing fifes, with its deeper but more awing sound of volleys fired above the grave, like low and warning thunders — these local cir-

cumstances impressed all who witnessed them; and in the emotion they excited, Rupert had several sympathizers; but he had other sad and solemn feelings, of which he had no partaker. His heart, indeed, was lonely now, even amongst many friendly ones: thoughts and forebodings oppressed it, which he could impart to none of the sympathizing crowd around; these belonged to his mother, to his own ineffectually smothered hopes and wishes with regard to Meeta, to the secret of their mutual poverty, and the respect with which he must sorrow for his father's transgressions.

Returning after the funeral, Major Heilbrunn presented him with a scrap of paper found in Colonel Roselheim's pocket, which he did not deem it necessary to give sooner. It was entitled his will, fairly signed and witnessed, and dated the morning previous to his death.

In this paper a few lines sufficed to say, that the writer desired all the little pro-

perty he might die possessed of, to be sold, and the sum thus raised to be sent into Holland to his excellent sister-in-law Henrietta Roselheim, *née* Baroness Stolzenau. From this sale, his sword was to be excepted, and that he bequeathed to his nephew Rupert, as a proof of his affection; because the latter had one day asked him for it. How well did Rupert remember that day, and the little infirmity of humour, which this sincere compliment was meant to sooth! He left him his hearty blessing also; and to Rupert's father, he left his prayers that God might grant him repentance. This memorandum was open, showing the writer's careless, frank character, and concluded with saying that he had lived and meant to die in the true Protestant faith.

Many a salt tear of Rupert's, washed this scrawled paper; and when the sale of his uncle's property afterwards took place, his anguish of mind nearly amounted to distraction. The money arising from such a sale was destined for his

mother's use; it was all she would ever more receive from that kind friend; as such, every florin of it was sacred: and as Rupert, therefore, saw the different pieces of his uncle's armour and military equipage, his horse's furniture, nay that horse itself, registered for a price, he was ready to curse the fate which staked him down to penury, and thus forced him to the endurance of what seemed a scandal alike to the living and the dead.

The last sacrifice was one he could not see accomplished; even Marshal Torstenson's present, was nothing in the balance with the faithful animal which had carried his uncle through so many battles, which had borne him bravely through the glory of his death-scene, and which Rupert had last beheld following his master's body to the grave. A previous arrangement with the purchaser of this horse, enabled Rupert to exchange his own finer animal, for one sanctified by so many remembrances. With this and the sword,

he endeavoured to forget that other men would wear and use, memorials of his kind relative, without one tributary sigh to his memory while doing so.

It was now that he felt in its fullest force the separation from Aremberg. That dear friend's unprompted similarity of feeling, would on this occasion have saved him much of the grief and humiliation he experienced in seeing the most trifling as well as the most valuable article of his uncle's property exposed to unfeeling barter. On an occasion like this, Rupert would have thrown himself freely, gladly into the arms of his friendship: but Aremberg was far away; and the movements of military bodies too sudden, for an application to reach him in proper time.

The vision of Count Rhinegravestein passed before Rupert, as that of his friend was dismissed. First, he thought of his father commanding all the pomps and pleasures of the world, contrasted with his son, whose vain longing could not

spread the shroud of one poor tribute, above the remains of a first benefactor: and then he saw him in a truer vision, wringing his hands in solitary wretchedness, (after the gaudy crowds were gone,) over the memory of his estranged brother; coveting with distempered sensibility, what wealth could no longer purchase, the first possession of what lost all its sacredness, after it had become the purchase of others.

Thus it was doomed that Rupert's cup of grief, should be filled by many springs.

By degrees, however, he derived comfort from the share he had had in the preservation of his uncle's good name; and he was confident that a similar conviction had spoken peace to the parting soul itself. The death of Lodowick, whom no one had enquired after, left the secret of his poor uncle's indiscretion (at least among the Swedes), solely confined to his breast, and to that of Major Heil-

brunn; and the latter, with a generosity that did him honour, (having no tie of blood to influence him,) evinced as sincere a pleasure at the consequent credit which devolved upon the late Commandant's memory, as Rupert could do himself.

All this was soothing; yet nothing could extract the sting of being certain that his mother must henceforth depend upon his slender pay, and slender prize-money, (for Rupert had not the war-talent of enriching himself,) for those necessaries of life — alas! he dare no longer think of comforts for her — which his uncle's annual kindness used to place within her reach.

When the whole amount of Colonel Roselheim's little property was gathered in, and put in a way of transmission to Holland, Rupert had the melancholy task of relating his death, stripped of the circumstances which embittered it to himself, and Major Heilbrunn, and of

the one which would have given it the force of a poisoned arrow to his mother, in a letter to her at Mariendorpt. The contents of such a letter it is needless to dwell upon.

He wrote also to Marshal Torstenson, to confess the sacrifice he had been obliged to make; though not very distinctly explaining why it was so. In the same letter he took occasion to repeat his thanks for all the Marshal's marks of favour, especially for his favourable mention of him to General Konigsmark, and his flattering invitation into Pomerania. Peace alone, could enable Rupert to avail himself of the last kindness; and he ventured to say, that it would console him for such a termination of his military prospects, to indulge in the hope of seeing his early patron once more.

As our hero contemplated the probability of his making such a visit, at no remote period, a sudden hope crossed him, that perhaps it might conduce to

his fortune in another way; and that among the numerous civil or military situations in the gift of the governor of a large province, one of an inferior emolument might not be deemed above his desert.

Rupert glowed with shame, as he remarked how quickly that poison of society, (watchfulness to our own interest,) was infusing itself into his naturally disinterested character. There had been a time, when he would have abhorred himself for thus calculating the sordidly personal advantages of meeting an honoured friend: to his grateful and unstained soul, such a calculation would have seemed treason against the singleness and purity of true affection; but now, a warmer affection called, a higher duty than delicacy forced him to seek every honourable path to favour; and commanded him to add to the assurance of heartfelt enjoyment in the presence of a more

fortunate friend, the hope of turning his power and friendship to absolute profit.

In this frame of mind, he sealed his letter to Marshal Torstenson: and returning to professional duties, with his accustomed assiduity, strove to harden himself to the return of those military pageants, in the same places where he had so lately witnessed or shared in them with that kind uncle,

"Who silent slept, and dreamed of wars no more;"

and whose snow-heaped grave, he saw hourly from the windows of his chamber.

Thus closed, with Rupert, the year 1645.

CHAP. VII.

The new year greeted our hero with letters from Mariendorpt, written immediately after receiving his account of Julian's restoration; and though his own communication, from apprehension of miscarriage, had necessarily been limited, it contained enough to speak peace to his mother's heart, and to give pleasure to that of his friend. Many, indeed, were Madame Roselheim's causes of joy: her son's honourable acquittal, Julian's re-appearance, her husband's justification, and the solid friendship which Aremberg had convinced her Marshal Torstenson felt for her son. None of these circumstances she ventured to enlarge upon, for the same reason which limited Ru-

pert's detail of them; but she knew that his heart could interpret hers, and she confined herself, therefore, principally to the news of the Parsonage, and the most interesting of its neighbourhood.

She assured him that the indisposition she was suffering under when he left her, had not lasted a week; that she and Meeta had returned pensively, perhaps, yet assiduously, to those domestic occupations which usefully exclude regrets; and that having Aremberg and Mr. Vanderhoven restored to their social evenings, they lived in the fond hope of seeing all that had brightened the Parsonage during the last happy summer, collected under its roof again, in some period as happy. The anxious mother concluded with many an injunction to her son on the score of health; and commending him for protection in the day of battle, to that God whose goodness they were now experiencing so sensibly, she closed her letter.

There were two enclosures in thi packet: one was in Madame Roselheim' hand, superscribed to Colonel Rosel heim; the other was an answer fron Meeta to a little billet from Julian, whicl his brother had transmitted while a Donawert. Tears started into Rupert' eyes, as he saw the first: he looked at i earnestly for an instant, the tears gather ing faster as he did so; then advancing to an open brazier which warmed th room, threw it upon it, and saw it perish His eyes remained fixed upon the fire long after every remnant of the lette he would not violate, was consumed His mind was full of other days. All hi uncle's virtues were present to him, hi failings forgotten: he contrasted the grateful comfort of spirit which the other letters he held, showed was renewing a Mariendorpt, with the wide desolation which his latest communication would produce; and he felt how vainly do we joy or sorrow in a world where all is un-

certainty, where the quick reverse of bliss and woe impress us with awe, but perhaps never authorise us in extreme emotion of any species.

Deeply sighing, in spite of this very remark, he took up the second inclosure: it was unsealed. When he saw who it came from, such a sensation thrilled him, that he felt how powerless were the meditations of reason, and the graspings of poverty, to expel Meeta from his heart. Hope, however, connected with her image, was expelled; and as he gazed upon the lines her evidently tremulous hand had traced, as he fancied her thoughts full of him, while writing to his brother, he could not escape from the spell which fixed his eyes upon words that reminded him of many similar ones addressed to Julian, and looks addressing far dearer ones to himself. But now, more than ever, such recollections were madness: they could only end in the destruction of all he loved, since nearly

all he loved, had the same iron lot of poverty as himself.

Rupert was going to cast the dangerous billet into the same fire that had consumed his mother's to his uncle, when recollecting that perhaps Baron Idenstein might at some future period, afford him an opportunity of transmitting it to Julian, he withdrew his hand, and placed the paper in his breast.

Aremberg's letter was the last Rupert examined: it contained details of his uncle and himself, gratifying to friendship; and it related a circumstance which caused him a lively throb of joy.

Rupert had always believed that some testimony of his father's gratitude to Mr. Vanderhoven ought to be offered, and might be accepted by that gentleman, without impropriety. Yet, what that offering, to a man of Mr Vanderhoven's wealth and plain habits, could be, he guessed not. Count Rhinegravestein, however, thought of the best and noblest

He had simply written a letter of thanks to the worthy merchant, by the priest who brought him the news of Father Joachim's death; but had afterwards sent from Munich, and had erected in the chapel where the Franciscan was buried, an unadorned, yet very striking tablet of fine marble, bearing an inscription descriptive of the rare kindness of Mr. Vanderhoven to an obscure individual, who, as a stranger, a prisoner, and the professor of a different faith, had no other claim on benevolence than what the Christian temper of his foreign host bestowed voluntarily. A few lines of simple narrative, gave the history of Father Joachim's character, malady, and death; and the inscription ended by saying, that his sorrowing friend, Count Rhinegravestein, erected this monument as the only memorial of esteem and gratitude which he presumed to offer to the good Samaritans amongst whom the deceased had fallen. The sensation which this tribute ex-

cited at Mariendorpt, Aremberg left his friend to imagine. It gratified every one; and made some that were before unsparing in their disapprobation of Rupert's and Madame Roselheim's mercy to the one great offender, — for such there were, even at kindly Mariendorpt, — inclined to believe that there was much to regard still in Count Rhinegravestein, therefore more to pity and to pray for.

From this subject, Aremberg turned to that of those he had left at Lanterbourg; (Madame Roselheim had but slightly mentioned them, in tenderness to her son's struggling preference of Meeta;) and Rupert smiled to observe, that his friend's shyness sometimes extended even to himself; for that he, who seemed as little inclined as he was to dilate upon the merits and charms of Adolpha Falkenberg in conversation, could by letter discuss them freely, and urge them earnestly. It is true, Aremberg never named Adolpha; but there

are various modes of designating a person without naming them, and Aremberg was of all men, most sensitive to any possible chance of compromising female delicacy. His letter ended with this expression: — "When you understand all her excellence, I defy you to continue in the state of feeling towards her which you told me of, on the evening she quitted Mariendorpt: you will find out, at last, that she is a noble creature, born to divine and secure every wish of your heart."

There was but one wish of his heart, which Rupert thought that by discovering, Adolpha could act so as to prove her nobleness; but then she must in fact love him, and have discovered that his affections were fixed on Meeta: in that case her nobleness might consist in seeking to disguise her own preference, lest a suspicion of it might enlist his mother's wishes on her side. If so, the resolution was heroic, and her conduct admirable;

yet how to imagine Aremberg privy to it! how to imagine him suspicious of the attachment to Meeta, which Rupert, after revealing it to his mother, had determined to smother within his own breast, nor give it the life of a second confidence!

Afraid of dwelling too long on his friend's enigma, lest the result should be a more perfect conviction than he yet felt, of Adolpha Falkenberg's affection, Rupert forbore to pursue the enquiry; for he knew that if once he were convinced that her happiness depended upon him, pity, and gratitude, and considerations for his mother, would prompt him to the sacrifice of the little he dared to retain of his love for another, — the luxury of thinking how happy he might have been, had Heaven decreed him only the humblest competency.

But war-fields are not fit scenes for tender musings: sterner and darker feelings haunt their blood-stained paths; and Rupert was soon hurried out of his

own peculiar regrets, by agitations of hope and fear, of triumph and disappointment, partaken with armed hosts.

The campaign opened by General Konigsmark's demonstration on the side of Bohemia, attracting as it was expected, the army of Count Rhinegravestein to that frontier of Bavaria. Meanwhile Turenne, having succeeded in crossing the Neckar in the very face of the Archduke, passed the Danube also, and uniting with the force of General Wrangel, began their rapid march to Munich. So far success seemed sure, and cheaply won; but fate still held the balance, and turned the scale. Rhinegravestein's eagle eye had penetrated the Swedish commander's plans; what the latter acquired by the skill of sifting secrets, the former foresaw by the force of his own piercing judgment. Wrangel's object was to frustrate the Emperor's intention of crowning his son at Prague; Rhinegravestein's was to ensure the completion of this im-

portant purpose. In this view, Imperial regiments had silently collected in the south-west of the disputed kingdom, awaiting the moment for action. Konigsmark had been allowed to enter it by the north-eastern part, and to proceed unmolested in his march forwards. Rhinegravestein himself then hastened, as if in consternation, to dispute his further progress, while the Archduke, falling yet further back into Franconia, left the French and Swedes to hurry into the toils thus laid for them. Leaving his Bohemian army to deal with Konigsmark, Rhinegravestein flew back to the centre of the electorate; the Archduke advanced with equal celerity towards the same point; auxiliaries closed in with them from other quarters; and in one instant their collected strength burst like a thunder-cloud, over the armies of Turenne and Wrangel.

The contest, renewed again and again on the part of the Swedes with little

variation of fortune, only served to show the bravery of the men, and the great resources of their general: for a master-spirit guided the councils, and led the opposing army; and following the direction which his powerful genius had given them at first, every local circumstance tended to ensure the fortune of the Imperialists.

Broken, but not destroyed; defeated, but not disgraced; the troops of France and Sweden fell back upon Suabia and the remoter part of Franconia, with the noble reluctance of a wounded lion retreating from the hunters, who yet venture not to consummate his destruction. Rhinegravestein respected that gallant army; and a secret voice within him, called on him to spare it, for the sake of his son.

When all his public duties were acquitted, he ventured to make enquiries after this object of constant solicitude. His heart, previously and sincerely

pained by learning the death of his estranged brother, was lightened of a worse apprehension, when he was told that Captain Roselheim was safe amongst his brother soldiers, and but slightly wounded.

In the heat of the action, while observing it from an eminence whence he issued his orders, as a troop of Swedish cavalry were seen gallantly breaking and scattering a body of Austrian cuirassiers, Rhinegravestein was heard to exclaim, like our James II., "That charge was my son's!" The father spoke in that exclamation; and those who heard it, pardoned its indiscretion.

The baffled allies made a masterly retreat. Turenne retired beyond the Danube, taking up a position along the course of the Neckar; and Wrangel, necessarily evacuating all the places he had lately occupied upon the former river, cantoned his troops in the country of Wurtzburg.

Konigsmark, meanwhile, checked, but not conquered, by the new Austrian General Monticuculi, and calling the activity of the Bohemian mountaineers into action, was harassing the Imperialists, by a species of partizan fighting, which that country of steeps and hollows, rendered peculiarly effective. To quell him, and prevent the storm from bursting, which Rhinegravestein saw silently gathering again in the camps of Turenne and Wrangel, he exerted all his energies of mind and body; lavished bounties, honorary rewards and promises; raised new levies; pledged part of his own estates to guarantee their payment; sent his plate and jewels to the electoral treasury; thus secured old friends, and acquired new ones; and, finally, by so many splendid sacrifices and efforts, succeeded in putting his prince's dominions in such a state of defence, and freeing Bohemia so completely from the enemy, that Wrangel was obliged to abandon his darling object of forcing the elector into a sepa-

rate peace, and hindering the coronation of the young Archduke at Prague.

A partial disagreement between the French and Swedish generals, on a matter of punctilio which had reference to their sovereign's dignity, assisted the Bavarian views at this juncture; and before the summer of that year terminated, Wrangel had the mortification of hearing that the prince, destined to wear the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, was solemnly inaugurated in both capitals. Rupert heard this grievous news among the mountains of Glatz, whither Konigsmark had retired, as the victorious army of Rhinegravestein marched from before Munich into Bohemia; clearing the path for their Imperial lord and his young son. Rupert had joined this division of the Swedish force, not long after that decisive battle; having eagerly claimed permission to do so, when Wrangel commenced his retreat: and suffering little from the mere flesh wound he received in the last-named

action, found it practicable to reach a solitary post of Konigsmark's, which yet maintained itself in a defile near the Egra.

Since then, he had shared the danger and the fortunes of that gallant band, to which he joined himself, and had perilously regained with them, their main body.

Received with a soldier's welcome, by the frank-hearted Konigsmark, Rupert was immediately placed at the head of a certain number of mounted artillery, which forming a separate corps of itself, offered a young officer many opportunities for displaying skill and conduct. In such a service Rupert particularly distinguished himself: and could the breath of applause have stood in the place of substantial fortune, or the animation of continual enterprise and frequent success have repaid him for the loss of dearer hopes and holier joys, he might have called himself happy. But Rupert could

not forget the warring wishes of his heart, when in the struggle between his father's fortune and that of General Wrangel, he had to repress the natural throbbing of that heart for the glory and safety of the very general against whom he fought: and he could not banish from his mind that his mother had lost her means of life, and he, all right to remember Meeta; still, also, the image of his little brother, which he suffered himself only to glance at during the day, so painful was the suspicion of his desolate grandeur, haunted his sleep, and awoke him, to find his pillow wet with his own tears. Rupert now and then recollected Baron Idenstein's engaging manners and liberal offers of friendship, with a smile rather of pity than bitterness: he compassionated that young man for not possessing sterling qualities to match the promise of his quick impressibility; and he thought the time might arrive, when Idenstein, taught by

suffering in his own person, to feel for others, would repent that he had forgotten so entirely, one who was born to the destiny of care and disappointment.

Accident, however, did Idenstein justice; and Rupert heard from an officer whom he took prisoner in a skirmish, that Baron Idenstein left Count Rhinegravestein's staff, when the Bavarian troops went into winter quarters, for the purpose of going into the Tyrol to receive the last blessing of his mother, who lived there with a second husband. Thus Idenstein could have nothing to relate of Julian; and he stood acquitted, therefore, from the charge of heartless levity.

The vicissitudes of the army, and the subsequent change of Rupert's situation, occasioned him the loss of more than one packet from Mariendorpt; he missed, therefore, the delight of knowing his mother's full sympathy with all his feelings, sweet or sad, during the related

interview between him and Baron Idenstein on the subject of Julian's offered gift: but he was spared the bitterness of reading the expressions of her affectionate sorrow on the death of her kind brother-in-law. That sorrow was less for herself than her son, on whom she now fancied herself destined to hang the heavy trammel of perpetual poverty during life. Secretly determined to take some active steps towards releasing him from such a weight, by seeking some mode of honourable subsistence, she had privately consulted with Muhldenau, whether any situation were attainable in the diminished establishment of the Queen of Bohemia, to which her original rank and many accomplishments might entitle her to aspire; and for which her time of life and wish for no other emolument than a temporary provision, especially fitted her.

Elizabeth, a pensioner herself upon her husband's princely uncle, preserved yet

something of a court; and from the number of her female children, was obliged to employ several ladies in the duty of educating them. Amongst them, in any subordinate capacity which might still preserve Rupert's mother in the class of society to which she belonged, Madame Roselheim wished to employ Muhldenau's influence for her enrolment. But when she would have done so, the venerable man's kindly resentment stayed her arguments.

What he, to whom she had been so important a friend for fifteen years, what he would say on such an occasion, may be imagined; while vanquished by his affectionate upbraidings rather than by his reasonings, she consented to let the subject sleep for a while, until the events of war, or the realization of Marshal Torstenson's friendly promises, after a peace, should enable her son to have some share in the decision.

The letter containing part of this detail

was lost, but one reached Rupert from the marshal, which he read with equal amazement and incredulity, joy and regret. It contained only these words:—

"My young Friend,

"I have the sincerest pleasure in telling you that I have just forwarded to your mother at Mariendorpt, from the regency at Stockholm, a notification that the pension hitherto allowed to the surviving daughter of Baron Falkenberg, who perished so gallantly at Magdeburgh, is henceforth settled upon your mother, as his niece; in consideration of the charitable succour which she afforded to so many suffering Protestants, during the first period of the Catholic persecution. The transfer having been made at the express desire of Baron Falkenberg's daughter, as an acknowledgment of her own family's debt of gratitude; and, as I understand that young lady is nobly provided for otherwise, all I can say upon this occasion is,

that I sincerely wish your mother joy of her deserved good fortune, and heartily wish yourself, both the hand and fortune of the young lady in question. You will be pleased to hear that my health mends; and I am continually pleased with hearing such accounts of you, as make me, more firmly than ever, your fast friend,

"TORSTENSON."

Rupert wholly forgot himself, as concluding this letter after breathlessly running it over, he pressed it suddenly to his lips, ejaculating an energetic thanksgiving. Whatever might become of him, his mother was now safe: she might remain in the sweet haven of Mariendorpt for life; and so far from continuing to draw upon the slender means of the benevolent Muhldenau, it would henceforth be in her power to increase his innocent gratifications, extend his kindly hospitalities, and leave her son free to toil only for a competence to offer Meeta. At that

transporting thought, Rupert felt the shackles taken from his subjected affection: freed from restraint, it sprung at once into its original strength. But the license was transient; he recollected by whom this happiness was bestowed, and the glow of rapture vanished. If Adolpha loved him, could he turn her generosity against herself? could he thus purchase the possession of Meeta, with the very heart's-blood of so noble a rival? Rupert now painfully understood the meaning of Aremberg; and equally affected with admiration of Adolpha's nobleness, and touched with the delicate devotedness which would give him freedom to pursue his inclination for another, if such inclination he felt, his surprised heart was for a while unfaithful to Meeta. He felt that Adolpha merited his whole being: and he bitterly lamented that her attachment had been so scrupulously guarded, even in the earliest days of their acquaintance, when Meeta was unknown,

and his inclination ready to receive any powerful stamp, as never to have kindled in his breast a single throb of invited and awakened sympathy.

At first he heroically resolved to make his letter of thanks to Adolpha, the avowal of a tenderer sentiment: but truth, justice to her, bleeding pity for Meeta, and conviction of his own clinging attachment, changed his purpose, and with saner feelings, he determined to purchase the right of accepting this mighty obligation for his mother, by resigning his own peculiar wishes, and remaining, while Adolpha was unmarried, the lonely being he was at this trying moment. Rupert had no difficulty in imagining Aremberg's share in this transaction. He remembered certain private conferences between him and Madame Krazau, at Mariendorpt, which he had more than once jested him upon; and coupling those with his friend's visit to the Swedish camp, after quitting Alsace,

he rightly conjectured that the idea of the transferred pension was conceived in Holland, the negociation commenced, sought, and obtained through Marshal Torstenson's interest; and the whole affair concluded, therefore, by the joint exertions of these three persons.

The more Rupert reflected upon the matter, the more his tender admiration of Adolpha increased; for however rational were the latter's expectations of a brilliant provision for herself, after Madame Krazau's death, it was not certain: — many instances were on record, of surer expectations of the same sort being finally disappointed by caprice, or unaccountable neglect. Meeta's heart would have died within her, perhaps, could she have known, at certain moments, what was passing in that of the absent Rupert.

Happily for his constancy, a letter half playful, half dejected, from Adolpha herself, to her gallant cousin, fixed his tremulous resolution. It felicitated herself

and him upon the success of her application to the Swedish regency, claiming a sister's right through life, in all his joys and sorrows, speaking of Madame Roselheim as the sole prop of her parents in the first year of their adversity, and of him as the preserver of her own worthless existence. Thus, putting in her claim to consider him like a brother, she frankly confessed that he must permit her to say, she had observed his extreme interest in her friend Meeta, with delight, and that assured of promotion in the army through his own merit, while the war continued, and promised an honorable situation under the Governor of Pomerania, when peace should be concluded, she prayed him, in the sincerity of true friendship, now that his mother was secured in respectable competence, not to let any fantastic notion of wealth being necessary for happiness, delay his seizing the only certain possession on earth, the affection of a valuable heart.

Adolpha did not conclude without a playful request that he would not fall into the mistake she saw his friend Mr. Aremberg had done, and imagine her acting the heroic, and immolating her own secret wishes at the shrine of exalted devotedness, and rare friendship. She protested against such high claims to admiration: contenting herself with being considered only as she was, an affectionate relation, duly grateful for important benefits, and unfeignedly delighted when she could add even a mite to the deserved blessings of the good.

Gaily as parts of this letter were written, there were others deeply tinctured with sadness; and touches here and there of such keen sensibility, that Rupert could not believe its amiable writer enjoying life as she should do. It is true that instant and delightful conviction of her purely sisterly regard for himself, banished all his perplexity and irresolution concerning her, and at once opened the gates of hap-

piness to him and Meeta; but he felt that a secret and hopeless affection was preying upon her youth, withering its enjoyments, and tarnishing all their sweetness. It was to be feared, therefore, that what he had always suspected was true, and that some early attachment in Denmark, from which perhaps Madame Krazau had withdrawn her, for reasons he might but guess at, was under all Adolpha's varieties of humour, and fancied preference for himself. Rupert had not that subtle vanity which would have prompted many men to be more firmly convinced that they themselves were the objects of her preference, from the very frankness which carried conviction to his mind, yet which, to their sight, might seem a mere *ruse de guerre*. He thought of Adolpha solely as a creature to be loved, and pitied, and admired; and the more affectionately loved, since he could no longer reproach himself for marring her happiness.

In the glow of this feeling, he answered her letter; in the higher transports of dearer interests, he wrote to Mariendorpt: he wrote to re-open his heart to his mother, and place its future destiny at her disposal. If she felt with him that Meeta could bound her views to the humble fortune he might one day hope to offer her, — if she thought with him that it was not ungenerous to ask a creature thus young, thus lovely, and inexperienced, so to plight herself, and await the moment when they might without culpable imprudence, join their fates, — and if she thought that Muhldenau would accept him for a son, then he required her only to shew that letter to both those cherished objects: but if she thought otherwise, he prayed her to forget that he had ever written it; leaving him to suffocate his new-born hopes and fond anticipations, as he might.

Scarcely doubting the event of this letter, and crossed only in the black mo-

ments of occasional despondency by the preposterous apprehensions peculiar to lovers, Rupert abandoned himself to a degree of felicity, hitherto unknown to him. But in proportion as his reveries were delicious, and hope ripened into impatience, active duties lost their relish, and he was ashamed to find how often he now unwillingly quitted his solitary ramble, or unsocial fit of thought, for enterprises adapted to fix his reputation, nay, to increase his fortune.

In active duties, however, the remainder of the season passed away, and another campaign opening with another year, found him still in Silesia.

Konigsmark had, by this time, expelled the last imperial garrison from that country, and having possessed himself of all the Gorges and commanding points of the Sudet mountains, was prepared to pour his troops into Bohemia, whenever the favourable and preconcerted moment should arrive.

The last light of a spring evening was lingering among the clear cold clouds, when the corps Rupert commanded, was rapidly passing over a high level of that mountainous region. The fresh smell of violets, wet with fallen dew, pressed out by his horse's hoofs, perfumed his sylvan path, reminding him of Julian, whom the sight and scent of that flower always recalled. The recollection of that dear brother was warm at his heart, softening it yet more towards their father; as though his infant endowments had a mediating power in them: when, on looking up to see what darkened his road, he found himself under the steep wall of a square, antique building, with flanking towers of grey stone at each corner, and many a wide-stretching appendage of tennis-courts, riding-schools, falconries, &c. (such as denoted the residence of some ancient and splendid race,) descending to the eastern shore of a majestic lake.

The lake itself was distinctly seen from the elevated point on which Rupert stood: but a person standing on its level, must have confounded the high birch and ash of its wooded islands, with the taller trees and ranker foliage of the shrubs that feathered its indented shores, and wholly excluded a view of its deep blue water.

It was evident that not even a woodman's hand had thinned these matted boughs for many a season: and if a conjecture might be formed from the melancholy aspect of the house itself, — its dismantled windows, moss-grown battlements, and grass-covered courts, it had not, for a much longer period, known human inhabitant.

"What place is this?" asked Rupert hesitatingly, struck with its solitary wildness and faded magnificence; as checking his horse, he found himself just before one of its broken-down gateways. "Zeirendahl," answered a passing pea-

sant. The name thrilled through Rupert's veins: he looked up at the desolate edifice, surveyed it and the lake, and every striking feature of the stupendous mountains which girt it round, with fixed attention; then heaving a profound sigh, and closing with it a volume of sad and serious thought, rode on, to rejoin his companions.

But ever as he entered upon some new site of that elevated region, the same lonely structure seemed to arise, once the residence of his fathers, now the sepulchre of their memory: and still those dark grey clouds, which were streaming above its shattered battlements like mourning banners, when he passed beneath them, appeared again in the now uniform sky; and as often, the low booming of the bitterns among the sedgy borders of the lake, importuned his ear, forcing him to contrast their melancholy cry, with periods when that lake danced to the sprightly notes of music, or carried

the sweeter tones of his mother's voice on its shore, to his father upon its wave. It was not in man, to come away from beholding the home which ought to have been his, without experiencing something of grief and resentment at the hand which had deprived him of it. The mingled blood of two ancient houses, ran in Rupert's veins, and caused his heart to swell as he reflected, that he whose birth entitled him to inherit titles and estates from both his parents, was now forced to limit his ambition to the hope of some salaried situation under a foreign monarch. Yet as he thought thus, the gratifying recollection followed, that he had rejected this very home, when by accepting it he would have forfeited his own self-respect.

It was too evident, that neither the first Austrian possessor of Zeirendahl, nor his father to whom it now belonged, ever approached the altered place: its wide desmesnes, therefore, were left at the mercy of some careless or interested

agent; and the misery of its tenantry might be another consequence of Imperial oppression.

This more general reflection, growing out of private feeling, withdrew Rupert from the immediate contemplation of his own and his mother's wrongs; reviving in him that lively sense of public duty, which was always necessary to quiet his natural sensibility to suffering; a sensibility hostile to his profession, as perpetually wrought upon by the evils of war. He felt, that it is every man's duty to sacrifice his own personal feelings to benevolent purposes; that there is but one step from neglecting the rights of the many, to opposing them; and that he who, in a free country, neglects those rights, in a despotic country would trample upon them.

Thus the exile from Zeirendahl denied the privilege of bestowing cultivation and peace upon those he was born to protect,

was ready to give up his peace, and to shed his blood in their cause.

Having entered Bohemia by descending into the circle of Koninigratz, and securing the mountain-passes behind them, the Swedish division planted itself so as to be ready either for harassing the enemy by sudden and scattered attacks upon different points at once, or for co-operation with their main body, should General Wrangel succeed in attempting the recovery of all lost to the Imperialists, in that disputed kingdom, during the preceding campaign.

Rumours of a great battle having been fought in the electorate of Mentz between the French and Bavarians, in which the latter were signally defeated, met General Konigsmark from several quarters; and official accounts speedily confirming the fact, put all Rupert's heart into the intelligence.

A battle had been fought before one of the strong towns in that bishopric, the

siege of which Turenne had undertaken, rather with the view of drawing Rhinegravestein to that quarter in aid of the timorous bishop, than with the intention of wasting his own time in a leaguer. The stratagem succeeded; a battle was fought, in which Turenne had the advantage of ground, of unfatigued and secretly augmented troops. The field was however equally contested for some time; at length Rhinegravestein himself, who sought by personal exertions to repair the disadvantages under which he fought, fell in the centre of his troops, covered with wounds. The fate of the day was then decided: the dispirited Bavarians gave way in all directions; but their general's scarce-breathing body, was preserved by the desperate resolution of the little band immediately around him when he fell, and the enemy lost their most coveted prize.

When the dispatch which brought this intelligence left the Swedish head-quarters

in Franconia, Count Rhinegravestein was not expected to survive beyond a few hours. His fall, had at once detached the electors of Bavaria, Mentz, and Cologne, from the Imperial alliance, and following the example of Saxony, each of these powers was now soliciting a truce with the princes of the Union. Thus the Emperor was at this critical juncture left solely to his own resources, and to the valour of his Italian and Austrian troops; and it became of vital importance, therefore, to the cause of religious and political liberty, that not a moment should be lost, not an individual spared from the great work of pushing the advantages thus suddenly obtained, and accelerating a peace by more decided victories.

Rupert's smitten heart, therefore, could not be attended to, bleeding as it was with the vision of his slaughtered father continually before his eyes: he was forced to plunge into scenes where the groans of the dying and the corses of the dead,

multiplied that image, to maddening infinity. Inflexible honour chained him to his post; and Aremberg was away, who might have taken a son's duty upon him for his sake, and hastened to exchange forgiveness with the dying Rhinegravestein.

It is true, the Swedish dispatch represented the Bavarian general as unlikely to live beyond a few hours; but calculations of life and death are often erroneous; and at any rate it would have been a satisfaction to Rupert hereafter, to remember that he had endeavoured to speak, or send peace to his repentant father. One only way was open to him; a letter to Baron Idenstein, who might perhaps have rejoined his military patron. Rupert wrote only these lines: —

"Now, if ever, Baron, remember the promise you made to one who has no name in Bavaria, but who has a son's true feelings for the parent that he hears is dying."

Dating this letter from the army of General Konigsmark, and marking the title of his corps, he dispatched it by a courier going back to the camp of General Wrangel; whence Konigsmark himself kindly requested, it might be forwarded to whatever place the staff of Count Rhinegravestein was likely to be found in.

The news of his father's life or death, Rupert was happily conscious did not depend upon so uncertain a chance as a reply to this letter. Rhinegravestein's influence over political events made his continuance or removal from this busy stage, a matter too generally important to be spoken of in a corner; and while Rupert waited with wringing anxiety for every answer to every question he asked concerning him, he could not but fancy his mother actuated by the same anxiety, tortured by the same suspense, and destined perhaps to endure the agony of hearing the last direful con-

clusion, far from her natural comforter, the sharer and soother of such affliction! Communication being now open between Bavaria and the two belligerent powers, the anguish of Rupert's mind was at length allayed by intelligence that his father yet lived; and that, although his actual state could not even yet be ascertained from the nature and number of his wounds, he was not in the immediate danger at first apprehended, the rare temperance of his habits having preserved his blood from inflammation. He had borne conveyance to the convent of the Franciscans at Wurtzburg, whither he had requested to be taken; and there he now lay.

How incessant were Rupert's prayers after this, for his father's days to be prolonged for the best of purposes, genuine, living penitence! and with what eagerness did he seize every opportunity of transmitting such gleams of hope, to raise the desolate soul of his mother!

While Rupert wrote thus assiduously to his friends, his own heart was long uncheered by any accounts from them. The desultory life he led, and the casualties of chance messengers, lost him several consolations of that kind. His good angel spared him one which however became indispensable to his repose of spirit — for love when indulged, becomes exacting — this was a letter from the minister of Mariendorpt. In a few deeply affectionate sentences, sent by a more fortunate hand than the one which had been entrusted with the rejoicing mother's answer to her son upon the same subject, the father of Meeta expressed his fulness of joy at the unexpected happiness offered to his daughter. This was the only intimation Rupert received that his doubtful hope was not to be crushed: days and weeks had passed since he expressed that hope to his mother; and apprehensions of many sorts often seized him. Meeta's heart changed; or

some fatal engagement hastily entered into at the wish of her unconscious father; or his mother's disapproval or illness, or death in that house so tenderly beloved, — haunted and distracted him continually. Muhldenau's acquiescence, and the touching language it was given in, proved that former packets from Mariendorpt had miscarried; and Rupert became rapturously assured that he might henceforth call Meeta his own, and sweeten his bitterest moments by unchecked remembrance of her enchantments and her love.

Yet still Rupert rejoiced with but half his heart; the other part ached for his father. Julian's future destiny, also, probably hung in the balance with the latter's life; and Rupert, whose affection for his brother deepened as advancing time made every event of greater consequence to that dear child's character, felt that no heavier calamity could befall Julian than that of being left solely under

the guardianship of such a hypocrite in religion, and worldly spirit in action, as his imperious mother. His own sentence of banishment from that interesting boy, in such a case, he must lament as the cruellest privation; but even that would be a light evil, compared with the disappointment of the fond hope he cherished of seeing Julian one day as eminent for virtues as for talents. For Julian, therefore, he prayed as much as for himself and for his absent mother, for whom he petitioned Heaven to spare the days of the misguided Rhinegravestein. At this period the armies of the Union were vigorously pushing their conquests at all points; the French were following up their victory in the Electorate of Mentz, and Wrangel, flashing like lightning across the boundary between Franconia and Bohemia, fell at once upon Egra.

That unhappy city taken by storm, found nothing but the spirit of retaliation in her conqueror: he abandoned

her wealth and her inhabitants to the mercy of inflamed soldiers; and Rupert, who heard afar off, of the fire and slaughter which made her streets deserts, felicitated himself anew, that he fought under the banners of a General, as merciful as brave.

Thus, the hopes of the Protestants seemed hastening to their completion; and peace appeared again, the sole resource of the Emperor; left as he was by his allies, to wage a single-handed war. But Bavaria recovering from the stunning blow of Count Rhinegravestein's fall, and willing to make the last act of his own lengthened life, an effort to crush the cause against which he had been in arms nearly the third part of a century, roused his remaining strength, and desperately cutting the knot of his late treaty, suddenly re-appeared in the field, with a formidable army collected and compacted as if by magic. The hur-

ricane of war was again let loose over the unhappy countries so often desolated. The surging tide of success rolled to and fro, under its mighty breath; while Wrangel, the fit demon of such a storm, dealt its horrors around, with a ruthlessness which spared not where it meant to annihilate the very wish of resistance.

Konigsmark, in a different quarter, was making slower but surer conquests, and achieving victories less tremendously brilliant: for the places he took, revolted not from his hand when its immediate grasp was withdrawn; and the tears of grateful prisoners washed away the blood from his laurels, which thickened and clung round those of Wrangel. Rupert could often yield to his own peculiar softness of heart, under such a commander; and during this period of the campaign, he treasured up for himself many a blessed recollection of services

rendered, and lives preserved. Of his father he heard distinctly at last, in a letter from Baron Idenstein.

That young officer, referring to his first abortive attempt at keeping his promise to Rupert, accounted for subsequent neglect, by the circumstances already known: adding, that since he and Rupert met, he had fallen in love, gone through ages of hope and fear, distraction and joy, and was finally waiting for winter, when the pause of military operations would allow him to claim the hand of a fair creature, with whom he promised himself as many years, months, or days of unutterable felicity, as a soldier's precarious date of life might authorise him to expect.

He then proceeded to say, that on his return from the Tyrol, he had been promoted to the command of a regiment, by a relative of his betrothed wife's, and he had consequently been detached from his early military patron, when the latter

received his grievous wounds. But that on receiving Rupert's piercing reminder, he had obtained leave of absence, and hastened to visit Rhinegravestein at Wurtzburgh. Idenstein confessed, that he had left him awfully changed, grievously suffering, but recovering life with all its sensibilities: that he was under the most skilful surgeons Germany could produce; his couch of suffering soothed by the little Julian, whose innocent prayers seemed to draw down more of consolation upon the head of his bleeding parent, than all the mystic ceremonials of the assembled monks. Idenstein spoke not of the Countess; but it was impossible to imagine so impassioned a wife any where, except by the side of her tortured husband.

The communication Rupert most coveted, was given at the conclusion, in a few lines.

His own brief note had been shewn to Rhinegravestein; it had been watered

by his father's tears, pressed to his father's lips, and placed in his father's bosom, with an emphatic blessing on the writer. "Tell him Rhinegravestein had said, that one day he shall find his father again."

Rupert knew not exactly what that phrase implied, but it breathed contrition, and he doubted not that it concealed some noble resolution. "O, my father!" he exclaimed, pressing that part of the letter against his own breast, "Might I but live to see thee reconciled to thy better self, and share that joy with my mother, I think I could exchange for it, even the life of blessedness, that I dare now imagine with Meeta!"

Animated with a vague, yet sacred expectation of the event he thus anticipated, and longing for 'the wings of a dove, that he might flee away,' and carry rest to his mother's troubled heart, Rupert heard with a thrill of joy that the Count of Rhinegravestein, though assured of ul-

timate recovery, had sent in a resignation of his military honours to his sovereign, praying permission to retire for ever from public life; that his resignation had been unwillingly accepted, and the command of the Bavarian army finally settled upon one of his *élèves*, a prince of Wurtemburg. The latter prince, of whom great expectations were formed as a commander-in-chief, from his courage and conduct as a general of division, was destined to open the ensuing campaign; and as that campaign was expected to prove the last effort of both belligerents, each strained himself to ensure success to his own cause.

Fresh levies were raised on both sides, garrisons strengthened, fortifications new-modelled, magazines of provision, ammunition, clothing, &c., prepared; after which, the adverse generals sat down to wait in their winter-quarters, for the season of action.

That eventful season came, the year

1648: it came, and found Rupert still under arms, in the native country of his mother; watching there, and promoting there, the progress of those momentous circumstances which were to decide upon private and public happiness, upon the claims of princes, and the rights of subjects;—and pronounce, whether freedom of conscience were to be smothered at once by successful oppression! Whether many a perishing exile were to be restored to homes of peace and plenty, or thousands be left with Rupert himself, to seek humbler hearths and altars in foreign lands!

CHAP. VIII.

The same year opened differently at Mariendorpt. There, a chastened happiness had succeeded to all the agitations separately felt, or shared in common by the members of the two principal families.

Meeta privileged to love Rupert, and claim a daughter's share in the heart of his mother; — Muhldenau reposing his world-wearied spirit upon the sweet hope of transferring his parental care to a husband whose virtues would guarantee both the happiness and the continued excellence of Meeta; — Madame Roselheim, relieved from the variety of her anxieties and griefs for many objects equally dear, and shedding tears of joy in secret over

the last signal mercy—Rhinegravestein's spared life ;— Aremberg rejoicing more temperately, with them all : — these were far different persons from those whom we left in the same scene after the seizure of Julian, and yet more dissimilar from the beings amongst whom Rupert now lived and acted.

Adolpha Falkenberg's generous gratitude had taken out the sting of dependance from Madame Roselheim's breast, who, though she submitted without complaint, yet felt the constant pang of its piercing point. The possession of such a sufficiency, was unutterably precious to her as a preservation against any of those humiliating resources to which more desperate circumstances, even than those in which the kind Melchior's death plunged her, might eventually lead. For her son's sake, for the sake of her noble race, in mercy to her husband's feelings, she would have wished for the power of at least shrouding her poverty from the

world's eye; but that could not have been, had the death of its master dissolved the little household of Muhldenau: for then Madame Roselheim would have felt that Meeta became her charge, and she would have deemed it a sacred obligation to seek that young orphan's provision and support by any honest means.

The Swedish pension secured her own moderate comfort for life, and left something to be shared with one as moderate. It did more: it not only relieved Rupert from the burthen of her support, but from the heavier one of constant anxiety on the subject; and it bestowed on him the coveted liberty of yielding to a just and virtuous affection.

As Madame Roselheim's soft eyes often dwelt on the unconscious countenance of Meeta, till they moistened with tenderness and pleasure, and as she often yielded to the emotion of such moments, by pressing the sweetly-surprised girl to

her breast, exclaiming "My daughter, my Rupert's Meeta!" the hopes, the fears, the retrospections and fond anticipations they exchanged at these moments, were always followed by ardent mention of Adolpha. To her they owed this happiness; and to her, both Meeta's young heart, and Madame Roselheim's subdued one, overflowed with gratitude and affection.

Adolpha having effected her amiable purpose of relieving Rupert from the duty of providing for his mother, consequently from that of sacrificing all hope of other ties for himself, had as promptly convinced Madame Roselheim as she had done him, that his using such liberty by offering himself to another, would cause her no pain: her sentiments towards him, therefore, were no longer to be doubted, even by his partial mother. But Adolpha's few and short letters were less and less playful, and the friends who loved her, those especially who owed the most

to her generous friendship, canvassed the reason of this evident depression with painful solicitude.

It is true, Madame Krazau's ill health might have a great share in this depression, for that had settled into an internal disorder of so intricate and agonizing a nature, as to make her restlessly solicitous for every new remedy and new physician. One of the most celebrated medical men of that age, was resident at Dresden; and thither Madame Krazau had lately removed from her own beautiful residence at Lauterbourg, in the vain hope of a miracle being worked for her, by his means. The various calamities and pending events which occurred since that poor invalid's departure from Mariendorpt, had hitherto withheld Meeta from enforcing her wish of fulfilling the promise she had then given: but now, armed with the double motive of wishing to pour her gratitude and tender happiness into the generous bosom of her

friend, and the certainty of Madame Krazau's disorder being pronounced of a mortal nature, she easily wrought upon her father to promise that he would entrust her to the care of Mr. Vanderhoven, who had kindly offered to become her escort, with Esther, at any period into Saxony.

It is impossible to say exactly what secret motive might influence Mr. Vanderhoven to make this gallant proposal: it is only certain that he offered it, after receiving a present of some beautiful Dresden china from his elegant favourite; and that at the same instant he ceased to call Meeta by her baptismal name of Margaret, (a formality he had fallen into immediately upon the avowal of her engagement with Rupert,) but resumed the endearing and familiar diminutive of her name, and in his letter of thanks to Adolpha, contrived to efface the impression of a certain confidence about Meeta and Aremberg, which he had made to his

fair correspondent on the very last day of her visit at Mariendorpt.

Meeta had her secret motive also; and that she confided to her indulgent father: it was the aim of actually ascertaining whether he and she were right in their early suspicion of Adolpha's attachment to Mr. Aremberg: if they were, Meeta thought herself sufficiently assured of his heart's deep and hopeless devotion to her, not to fear any consequence resulting from her insinuation of his concealed feelings. While with the ardour of benevolent youth, she put up a prayer that success might crown her endeavours, a sudden chill stopt the impetuous petition. Alas! it was the heart so long devoted to the memory of her first friend, that Meeta was thus seeking to detach from its widowed state! there was sacrilege in the idea: and bursting into tears, she would have abandoned the wish and the attempt together, had not her father's timely appearance, and sounder reason,

tempered her sensibility, and taught her that it is our duty to accept every virtuous happiness for ourselves and for others, at the hand of a gracious Providence.

Aremberg's sensibility was evidently deeply affected by the noble conduct of Adolpha: he said little upon the subject, but when he did speak, there was a tremor in his voice and a moisture in his eye, which denoted as much agitation as admiration. He had amply fulfilled the obvious duty of friendship, and the less acknowledged one of self-sacrifice, by giving no encouragement to Rupert's preference for Meeta, while there was no hope for it, and by seeking to win his heart for Adolpha; she herself had apparently denoted the possession of that heart not necessary for her peace: yet Aremberg, conscious himself of a self-denying spirit, could easily imagine this very disavowal but a nobler effort to perfect

the gift of happiness she wished bestowed on Rupert.

Aremberg, therefore, became only the more silent, sad, and solitary, when his other friends were rejoicing for their own sakes and for his. His invincible diffidence, joined to a sentiment of self-reproach for suffering any living excellence to dispute his heart with the buried Eustatia, was corroding his peace without impairing his usefulness. Engaged in the wide-stretching duties of his sacred profession, and ingenious in extending them, he put it out of the power of this secret weakness to show itself, except in a deeper shade of seriousness over his countenance and manner. There was a sanctity in Aremberg's character, and a sort of awfulness in his reserve, which held back even the minister of Mariendorpt himself from questioning him on the subject of a dejection, which as it increased, could not have the calamity of former years for its source. The latter,

however, drew the same conclusion from it that his daughter did; and embracing her views, accorded most cheerfully to her proposal of making the promised visit to Adolpha, during the first months of spring.

Human arrangements are rarely perfected as they are planned: new circumstances led to another decision, and caused Muhldenau himself, to become the companion of his daughter's journey.

Many and deep had been the afflictions which within the last few months, had fallen upon the head of his royal mistress, the widowed Queen of Bohemia. The death of her kind relative, the Prince of Orange, had been followed by the loss of her son Maurice at sea; and even while her spirit was bowed down under this grievous dispensation, which re-opened all the wounds of her severe destiny, that bloody tragedy was transacted in England, which terminated the days of her unfortunate brother upon a scaffold.

There is a time of calamity when stroke follows stroke with such astounding rapidity, as to deprive the amazed and palsied soul of all consciousness: this had been the case with the poor Queen; so long as the afflictions she had to support, came immediately from the hand of heaven — inscrutable — inevitable! but when to these were added the grief and shame of knowing that her eldest son yet remained in the scene of his unfortunate uncle's murder, a pensioner upon those murderers, her soul was humbled to the dust, and life itself gave way under the crush of such sorrow and degradation.

A special message to the tried friend and servant of her husband's house, summoned Muhldenau from his flock, to her mournful mansion at the Hague. She summoned him, not to mourn with her, for lamentation was not her habit: she sent to ask his counsel, and to claim his assistance. From a brother so differently tempered as the titular Palsegrave, she

could not expect for her other sons that generous, nay just conduct in the event of his restoration, which she had once fondly hoped. A narrow and worldly mind, too evidently appeared in his so long consenting to have that income continued from his uncle's oppressors, which the unfortunate Charles had originally given with the feeling of near kindred; and his remaining still amongst men whom he must now secretly abhor, proved that a timorous policy guided his councils, and a selfish spirit his actions.

His mother believed herself not destined to survive so many shocks; and she was eager to put it beyond her eldest son's power to fail in doing justice to her second, from whom some disagreements with him in England, upon the subject of their imprisoned uncle, had greatly estranged the young Palsegrave. Unless certain papers could be procured from the place of their secret deposit, the son she loved best would have nothing but his

brother's equity to rely on. To that, their mother would no longer trust : and anxious to have those papers in her hand, and to place in his own possession a voucher of his claim on a certain small principality within the hereditary dominions of the palsegrave, she plainly asked Muhldenau, whether he preserved sufficient love for the ruined house of his ill-fated master, to undertake the fatigue and risk of a journey into Bohemia, for the purpose of bringing thence the document in question? It was lodged, she said, along with the archives of the Electorate, in a subterranean vault of the garden of the royal hunting-lodge near Beraun. There his own father's hand had placed them, by her desire, when she fled, as she imagined, but for awhile, from the capital itself. Often since, had she trembled with fear of this vaulted chamber being discovered, and these precious relics destroyed, by ignorant marauders. Muhldenau, alone, of all her surviving

followers, knew where to find these treasures promptly; yet from his age and sacred function, and the uncertainty of whether the place in question were left to ruin, or occupied and fortified, she knew not how to expect he would accept and execute so hazardous a service.

The father of an only child, the minister of a christian congregation, did indeed pause long and seriously, ere he answered such a demand: at length he accepted it; swayed by a double duty which he frankly avowed.

His obligation to serve the widow and children of his late prince and master, whenever called upon to do so, he believed unquestionable; especially since to the individual duties of allegiance and gratitude, this luckless family added higher claims on the Protestant church at large. Their sufferings in the cause of that religion of which Muhldenau was himself a minister, appeared in his judgment to sanctify every sacrifice made in their name.

In the service of his sovereign, Muhldenau's father had sacrificed the whole of his paternal property; that is, he had sold it in conjunction with his son, and given up the money thus raised, to the late Palsegrave's immediate necessities. A written acknowledgement, payable to himself or his heirs, was given in exchange. This bond would be valuable to Meeta or her children, should the restitution of the palatinate ever take place; and as Meeta was now engaged to a man whose utmost hopes were bounded to a precarious subsistence for her and for himself, and since Muhldenau had many reasons for supposing that this deed was deposited in the same spot with the private papers of the Electorate, he believed himself no longer free to balance between personal danger, and a temporary absence from his flock, and so much individual benefit.

He accepted the commission; discussed the mode and means of executing it; and

taking a solemn leave of the grateful Queen, whom he believed that he should never see again in life, hastened back to Mariendorpt.

It may be supposed that without falsifying truth, a man whose age and character rendered scrutiny impertinent, and who was known still to have correspondence with the concealed friends of his late master, was able to announce his resolution of being himself the protector of his daughter into Saxony, without making the whole of that cruel confidence to any one, save Aremberg, which might excite useless though justifiable apprehension in the breasts of his immediate family. To Aremberg, Muhldenau spoke freely; admitting the hazard of such an undertaking to one personally perhaps remembered in Bohemia, and who must reach the object he sought, by penetrating into the very strong-hold of imperial power and jealousy — a royal residence. To Aremberg also, he could speak of his

obligations as a subject, a protestant, and a father: and leaving him in possession of his last wishes and latest instructions, claiming his prayers, and bequeathing him his blessing, he returned into his family circle with a tranquil countenance, though a foreboding heart.

His unsuspecting daughter, attributed her father's sudden purpose, principally to that romantic interest in the happiness of Adolpha and Aremberg, which nineteen may be allowed to imagine, but which sixty rarely yields to. Her heart throbbed too, with the hope of seeing Rupert. Bohemia and Saxony joined; Saxony was neutral ground, and if Rupert might but steal one day, one hour, from perilous duty, they might exchange their plighted faith at the feet of her honoured parent.

Meeta would have blushed to give utterance to this hope, even before Madame Roselheim: yet she felt that all who knew her situation, must divine it;

and Madame Roselheim, without speaking of Meeta's wishes on the subject, constantly referred to such a meeting as fraught with joy to her son, as due to his lonely devoted heart, and as the object, therefore, of her own fondest desire. Always anticipating the most concealed wishes of every right affection, and ever scrupulous to guard that delicacy which is inseparable from ardent feeling, Madame Roselheim seemed unconscious of the very inclinations she wrought to gratify; and while thinking more of Rupert's and Meeta's gratification than of her own maternal longings, she besought Muhldenau not to be so near the Swedish army, without bringing her a look, a word, a smile, from her Rupert.

The promise given, and many a benediction and tearful embrace exchanged, Muhldenau, Meeta, and Esther, bade adieu to Mariendorpt, leaving Madame Roselheim for the first time since her

entrance under that peaceful roof, entirely alone.

Winter was yet on the ground, though now the beginning of March, and the travelling through Westphalia, therefore, was not beguiled to Meeta, by any charm of weather or of scenery. But in the fertile valleys and magnificent mountains of Saxony, she saw much to delight her eye and awaken her imagination; and by the time she reached Dresden, one of those rapid spring thaws which so often succeed intense frost, at once tore the veil of snow from the face of nature, leaving its lovely features of wood, water, and hill, brightening under the sparkling smile of sunny and azure skies.

It is always cheering to be welcomed to a new place by a fine day; and Meeta, though animated by the assurance of soon reaching the friend she loved, and being thus so many leagues nearer to Rupert, yet required every exhilarating

addition to raise her spirits; depressed as they were by the information which her father had hitherto delayed, that real and important business for the Palsegrave's family, must carry him directly forward to the object of his journey, without allowing him to enjoy more than a night's repose at Dresden, and a few hours' enjoyment of their friend's society there.

Even that repose, and that enjoyment were not to be his; — at least, not as he expected them to be enjoyed.

On reaching the residence of Madame Krazau, they found her weary life was over, and her wasted remains laid at rest in the grave. She had been dead more than a fortnight: and a respectable matron to whom Madame Krazau had been known in former years, at Copenhagen, had obeyed the dying instructions of her friend, and written immediately to Mariendorpt, to inform Mr. Aremberg of the event, and apprise him that he was

left sole executor to the will of the deceased.

Adolpha herself was removed to a small country house, taken for her by this friendly person, and thither Meeta and her father hastened to find her.

Having reached this place, the travellers entered a large, cheerless apartment, where Adolpha sat alone, reading, or trying to read. As Adolpha tremulously started up, and came forward to meet them, Meeta recognised her friend's elegantly slender figure, slenderer than ever, through many a fold of dismal, obscuring black. Her face, her features, were the same; but the brightness of her eyes was extinguished, and her whole countenance become wan and rayless. She threw herself into Meeta's arms without speaking, and wept convulsively there, for a long time. Meeta's labouring heart and gushing tears answered hers. Muhldenau stood over them in silence, pressing

the mourner's passive hand with a father's tenderness, compassionating the natural grief of a young creature thus left desolate in the world, though screened from the dread of poverty, and inwardly praying that she might find a comforter and protector in him, to whose integrity Madame Krazau had confided her worldly affairs.

When Adolpha recovered, she rose from Meeta's neck with her usual graceful air of consideration for others, and enquired, though in an interrupted voice, after all the dear inhabitants of the two houses where she had been so happy. Her altered eyes ran mournfully over the face and figure of Meeta: "Still beautiful, dear Meeta! — still blooming!" she said, and a sigh escaped her, that had not its origin in the recollection of her poor godmother; but one of her brightest smiles effaced it: and pressing her friend's hand with benevolent pleasure, she added, "'tis all as it should be; you

have many to be handsome for!" then, as her eyes filled with tears again, she spoke naturally of the subject most present to her thoughts; and as she detailed the last days of Madame Krazau's life, and recalled many a foregone instance of kindness and goodness in her departed friend, her sorrow burst forth afresh, and called again for the sympathy of those beside her.

Solicitous to draw her attention from her own situation to that of others, Muhldenau took occasion to mention the necessity of his departure on the morrow, for the neighbouring kingdom; stating, that as his return thence would be uncertain, (being dependant upon events over which he had no control,) he recommended her and Meeta not to wait for him, but as soon as Madame Krazau's affairs were arranged after the arrival of Mr. Aremberg, to commit themselves to his respectable care, and that of Esther, and proceed without delay to Marien-

dorpt. There, he trusted, she would find repose for her wearied spirit, and all the comfort which a circle of attached and grateful friends could bestow: there she would have leisure to review past projects, and settle her future plans of life; and there, he hoped, with the blessing of God, to find her upon his return from Bohemia. Adolpha's faded face flushed for the first time since their meeting, at this mention of a scheme which offered her all the happiness she now ventured to anticipate. She hesitated, and looked down; and at length faltered out acquiescence, provided her godmother's executor should not disapprove her absenting herself from the home at Lauterbourg, which she was now doomed to occupy alone.

Muhldenau pressed her hand with a paternal feeling, and kindly smiling, said, "Not always alone, my dear young friend — not always alone!"

"Yes, always alone!" Adolpha replied

quickly, yet deeply sighing the next moment, and averting her suffusing eyes. Muhldenau smiled again more affectionately; but he pursued the subject no further. His daughter of course was to remain with Adolpha; but he had objects of his own to pursue, which would neither allow him to accept the latter's hospitality, nor give much time to this first parting from his child. Something of peril, he hinted, was unavoidably coupled with his business into Bohemia; for Muhldenau was too sensible to the horror and danger of unexpected shocks, not to prepare Meeta in some degree for possible calamity. Yet he made the communication as briefly as he could, and infused as much cheerfulness into it, as the secret depression of his own spirit would permit. He was going, he said, in search of one upon whom he principally depended for assistance in the business he went on, and from him Meeta should receive the earliest accounts of

her father's success. Having slipped this person's address into his daughter's hand, (for it was to be secret,) he embraced her in a hurried manner, tried to say something cheerful, commended her and himself to Heaven, then with more temperate concern, kissed the offered cheek of Adolpha, and withdrew.

Meeta had resolved not to give way before Adolpha, to the agony of alarm which her father's unusual agitation occasioned; but resolves are fruitless when powerful passions actually seize us. Meeta struggled awhile against those which assailed her fearful heart, and at length sunk under the conflict.

Adolpha's best qualities were now recalled into action; and her well-timed reasonings, assisted by her sympathy, gradually restored Meeta to that confidence in the goodness of God, which can alone bestow composure upon the real sufferer.

A few calm and pious lines from her

father in the morning, sent from the lone house of an ancient adherent of the Palsegrave's, where Muhldenau had passed the night, informed her that he was gone on his destined mission, and this note, enforcing the just consolations of Adolpha, assisted in soothing and reconciling Meeta.

In the short period which elapsed from the arrival of Meeta, to the subsequent one of Aremberg, Adolpha and she became more intimately bound to each other, by various sympathies growing out of their peculiar situations, and by constant conversation upon those far away, whom both loved so dearly. Meeta thought Adolpha's character delightfully improved; but it was only developed: and Adolpha, without exactly knowing it, loved Meeta more entirely, since she knew her heart and hand plighted to her brave cousin.

In their unbroken conversations, Meeta continued to speak of Aremberg more

than of any other person: Adolpha listened attentively, though often with an embarrassed attempt at appearing but slightly interested in her friend's remarks upon his deepened melancholy, and her conjectures as to its cause. Meeta hazarded something further: insensibly the sweet and subtle effect of her half-playful, half-pleading insinuations, became evident in the flushing cheeks and panting bosom of the listener. By degrees Adolpha lost her look of fixed sadness, and permitted her friend, unchecked, to sketch a lovely future for her, with some nameless companion: and at moments, she flashed into something of her original brightness. But now, that brightness had a softness added to it, which was all Meeta had allowed herself to think it ever wanted, to render it perfection.

Thus smoothing the way for an *éclaircissement* between two persons so worthy of each other, and whose right understanding seemed evidently delayed by

extreme delicacy on one side, and remarkable self-distrust on the other, Meeta calmed the agitation of her solitary hours, by frequent addresses to the throne of grace and pity. She heard of Konigsmark's army as still in the remoter part of Bohemia; and Rupert's name coupled with some gallant exploit, more than once made her heart beat with delight and terror. Rumour told her also something of his father. Rhinegravestein, it was said, after eight months of excruciating suffering and complete seclusion, had re-appeared at court, only to renounce all his worldly honours; that he had suddenly retired again, and his countess, as suddenly, set out for a two years' residence in Italy, under the plea of altered health.

Meeta heard this account with pleasure: recent events had greatly softened her unqualified abhorrence of Rupert's father, and any act which tended to denote his repentance, and the unwor-

thiness of his wife, added to her compassion, and effaced some of her aversion. His father's penitence, she knew, formed the object of his son's and of Madame Roselheim's prayers; and that granted, with blessed sufficiency, and hearts knit together, what would be wanting to the happiness of Mariendorpt? Such happiness was in prospect, that Meeta trembled to contemplate it. Was it ever to be hers?—or was the whole fabric to crush at once, by the fall of Rupert, or by some fatal accident to her father?

The arrival of Aremberg, who had set out immediately for Dresden, on the receipt of the letter announcing Madame Krazau's death, gave a salutary check to thoughts like these; and her own restless apprehensions were for a while forgotten in the deep interest excited by her two friends.

The tender compassion inspired by the forlorn state of the orphan heiress, (for even palaces are forlorn, when void of

those we love, and are beloved by !) and the touching consciousness of being now the sole protector provided for her by the will of her deceased god-mother, happily overcame Aremberg's habitual diffidence, and suffered his soul to shine out uniformly in his countenance, and to speak in his softened voice. Adolpha, delightfully amazed at his first show of perfect sympathy with her individual loss, was soon thrillingly conscious of this involuntary softness in the manner of the hitherto restrained and abstracted Aremberg. She saw that his tenderness of pity, for she ventured not to give it another name, made him apprehensive lest aught from him, should affect her rudely. His hand, if he had accidentally to offer its assistance, —his voice when he addressed her, — his very eyebeam, if it must turn to her, seemed afraid to touch her for more than an instant. Yet that trembling eyebeam returned again and again to the face and figure whose inter-

esting charm it sought with growing anxiety and deepening tenderness. Adolpha's heart trembled under its profound expression. With all Meeta's insinuated details throbbing in her memory, she was soon unable to doubt that she was beloved; and this overpowering conviction, left her without the force to shun a repetition of such sweet sensations.

Aremberg, meanwhile, sensible to this passiveness, and at moments surprizing looks which identified Adolpha with Eustatia, no longer reasoned, reflected, or acted as he was wont. He was suddenly plunged in a delicious dream of unexpected felicity; and abandoning his whole being to the bliss of present emotions, felt his soul and Adolpha's gradually flowing into each other, without having courage to ask himself, whither both tended?

A love so begun, a love so nobly pressed upon him by the Providence which willed him to become the confidant of Adolpha's

worthiest purposes, even the spirit of Eustatia might have smiled on and approved. Meeta watched the progress of these two virtuous hearts, with weeping delight; careful not to awaken either to a resumption of those embarrassments and reserves which had so long kept them asunder, and thirsting for the moment of their final explanation.

The third week since Muhldenau's departure was drawing to a close, and all Madame Krazau's affairs nearly arranged, when Meeta, whose anxiety to hear of her father was increased by the silent, but evident anxiety of Aremberg, retired to her own room earlier than usual one evening, to await Esther's secret return from the house of the protestant merchant to whom her father had referred her for information. After long expectation, Esther at length appeared; some dreadful tale spoke in her darkened face: Meeta knew not how she lived through the recital of it. Her father, she

heard, was at that moment in the state-prison at Prague. Assisted by one of the concealed friends to religious toleration yet resident in Bohemia, Muhldenau had successfully executed his mission; having gained easy entrance to the deserted hunting-lodge, found, and secured the papers desired: but falling into the hands of more acute or less good-natured imperialists than some he had before eluded, he was questioned, seized, searched; the important papers found upon him; and he carried to Prague itself as a prisoner of importance. His fate, whether considered as a spy, or merely as an active partizan of the unfortunate Palsegrave's family, was certain: death, ignominious death, was the punishment inflicted by the Imperial mandate upon all such offenders. A day, an hour, might decide his destiny, — a moment's delay, and Meeta might never again behold her father.

For a single instant, she stood stupefied and speechless; then starting into action,

through the very force of her despair — for hope she had none — she called on Esther not to obstruct her resolution of going immediately to share her father's fate, since to live after he had suffered a violent death was impossible to her. Never should those grey locks, that had become white with care for her, go down on a scaffold, without his Meeta's heart being by, to break at the dismal sight. Her aim, she confessed to Esther, was to reach that dear parent without loss of time; it would be the business of those she left behind, to make other efforts, wider ones, for saving his life.

Esther was not slow to catch her frantic purpose; and more alive to immediate apprehension, than prophetic of remote consequences, she offered, without hesitation, to accompany and protect her.

Their preparations were quickly made. Meeta scrawled a hasty billet to Aremberg and Adolpha, stating her father's situation, her own flight to him, and her reliance on

them and other friends for every possible attempt to save that honoured parent's life. She besought them to waste no time upon her, but to labour for Muhldenau's liberation; assured that wherever he was, his daughter would sooner or later, be found by those that sought them. This note Meeta left upon her table; and trembling in every fibre, lest any one should observe and obstruct their way, she rapidly descended from her apartment, stole out unperceived with Esther, and hurried in breathless deliriousness of mind, to the distant abode of the Bohemian Queen's secret agent.

The astonished Saxon for some time attempted to dissuade so young and lovely a creature, from the rash act she meditated. He assured her, that he had dispatched information of the sad circumstance to the Hague, whence every probable engine would be set at work to reclaim the minister of Mariendorpt as a subject of the States-General; and ad-

vised her to wait the issue of such interference. Meeta smiled dismally, shuddered, and renewed her solicitations. Won at length by the resistless eloquence of her tears, he consented to aid her wish of getting to Prague, and remembering an honest Israelite, who trafficked in Aussig wine, and frequently carried it beyond Prague, he proposed placing her and her intrepid attendant, properly disguised, under his protection. The man in question lived at Peterswalda; and thither this active partizan actually conveyed Meeta and Esther that very night: there they were transferred to the guidance of a second stranger; and seated in a mean waggon, commenced their mournful journey, relying solely on his honest, though dull countenance, and on the goodness of that gracious Being, from whom Meeta implored pity for herself, and life for her father.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT would have been the feelings of Madame Roselheim, had she known the real situation of all the persons dearest to her in life, thus widely, fearfully scattered! Happily the knowledge of circumstances destined to wring her heart, did not reach her solitude for several weeks after they had taken place: that blessed period was left to the recollection of an event which occurred to herself, and which formed, she hoped, the basis of her future happiness, and that of Rupert.

Unsuspicious of the attachment between Aremberg and Adolpha, she yet speeded the departure of the former when summoned to Dresden, anxious that his judicious counsels should be

nigh, to enlighten their young cousin, and to facilitate her return to the affectionate and grateful family at the parsonage. Through Meeta's eyes, she hoped to behold her son: for she fondly believed it impossible that those two dear objects should be permitted to approach so near each other, without some fortunate chance bringing them yet nearer;—and little suspecting the perilous nature of Muhldenau's journey, she looked forward to their general re-union, at no distant period, with a chastened, yet lively joy, which filled her lonely sitting-room with numberless delightful visions. Aremberg had been gone some time, and his first letter read and discussed between Mr. Vanderhoven and Madame Roselheim, when, on the departure of the latter gentleman, she was remaining near the open sashed-door of the now deserted parlour, buried in sweet but serious thought, when the approach of a covered boat on the canal, to the landing steps of the gar-

den, all at once attracted her attention. The vessel paused under the bank; some one got out of it, and ascended the steps. Madame Roselheim roused, and advanced beyond the porch of the door: her beating heart asked, if that were not possible to be Rupert. After looking round an instant, either to note the place, or to see if he was observed, the person advanced with a rapid step; his figure was tall, and though closely enveloped in dark drapery, was singularly noble. Madame Roselheim stood gazing on it, as if root-bound;—one conviction growing on her as she gazed, till it became certainty: then regaining with haste and difficulty the place she had quitted, her senses failing her as she did so, she sunk completely deprived of life upon a seat.

When she revived, she found herself supported on the breast of some one whose whole frame shook with some powerful passion: a hand clasped hers, a breathing rested upon her cheek, which

for sixteen years had visited them but in memory. As she evinced returning consciousness by a heavy sigh, a heavier sigh answered her: the past, the present, flashed on her at that sound, and awaking to complete consciousness, with a dismal shiver, she averted her head, and faintly struggled herself free.

The stranger then sunk down at her feet. "Henrietta," said a voice sad, interrupted, yet of silver sweetness, "these guilty arms will soon clasp only the sacred cross: — deny them not one pardoning — last embrace!"

Madame Roselheim started at these words: she was about to speak, to look upon her husband, but afraid of her own weakness — afraid of forgetting that a gulph was now between them, which neither must pass on this side eternity, she clasped her hands over her eyes, with a suffocated groan, and remained silent. As silent, yet more convulsed with inward struggle, Rhinegravestein fastened

his lips to the hem of her garment: her tears meanwhile, flowed in streams through her fingers, and her choking sighs were interrupted by short gasping petitions to Heaven, for strength to support a moment which she was thus destined to go through alone.

"You will not speak to me!" demanded Rhinegravestein, at length; "I have sinned then, beyond even your mercy! — what am I to look for, at the hand of an offended God?" and rising precipitately, he would have retired as abruptly, had not Madame Roselheim faintly articulated his name. He turned at the sound of that voice so long unheard, and never heard but in the days of his true happiness, and throwing himself again on the ground, pressed his forehead to it in an agony of remorse and regret.

"Julian!" she repeated after a while, endeavouring to collect her scattered powers, and to meet this trial as she

ought, "What is it brings you here, to one so long forgotten?"

"Forsaken! you would have said, Henrietta," rejoined her husband with gloomy wildness, "but you are avenged. I have lived to become the scorn and horror of the woman for whom I gave up all this treasure of love and loveliness.—Yes, Henrietta,—lovely,—lovely even now!" he gazed; softened; and sighed as he gazed.

Madame Roselheim answered only by increasing tremblings: but slowly unlocking her hands from before her eyes, was raising her head to look once more upon the husband of her youth, when discerning her purpose, he drew the hood of his cloak with frightful haste completely over his face, though hitherto it had shrouded every feature except his eyes. The lingering frailty of the admired Rhinegravestein, spoke in that action. "Henrietta," he exclaimed, "you must never look on me again!—

all that you loved and honoured in this once boasted face — all which a base spirit grossly worshipped there, is shattered — defaced — blotted out! — the idol broke, and the sordid worshipper spurned it in the dust! — Mighty Heaven that I should have lived so long but the puppet of a woman's eyes! — Henrietta, the woman I speak of, looked on me thus in ruins, when the grasp of death — awful death, was on me; — she was my wife — I had made her my wife — I thought her my wife — Yet! — it was just — it was retribution." —

Comprehending at the same moment the wreck of her husband's person, and the cruel outrage inflicted upon his feelings, Madame Roselheim drew a convulsive sigh, while her face fell upon her arm, as it now rested on that of the chair she sat in. It was long before she found voice to exclaim, "O Julian, had the heart never changed! — that face, dear, dear, as it was to me," — tears drowned the

tender sentiment ere it was uttered. Rhinegravestein suddenly drew closely towards her — he sighed, almost passionately, several times; then subduing the unhallowed feeling even of this purest earthly love, he said in a solemn tone, "Heaven is just: rather let me say, Heaven is merciful: The vain distinction on which I sometimes prided myself, was the demon of my life; it tempted me to evil — it tempted evil to seek me — ought I not to bless the Almighty breath that has withdrawn it? The woman for whose frantic passion and pomp of power, I bartered your affection and my own soul, claimed gratitude for her supposed devotedness; some weak touch of pity too, would always have staid my better purpose: but she herself disowned those ties, by the savage disdain with which she herself cut the fatal knot that bound us, and again I am yours and Heaven's!"

"Mine!" repeated Madame Rosel-

heim, her voice dying within her, and her frame shrinking into itself.

Rhinegravestein checked, and awed, stood several minutes contemplating her. He drew a profound sigh : then walked from her awhile, and returning to her side with a stronger effort at self-command than he had yet made, more distinctly explained the purport of his visitation, and the purpose of his soul. — The first was to obtain her forgiveness, by convincing her that he now merited it. The second was, his firm resolution of retiring into a monastery, and there dedicating the remainder of his life to the exercises of severe piety, and the education of Julian. He had chosen, he said, the country where he had first known happiness, for the scene of his penitence ; and reserving only the customary moiety of his own large possessions, for charitable uses, he had made equal distribution between his two sons, of all that properly belonged to himself. The lordship of

Rhinegravestein went with the revenue belonging to it, to him, whom imperial law pronounced the heir: and upon him also, eventually must devolve the splendid dowry of his mother. But there were certain lands in the Lower Palatinate, originally possessed by the ancestors of Rhinegravestein, and since bestowed on himself, which might be given to another; and these Rhinegravestein had transferred to Rupert, in the writing which together with the title of his wife's deserted estate in Bohemia, he now laid at her feet; offering it, as at once the pledge of his own sincerity, and the test of her forgiveness. The terms in which he did this—the affecting details which he gave of the warring feelings which that dear son's conduct had caused in himself; the fervor with which he spoke of his filial virtues, and noble reputation; the anguish of spirit with which he mourned his own sins against him, left no room in Madame Roselheim's heart, for considerations of

ought connected with worldly blame or praise: she looked but to the judgment of the one great Being. The husband and the father, renouncing his riches and honours, and about to pronounce a solemn vow, which must divorce him for ever from earthly things, was to her, as if on the bed of death: her tears dried up; while with awed feelings, she took these poor atonements from the hand she longed to press to her quivering lips and bleeding heart. Rhinegravestein proceeded to thank her for her tenderness to Julian; and to entreat their son's continued love for that dear child, after his father should have withdrawn from that world, where he must one day fill a distinguished situation, and require some guiding hand. He then asked her more earnestly, if she forgave him, and would pray for that peace for him, which only Heaven could bestow? "Pray too, Henrietta," he said, "against your own dear self! pray that your unhappy husband

may not carry with him into the sanctuary of his God, the guilty desire of dedicating his penitent life to her he sinned against! — the wish is here — here," — striking his breast. "I feel it quickening within me! — just punishment of my former intoxication! this, will be *my* thorn, Henrietta, when *your* blameless heart is pillowed on down; and when *you* think of Rhingravestein, but as angels in Heaven, look down upon repentant sinners on earth. But if prayer, if penance — if knees worn with supplication, may avail, a Saviour's hand will extract that thorn at last, and I shall forget the vain yearning of this parting moment, for one last, one dear embrace!"

The tone in which Rhingravestein uttered these words, pierced to Madame Roselheim's soul; but it banished no returning recollection: it rather recalled every agitating event of their united and separated lives, and at once led her, and repelled her, from his arms. Yet it was

the voice of long-past years; it was the last time she would hear that voice through years to come! The weakness of tenderness, and the dread of wrong, shook her whole frame: Rhinegravestein, in eager observation of her emotion, unconsciously suffered the hood of his cloak to fall back; and as Madame Roselheim turned her extinguishing eyes upon his face, and saw the ruin there, she uttered a dismal cry, exclaiming, as she fell upon his neck, "If this be sin — pardon me, Heaven!"

* * * * * *

Madame Roselheim was conscious to nothing after this moment, till she found herself many, many days afterwards, on her own bed, with Jemima sitting calmly beside her at work. The various emotions which had succeeded to her acceptance of her husband's contrition, had been too numerous, too rapid, too extraordinary, to leave distinct traces behind; and when he tore himself away, on the

appearance of a servant, temporary insensibility, and subsequent blissful delirium, had wholly suspended memory, if not feeling, for this long period.

On recovering consciousness, all the grief and gladness of the late amazing scene rushed upon her soul, overwhelming it with a mixture of pity and joy for her husband; of regret, of transport, of gratitude for herself and Rupert. Though exchanging the acclaim of multitudes for the silence of a cloister, and the pomp of a noble for the humiliations of a penitent; though bleeding with a wound he blushed to feel, since it was inflicted by a hand he scorned; Rhinegravestein was far less an object of grief and compassion to his wife, than in his day of full-blown prosperity. She believed him now entering the path to that heaven where she hoped to meet him, though by a different road; and if no longer her's, he was no longer her rivals. Rupert too, might now seek his father's blessing, and re-

ceive his gifts without degradation: Julian might share his innocent heart amongst them: and thus, there might "be joy on earth, as in heaven," over "the one sinner that repenteth."

As this long-suffering woman threw herself on her knees to utter thanksgivings for such signal mercies, and to pray for the safety and return of those who were absent from her, she felt more powerfully than ever, that the true Christian is never left alone, without a sympathising friend; and that it is only they, who, with keen sensibilities, have yet no habit of communion with their God, that can be said to know the complete solitude of the soul.

This Madame Roselheim knew not: and so passed with her, days and weeks that were clouding over the heads of the absent, and bringing to them woe and desolation.

* * * * *

Meeta arrived at the goal of her journey, about the hour when the market people from the country were entering the city with their articles of barter. Something afraid of taking a personal share in the perplexities his companions might encounter, their guide contented himself with giving them a verbal recommendation to an artizan in the small town, (as a division of Prague is called,) whom he knew to be at heart a Protestant, and, having served in the army, something of a linguist: having previously instructed Esther how to conduct herself and her youthful charge to escape observation, he bade them adieu, and precipitately left them to their fate.

Meeta was wrapt in a coarse woollen cloak, purposely procured, which, with the basket she held, containing a needful change of raiment, enabled her to pass among the crowd of country people for one of themselves: Esther's early habits rendered it easy for her to assume their

plodding air and strait-forward gait; and she had provided herself with an open basket of ordinary vegetables. Pushing through the crowded gates, with the confident step of one familiar with the entrance, she entered without difficulty; and careful not to display her ignorance of the streets, aware that the house they sought, lay in the quarter they were already in, she went on without hesitation, turning away from the bridge across the Moldau which connects the two towns, searching out certain large buildings which were to constitute the stars of their course. Meeta followed her, all pale, aghast, and tremulous: her senses, even yet, were scattered; and the grasp of mortal grief was still on her heart. What her aim was, beside that of reaching her father, she knew not: she followed, perhaps, in part, the instinct of a child accustomed to believe their parents' arms a shelter from every calamity. Alas! Meeta had

never known a moment till now, in which those arms could not have given her protection, or, at least, have awakened hope, if they were not able to ensure comfort! She now hurried onward by the side of Esther, whose chief care was to shelter her companion's wild looks and suffocating sighs, from passing observation. Their search of the carpenter's house to which they were bound, was prolonged by their incapability of asking questions; neither of them knowing Bohemian: they were, however, fortunate enough to discover it at last; and delivering the token given them for that purpose, and saying whom they brought it from, they were mystically welcomed into a back apartment. Meeta had no time to waste in caution; at once, she disclosed herself in German, and asked if her father were indeed a prisoner, and if — her almost breaking heart, interrupted the question. The good people of the house mechanically fastened their door, as they saw

their stranger-guest give way to this passion of sorrow; but they hastened to give her the information she sought. Muhldenau was confined, they said, in the White Tower: having providentially excited the compassion of the governor's daughter, who was touched with the sight of his grey hairs, as he passed under her window to his prison, she had made it her suit, that the usual rapidity of martial law might be staid a while, till the unfortunate person could let some of his friends know of his situation, and the Emperor's rigor be perhaps softened by their means. This interposition had happily retarded his fate, for the Governor had prolonged his indulgences as much as possible, by sending finally to know the Imperial will, concerning the person upon whom the papers he forwarded were found secreted; but whose case involved some difficulty. Although he confessed himself a native of the Palatinate, he called himself a naturalized subject of

the States-General; and though papers of the late Palsgrave's were found on him, they were not of a treasonable nature: besides which, his open declaration of Protestantism was not punishable, since the crime of preaching its doctrines in any country subject to the Emperor, was not attributed to him. Thus, unless actual guilt against public or private safety could be proved on the prisoner, his execution might embroil Austria and Holland, without serving the Imperial interest in any way. These considerations, however, were not expected to prevail either with Austria or Bavaria, whose gloomy intolerance and ferocious spirit of vengeance, increased with the vexations of an unprosperous campaign. Count Rhinegravestein's retirement from public life, the carpenter added, was to be lamented, even by the Protestants against whom he fought, as he was always known to temper the severe councils of his august masters, and to have the powerful

argument of money or service in his will, and at his command, on such occasions. At Rhinegravestein's name, a gleam of hope shot across the waste of Meeta's soul: if he had any influence left, and if Rupert would ask it! Surely for *her* father's life, Rupert might solicit even his father, without degradation! She now hastily enquired where the hostile armies were? and heard with transport, that the advanced guard of General Konigsmark's was supposed to be somewhere on the Weisse. To seek Rupert herself, was impossible: not to her delicacy — for all the trammels of this world were vanished from the eyes of Meeta — but it was impossible for her to leave the place that contained her threatened father. She threw herself upon Esther's breast, beseeching her to give her the last tribute of her love, by going in search of Rupert, and telling him the condition of her father. The danger and difficulty of such an errand for Esther, Meeta lost sight

of; in this fearful hour she saw nothing but the axe suspended over the head, most dear, most honoured. Alas! how selfish do we become, when danger threatens those we love beyond ourselves! Esther venerated Muhldenau, and besides cherished a proud consciousness of her own value on great occasions: she left Meeta no leisure for recollection of the risk to which she was exposing a mere domestic; and frowning their astonished host into silence, as he would have exclaimed against this extraordinary rashness, she asked some needful questions; then taking, after a short hesitation, part of Meeta's slender purse, fervently commended her to the care of these friends of an hour, and to the blessing of Heaven, and vanished on the instant.

Left to herself, Meeta's first act was to request her charitable entertainer to conduct her to her father's prison. It was in vain that the good carpenter argued the impossibility of her obtaining

entrance, or his own utter inability to smooth her way, poor and obscure as he was. With some embarrassment, he expressed a hope that she would be careful not to compromise his safety and that of his wife, by any indiscretion; for if it were known with whom she lived in Prague, she must consent to pass for a casual lodger, of whose concerns he knew nothing; and permit him to save his family from ruin, by denying her proceedings, if ever those proceedings brought his political sentiments into question.

This intimation was the first circumstance which recalled Meeta to consideration of others: she started at the selfishness of her phrenzied sorrow; and knew not whether she ought not to hasten after Esther, and withdraw her from the forlorn hope, on which she had just sent her. Her filial anguish could only be silenced a moment, in her heart; and wringing her hands in passionate petition to Hea-

ven, she promised all that the good Bohemian asked of her, with reference to the security of his household; and obeying his directions of shrouding her attractive face and figure more closely, she went, with the rapidity of light, in search of her father's dismal dwelling. The state prison was easily found; and Meeta's first attempt to gain admittance, was by addressing a sentinel belonging to one of the Bavarian regiments, on duty in Prague. At first she was repulsed with rough indifference; and at length listened to, in pity to her youth and extreme distress. From this soldier she learned, that there could be no entrance without a direct order from the military governor. Poor Meeta flew to the government house: to gain access there, was impossible. After various vain applications to each of the many inferior officers, who adroitly shifted the persecution of her tears, and the responsibility of yielding to them, to those above them, she re-

ceived the same withering answer from all. The person she sought permission to visit, they said, was a state criminal and a Protestant; imperial severity was unrelenting against both characters; and as such, the governor of Prague could not be solicited on such a subject, by any one of a rank inferior to his own.

Meeta returned to her friend the carpenter, distracted and desperate. She had now no hope, but in the humanity of the lady whose interference had already delayed the fate of Muhldenau; and to ascertain her home and residence, she put all her host's small means of information at work. It cost so obscure and timid an individual, the diligent enquiry of several days, ere he discovered precisely, that the lady in question was not the daughter of the governor, but the wife of a Baron Idenstein, whose regiment formed part of the garrison; and that being some-how connected with the governor, she had a tolerable degree of

influence over him. Unhappily ignorant that her Rupert had ever known a Baron Idenstein, Meeta hastened to this lady's residence — the government house itself. What was her anguish of disappointment, to learn, that the governor was ill of a fever, the Baroness too close in attendance upon him to be harassed with foreign subjects of interest, and the Baron himself not returned from a military mission on which he had been sent previous to the arrest of Muhldenau!

Day after day Meeta haunted the courts of the government house, imploring some one, only to carry her brief petition to the Baroness. But the officious duty of some, and the wanton power of others, made every one deny her prayers; and soon she had nothing more to offer: for her slender purse was quickly exhausted by the imprudent lavishness of the first misapplied bribes with which she sought to buy entrance into the White Tower. That plea, which, as the last, she

deemed irresistible, dangerous as it might prove to herself, — the fact of her being the daughter of the aged prisoner served but to steel some hearts against her suit, which might otherwise have melted to it. While some shook her off, through cruel indifference to the fate of one professing a different form of worship from their own, others shrunk away through fear of incurring suspicion of heresy, or dreading displeasure for their ill-placed compassion.

Ever as Meeta returned across the dreary — to her eternal bridge, which led from the centre of the city to its humbler outskirts, she dragged her weary limbs to the prison of her father: wandering under its mournful wall, like some dismal ghost; or passing whole hours, immoveable, on the steps that led up to it, like one afflicted with incurable lunacy.— Every thought seemed, even to herself, absorbed in one: but others toiled within her incessantly. The images of Ru-

pert, of his mother, of Aremberg, of the devoted Esther, haunted her day and night: still with reference only to their power of saving her father's life. She would have abhorred herself, could she have felt one fear, or indulged one regret that had any other object than this venerated parent. She shuddered to remember the fond visions she had formerly indulged in, of love and happiness; and whenever she ventured to think of Rupert, it was only in connection with desolation and death.

With the wretched, every day takes something from their stock of hopes and wishes; as despondency gains on them, these go out, one by one: nothing replaces hope: till at length all their expectations are bounded to the solitary consolation, of seeing the termination they are sure must arrive, delayed a day — an hour. Thus, within the short space of eight days, a wilderness of time, to her that marked every instant of it by a

keener pang, — poor Meeta's heart had nothing left to throb for, except the daily blessing of learning at the prison-gate, that no order had yet arrived for the execution of the prisoner. Sometimes the fire of a bolder hope would suddenly blaze up in her soul, and extinguish as suddenly. If Rupert had prevailed upon his powerful father to interpose! if Aremberg had conceived any effectual mode of saving him! but neither of these dear friends appeared to interpose. Perhaps Esther might have fallen into hands inclined to deal as harshly with her, as they had done with her honoured master; Rupert might have perished in some encounter with the enemy!"

Meeta's soul returned to "the shadow of death" once more.

On the ninth morning of her residence in Prague, in answer to her uniform questioning, her sorrowing host confessed that one of his customers who lived near the government-house, assured him that

a messenger from the Imperial Court had reached it, late the preceding night, and it was feared with an order for the execution of the Protestant minister, within three days. This severity was said to be occasioned by the angry state of the Emperor's mind, who had only just heard the news of two signal defeats, sustained by his troops and those of Bavaria, in despite of Montecuculi's science, and the Prince of Wirtemberg's marvellous personal courage, either at Summerhausen or Lauvingen; Meeta's informant knew not exactly which. But Meeta was no longer by, to hear what he conjectured: she had flown with the rapidity of madness, to the doors whence she had been repulsed so often; and finding there but a single servant of a smiling aspect, she flung herself at his feet, telling her name and situation, and imploring him, in the awful name of their Creator, either to admit her to the presence of his lady, or to carry her a few lines, which she would

write on the spot, provided the Baroness were still in attendance upon her sick relative.

Alas the smile on which Meeta built her hope, was that of self-conceit only! the pampered menial carelessly confirmed the truth of the report about the Emperor's decision, adding, with a contemptuous glance at her defaced habiliments, that it was not for gentlemen in his situation, to lacquey the messages of rebels and paupers. If there had been the slightest chance of a suitable reward, he added, he might have carried a message or a letter.

Meeta convulsively owned that she was destitute of the means; that she had already parted, for similar purposes, with every thing belonging to her, except the very garments she wore: "Yet she had one or two rich friends," she added, "and if they knew her distress;" — she wrung her hands as she spoke, in bitterness of soul. The whiteness of those uncovered

hands and arms, evidently struck the man, for he exclaimed, "Let us see what sort of face you have to bribe with!" and snatching off the large hat with which she had hitherto wholly screened her features, the violence of the action pulled down and scattered her hair, covering her, even more completely, with its abundant tresses, than if a veil had been thrown over her.

"Nothing left!" exclaimed the venal wretch, "by the mass! a fortune in this glorious hair; — why don't you sell it, and give a pretty fellow like me, the purchase money, by way of *douceur!* — Your petition should be on my lady's toilet, ten minutes afterwards."

Meeta eagerly asked if he were serious; and remembering how often in Holland, she had seen advantageous traffic made of this natural ornament, by the country girls, her heart opened to the joy of hope. The servant was as much surprised at the facility with which a young

creature agreed to part with her beautiful tresses, as she was to find that he would indeed accept them, as an equivalent for actual money: and hastily following his lead, she went with him into one of the cloistered courts of the building, — one rarely frequented, and now occupied solely by a sentinel, and there suffered him to cut off, and carry away the prize he coveted. As she replaced the many folds of that beautiful hair, by the linen handkerchief from her bonnet, and drew the short remnant of its silky waves forward, to hide her shrinking-face, for an instant she thought of Rupert. She remembered, how often, in the days of their unspoken attachment, Julian used to sit on her knee at Mariendorpt, making a tent of this hair, and as he threw back its dark curtains, how often her heart had throbbed at the expression of Rupert's rivetted eyes. How dear had such moments rendered these forfeited tresses to Meeta! but

they were parted with to buy entrance to her father! "If I could sell this vaunted white and red, also!" she exclaimed; the pacing sentinel, halted close beside her, as she spoke, and the reflection of her face from the polished steel of his cuirass, showed her that she had no longer blooming cheeks to think of. Not even a transient sigh followed this discovery. Her spirit sprung after the few lines she had written with pencil and a shaking hand to the Baroness Idenstein.

Her mercenary friend appeared as if he had a conscience; or perhaps he was in haste to get free, and ascertain the value of his extraordinary donation, for he returned quickly, and beckoning Meeta, told her in a whisper, that his lady would actually admit her to her presence. He then charged her, as she valued his future good offices, to keep the secret of the *douceur* which bought them: and vaunting his own influence,

as highly as he extolled his own good nature for thus troubling his lady in such a matter the very first day of the governor's convalescence, he conducted her through long passages and solemn halls, to a more cheerful part of the government-house, where ushering her into an antiroom, he left her to apprize the Baroness.

When this person shut the door, Meeta felt scarcely able to support the fearful agitation of that moment: her heart beat with intermitting force; one instant so violently that it seemed beating its way through her slender side; and the next, entirely motionless. In this tumult of many hopes and fears, she threw herself on her knees, and was about to ask the assistance of a Higher Power, when the door opened softly, and a lady entered alone: she stept back on seeing Meeta's attitude, and an amiable blush coloured her delicate features. But after a moment's irresolution, she came forward,

and raised her from the ground; accompanying the action with an expression of benevolent sympathy.

Meeta was struck with the Baroness's extreme youth: but she recked not, that her figure had the air of an Atalanta; that her fine colour went and came, with interesting mutability; and that her eyes, though now somewhat subdued by watching, or by compassion, seemed naturally as playful and bright, as those of the gazelle. Meeta saw only the compassionate humidness of those eyes, and she felt the ready sensibility which that fluctuating complexion implied. There was something, in short, in Baroness Idenstein's voice or countenance which brought back some agreeable recollections: what these were, Meeta knew not; for all was confusion within her. She burst into tears, and half sinking on her knees again, faltered out her petition.

The amiable stranger lifted her up

once more, regretting the absence of her husband, who might have been more serviceable on this sad occasion, than she could be herself. She lamented the melancholy condition of the venerable prisoner, whose looks had moved her so; said something in approbation of his daughter's filial exertions, hopeless as they might prove; and promising to use all her influence over her restored relative, to procure an order for Meeta's admission to the White Tower, staid not to ask other questions than where she must send such an order? and evidently anxious to escape greater pain, glided away through a side entrance.

Meeta knew not whether to call the emotion with which she herself quitted the room, the succeeding instant, hope or despair. All that generous pity in a powerful station could promise of hope, Baroness Idenstein's manner made certain: but she had said nothing of pardon or acquittal; and she had withdrawn

hastily! Meeta tore her thoughts from the inference consequent upon this observation.

Baroness Idenstein proved the sincerity of her pity, for in less than two hours after Meeta's return to her timid hosts, an order was brought to her, signed by the governor, for her daily admittance, or entire residence with the prisoner, under certain restrictions. This was inclosed in a packet from the Baroness, containing only a small purse of money, with these words wrapt round it. "Far from your friends, you may find this useful."

Meeta scarcely saw the purse, useful as it might become, but she seized the order, as a starving wretch snatches at the morsel which is to save him; and, accompanied by the respectable old servant whom the Baroness had charged with this commission, she hurried to the prison.

As she hastened along, this person respectfully expressed his commiseration, and lamented that his master, who loved

his lady too passionately not to move heaven and earth to pleasure her, should be so long detained from Prague: since there was one now in the city, who, twelve months before, might have given life or death as he pleased; one, too, easily entreated to mercy; and the early friend of his lord. With quivering lips, Meeta enquired this powerful person's name. What was her joy, when he named Count Rhinegravestein? What were her conflicting emotions, when, on questioning her companion further, she heard that Rhinegravestein was on the morrow to make public resignation of his worldly honours, in the church of the Clementines, by assuming the noviciate's garb of that order. It was not possible for a creature so ill-instructed in the lore of real life, to imagine that the General of the Elector, and the champion of the Emperor, could renounce his power with his august station. She knew the services he had rendered to both his

titled masters; she knew also, what splendid distinctions had courted him to new services, and wider sacrifices; and believing that gratitude is obligation's shadow, her heart expanded to the hope, his ability and his providential presence seemed to authorize.

Grief, like insanity, has not unfrequently its subtle purpose; and equally afraid of being traversed in it, knows how to conceal it from suspicion. Meeta's resolution was taken, the instant she heard that Rupert's father was within her reach; and having minutely acquainted herself with every local circumstance necessary to guide her, she bade adieu to her conductor at the gate of the White Tower, to which the order he presented, gave her entrance, with an appearance of composure, which deceived him as to the real state of her tumultuous hopes and apprehensions.

Her fleet steps outran those of the gaoler that admitted her within the gates,

and would have guided her way through the gloomy passages of the prison: Meeta seemed to thread their dark intricacies by instinct. A well-known voice arrested her speed at the door of a low chamber: it was that of her father, repeating from memory some consolatory verses of Scripture. She thought he read aloud; and clasping her hands together in an ecstacy of grief and gladness, she blessed God that the consolation of his Bible was not withheld from him. Meeta little knew the rigor of fanaticism!—Turning round in breathless haste, and putting a piece of gold into the hands of the gaoler, she bade him fasten the door upon her, and leave her to pass that night in his prisoner's sad society. The man paused a moment; but recollecting by whose order she was admitted, took the money and retired.

At sight of her father leaning against the barred window of his desolate chamber, his thoughts evidently communing

with heaven, she uttered a piteous cry, and springing forward to throw herself on his neck, fell almost lifeless at his feet.

The amazement, grief, transport, of Muhldenau, when he felt that beloved daughter in his arms whom he hoped ignorant of his sad destiny, yet whom he yearned to see, may be imagined. Sweet, sweet and bitter was the cup he then drank of! She brought comfort to him, she was seeking anguish for herself. Her wasted person and altered looks, told him what she had already suffered; and, ever alive to apprehension for others, his first question asked whether evil had befallen any other object of their affection? Meeta's hysterical assurance of their safety when she left some, and last heard of others, quieted his alarm: but she herself was so strangely altered, so wildly tearless, that he scarcely recognised his Meeta in the poor ghost before him. Her brief answer to his question, if she were alone, impressed him with

the notion that some had failed her in this hard trial, on whose affection they had a right to anchor their dependance; and at that suspicion, the pious tranquillity of his spirit gave way: but Meeta quickly re-assured him, adding her belief, that each and all of these absent friends were making efforts for his release; repeating her gratitude for the unexpected blessing of Baroness Idenstein's compassion; and kindling into something like hope, as she described that signal interposition of Providence.

Muhldenau's mournful seriousness of aspect softened into tender tears, as Meeta described the goodness of this amiable stranger, the devoted attachment of Esther, and all the difficulties she had herself conquered, ere she attained the woeful felicity of their present meeting.

"My child, my dear, imprudent child!" exclaimed her father, pressing her at every pause of her convulsed voice, against his labouring heart; but trusting

himself with no further expression of the feelings her rash, yet touching devotedness occasioned, and aware that his days were numbered, he strove to turn her thoughts and his own towards the prospects and promises of another world. As he talked to her of those sacred subjects, her awed soul gradually ceased its restless ebbing to and fro, with other hopes and other expectations; submission succeeded to despair — nay, even to hope itself: and while, with a humanly-breaking heart, she felt that the hour which terminated her father's life, by a violent death, would be the last of her own, all within her lay prostrate at the feet of Him who has promised to "wipe away every tear, in the mansion of His Father and our Father."

Muhldenau then spoke more distinctly of their absent friends; gave Meeta some directions respecting the disposition of his slender property, in case no miracle were worked for his preservation; and heard

with benevolent pleasure of the growing confidence between Aremberg and Adolpha. Many were the fond wishes he breathed for his daughter's future happiness with Rupert! Many his tender messages to Madame Roselheim. Meeta heard him in death-like silence: her spirit was calm, while her father talked of life, only as the passage, a little darker or lighter, leading to eternal joy; but when he spoke of it as an object of future anxiety, and future enjoyment, the flood-gates of agony again burst open, overwhelming every consolation.

Thus passed that dismal night.

As the morning came on, Muhldenau, over-wearied with so many hours of unusual agitation, and greatly weakened in body by fatigue, previous to his imprisonment, sunk into peaceful sleep: — he was yet steeped in that blessed forgetfulness of pain and sorrow, with his daughter watching over him, like some guardian spirit of the dead — for, alas!

she seemed no longer to belong to aught living! — when one of the gaolers entered with the prisoner's breakfast; and an unusual stir being heard without, Meeta looked up, and tremblingly enquired its cause. She was told it was occasioned by the crowd hastening to the Clementine church, to witness the ceremony of Count Rhinegravestein's profession.

At that name, her purpose of the preceding evening rushed on Meeta's recollection, and dreading a moment's delay, she softly withdrew from her father's side; won the gaoler to remain with him till he should awake; and leaving another piece of gold in the man's hand, as he promised to account for her temporary absence in the terms she wished, she looked for a moment on her sleeping father, then hastily retreated.

To measure the way back to her humble lodging, and write some blotted lines, stating her claim on Rhinegravestein's attention as the betrothed of his son,

and the stronger ones of him she pleaded for, on the gratitude of Julian's father, and then to hurry with these to the entrance of the Clementine church, were the actions, apparently, of an instant: but sufficient time had elapsed for the rites performing there, to approach their conclusion. Enlightened by the information she had drawn out of Baroness Idenstein's humane attendant, Meeta did not enter the church itself, but placed herself at the outside of a small door, which led from the steps of the altar into some cloisters which the procession of Monks must pass, in the way back to their college. There, leaning her throbbing temples against the wall, she heard, without listening to, the surging sea of noises within, the monotonous chanting of the priests, the swell of the responses, the rush of multitudes falling prostrate before the elevation of the Host, all these sounds were unmarked by Meeta: she was awakened

out of herself, only by that deep stillness which followed the last thrilling appeal to the senses of Catholic worshippers. Suddenly, the piercing sweetness of a choir of youthful voices, rose soaring above this solemn cloud of silence: it seemed the call of angels to the spirits of the awakening just. An emotion unutterable, undefinable; an emotion for which Meeta reproached herself for feeling on the threshold of a church with which she had not communion, took possession of her whole being: she trembled through every nerve; and as she listened to the following words, momentary rapture died away, and that hymn which had at first sounded in her ears like the welcoming of blessed spirits, seemed now but the wailings of a soul as desolate as her own; the cry of Rupert's sad and contrite father.

HYMN.

Lord! while my tears anoint thy feet,
Grant thou the mercies I implore;
O nail my sins unto thy cross,
And I their weight shall feel no more!

O print thine image on my heart!
Wake thou alone its hopes, its fears;
So shall I cease o'er earthly things
To shed these weak, these guilty tears! —

Meeta's tears were flowing in torrents, when the doors of the church suddenly flew back; and showed the procession of monks, with the newly-initiated, barefoot and bareheaded, carrying a crucifix in his hand, and walking with his eyes fixed humbly upon the ground. Meeta saw only the signs by which she was to distinguish the novice, the scarred brow, and defaced cheek, which would have shocked others, made no impression upon her eager sense: she broke through the crowd; and flinging herself before the startled Rhinegravestein, held out an open paper. He put it gently aside, and

would have passed on; but wildly calling on him in the name of his son, to hear her, she held him fast by the garment, while she rapidly told her name and errand. The flush of unquenched sensibility instantaneously coloured the face of Rhinegravestein: he stopt, glanced with inquietude towards the Superior of the order, who gravely motioned him to receive the paper, and turning on the betrothed of his son, those eyes which had so often looked away the peace of others, with an expression which promised all they asked to hers, fell with an unsteady step back into the line of the procession.

At that moment, the idolatry of Meeta's transport bent her head to the ground, to kiss the footsteps of Rhinegravestein; but ere her lips touched the spot, she recollected where gratitude and glory were alone due, and she burst forth in audible thanksgiving to God.

Not two hours after she had rejoined

her father, and amazed him with the detail of the scene she had witnessed and shared in, a kindly billet arrived from the Baroness Idenstein. It informed Meeta that Count Rhinegravestein, avowing his debt of obligations to the minister of Mariendorpt, and repeating the latter's Christian conduct to one of their own habit, had obtained permission from his religious superiors, to quit the monastery on the errand of mercy: that he had then sought the Governor of Prague, and demanded the delay of the Imperial sentence, until he could seek the Emperor where he was expected on his road to Prague itself, and solicit pardon for the offender. Rhinegravestein, confident of his own eventual influence, had consented to answer with his own life, for any displeasure which might arise to the governor, in consequence of yielding to his request. Baroness Idenstein added, that her husband, having rejoined the garrison

just as this interesting application had been granted, had recognised with painful satisfaction, in the name and character of Muhldenau, that of the excellent man with whose virtues Julian had made him familiar in former days; and that he was therefore straining all his interest with those gone to meet their Sovereign for the same desired end.

It was not in man, perhaps, to resist the gladdening hope this letter warranted: it was, indeed, beyond the power of a fond father and devout Christian when he noted such signal marks of Divine favour; and witnessed the rapturous gratitude of his child! It seemed, as though Heaven's mercies must light on her pious head: and though he endeavoured to control the excess of her transport, he had not force to crush it entirely. He kissed off her grateful tears; and pouring out his own spirit with hers, in pious thanksgiving,

taught her not to depend upon the arm of flesh, but to lean solely on Him, who if he wills a crown of thorns here, can bestow crowns of unfading amaranth hereafter.

CHAP. X.

The evening of the second day after this unlooked-for ray of comfort, brought Baron Idenstein himself to Muhldenau's prison. That engaging aspect which had formerly attracted Rupert's confidence, would alone have bespoken the regard of those he came to, even had not the consciousness of owing all their past indulgences, to the generous pity of his lady, animated the sentiment his appearance excited. The Baron came charged with some pleasing news, and while he announced them, his open countenance expanded into pleasure: but Muhldenau's attentive eye, observed that it contracted again, when Meeta mixed with the expressions of her gratitude, sanguine hopes

of Count Rhinegravestein's success. Muhldenau drew his own inference from this token, and he was not mistaken.

But the occasion of this young nobleman's visit banished considerations of his own fate: Idenstein came to inform Meeta that her friends Aremberg and Adolpha were at that moment in the apartments of his wife. They had been detained on their way from Dresden, by a brief, but alarming illness of Adolpha, the consequence of her late varied agitations, and had only just reached Prague. Aremberg, who had used the intermediate time ere he left Dresden, in giving motion to many efforts for saving his venerable friend, fortunately brought with him a letter from a person of high rank in Saxony, to the governor: with this he hoped to prevail for a delay of Muhldenau's punishment, until the event of those applications elsewhere could be ascertained. While Adolpha, with that noble confidence in human nature which

was peculiar to her character, at once presented herself to the lady who she heard presided at the governor's house, stating her interest in the suffering father and daughter, and claiming her good offices for them both: it is needless to say, how amiably that touching confidence was answered.

Meeta shed tears of uncontrollable emotion, both at these proofs of her friends' unwearied affection, and at the unexpected information of their being already united in a bond which justified their appearance thus together. Her own delicate and devoted heart explained the reason of such precipitancy. And since it was not deemed discreet at present, to urge the governor too far on the score of indulgence, Meeta was obliged to consent to quit her father a while, if she would see her friends at all.

Baron Idenstein smothered a sigh of unfeigned commiseration, as she turned with a speaking smile to her father, call-

ing on him to receive this new blessing of their friends' arrival, as a harbinger of all they prayed for. Muhldenau's forced smile in return, showed that he considered it in a different light; as a mercy granted to smooth his path to death, for her dear sake.

Baron Idenstein briefly mentioned his slight acquaintance with Rupert, (with whose tender relation to the persons before him, he had been just made acquainted.) Affectionate joy shone on the mild brow of Muhldenau, and he turned his moistened eyes upon the suddenly downcast ones of his daughter, with a look that rendered words useless. Guessing what passed in Meeta's heart, he made several inquiries respecting Rupert, which Baron Idenstein regretted he could only answer imperfectly. Their mutual intercourse, he said, was necessarily cut off by their different situations; so that all he now knew of his brave acquaintance, was that he was proceeding in his

career of glory, that Konigsmark's division was at the present instant known to be moving on Moravia, therefore in an opposite direction to Prague. Meeta's heart sunk at this intelligence: yet she felt how vain would be the hope of seeing this treasured object of her soul, even were the camp of the general under the very walls of the city.

When she reached the government house, and saw there the dear, familiar faces of Aremberg and Adolpha, she felt as though she had regained her haven. No one was there to receive her, except these two anxious friends; for General Kleiner, the governor, had, from the first, requested that his feelings might be spared personal knowledge of the venerable prisoner and his daughter; and Baroness Idenstein had considerately withdrawn from this sorrowful meeting.

Sorrowful indeed it was, on the part of Meeta's friends, since they had found all their own efforts to save Muhldenau

fruitless; and they were apprised of the small dependance which the military authorities at Prague, placed upon the interference of Count Rhinegravestein. Courtiers, and men of the world, knew well the quality of an ambitious sovereign's gratitude! But Meeta herself gave way to the transporting hope she founded upon the exertions of Rupert's father; and to the delight with which she contemplated the friend to whom she owed so much, the wife of one completely worthy of her. Adolpha, in truth, showed, by every look, and every tone, that she believed herself the most fortunate of human beings, and that, but for the bitter alloy of the present threatening calamity, her happiness and Aremberg's would have been too perfect for earth. As she listened to Meeta's fond augury of Madame Roselheim's joy when she should hear what dreadful stroke her husband's influence had averted; the brilliant red which re-coloured the speaker's

altered cheek, and the vivid brightness which restored beauty to her tear-worn eyes, went to the inmost soul of Adolpha; the look which the latter's speaking eyes exchanged with the sadder ones of her husband, at that moment, almost demanded permission to cast herself upon his neck, and weep out there her mournful sympathy.

When Baron Idenstein rejoined these friends, he brought a testimony of his considerate goodness, which none of them had yet ventured to hint at. In quality of his sacred profession, (neither he nor the prisoner being subject to the Catholic Emperor,) Aremberg was allowed to enter the White Tower, and offer the consolations of their religion to his venerable friend. He accepted the permission with the joy of a Christian and a friend; and expressing a wish that he might be permitted to take Meeta's place by her father's wakeful pillow that night, he prevailed upon her to accept the hospitality

of the Baroness, and remain with his wife.

That night passed with Aremberg and Muhldenau in sad and solemn discourse. The one stood on the brink of eternity, and the other had his eyes too firmly fixed upon the promises of their Divine Master, for either to indulge in any deception, however humane the motive. Muhldenau learnt that there was little to hope for, though much to respect in Count Rhinegravestein's attempt at softening Imperial rigor; and blessing God for the unexpected comfort of leaving his daughter in the arms of recent and tried friends, he talked awhile deeply of her, of Rupert, of the dear and absent Madame Roselheim, then withdrew his thoughts from earth, and centered them on heaven.

Meeta and Adolpha, who shared the same chamber, had meanwhile much to ask, and to relate. To Adolpha, Meeta confided her poignant fears for the safety

of poor Esther, confessing that such fears hung heavily upon her conscience, and, acknowledging, that if any thing had befallen that devoted creature, her own peace of mind would be embittered for life. She then spoke of the honest persons whose house had given her charitable shelter on her entrance into Prague; beseeching Adolpha, if calamity overtook herself and her father, after all, to remember them for her sake. Adolpha gave the promise with a breaking heart.

Early on the morrow, Aremberg returned from his melancholy visit, serious and spiritless; Meeta hastened to resume her place with her father; and the Baron, who had prepared to conduct her, being hastily summoned to the Governor's council-room, his amiable young wife insisted upon conveying her thither herself.

By the time they reached the White Tower, the extreme agitation which had

seized Meeta, on hearing the summons to Baron Idenstein, for she conjectured that it had reference to the one awful subject, increased to such a degree, that her susceptible companion would not suffer her to proceed alone, into the gloomy interior of the building. With involuntary shuddering, however, this more fortunate young creature quitted her coach, and taking the offered arm of an old officer, whom she permitted to escort them, passed with hurried steps along the dismal passages, to the distant chamber of Muhldenau.

That happy young woman, whose short life had been spent in the centre of peace and plenty, had heard of prisons, without annexing any other idea to them, than that of confinement: but when she saw the ghastly walls before her, and caught a view of the bare cells on either side, she felt at once, that even famine might here be coupled with durance; and she passionately upbraided herself for never

having, till this moment, thought of administering to the bodily wants of him whose grey hairs and touching aspect, had so strongly excited her sympathy. Self-reproach, thus roused, could only be pacified by personal inquiries into the treatment Muhldenau had received from his gaolers; and by going to ask pardon of the solitary sufferer, for what she deemed a criminal omission. With this feeling, Baroness Idenstein motioned for her military attendant to remain without, while she entered the prison-room with her trembling companion.

As the father and daughter rose from the instant and long-taken embrace with which they met each other, Meeta named the Baroness Idenstein: the latter was timidly standing, fearful yet of approaching, under the light of a miserable lamp, suspended by a rude chain from the roof. Her exceedingly youthful look, or that enchantment of sensibility which belonged to her ready smile,

and gave it a character unlike all other persons' smiles; perhaps the contrast of this verdant youthfulness, with the withered loveliness of Meeta, powerfully struck Muhldenau, for he started, gazed earnestly at her, uttered a convulsed sigh, and pressing his hand upon his eyes, said some low, hurried words to himself.

The Baroness, greatly touched by his emotion, and by a nearer view of that mildly-mournful countenance, which had fastened upon her memory in a passing glimpse, spoke the contrition she felt for having hitherto neglected to make the enquiry she now did; adding much that was respectful and compassionate; then, with the erring zeal of youthful pity, tried to animate him with hopes she knew unlikely to be realized.

Muhldenau answered gratefully, though vaguely: he was evidently not himself; Meeta addressed him; but still his replies wandered, and there was an abstraction in his manner after his first lively

show of interest in the Baroness, which made her apprehend him informed of some evil she knew not. Rupert and himself were all she thought of at that instant: but, recollecting, that news unknown in the city at large, could never reach a prisoner, nor he be instructed in what concerned himself, without its being known also at the government house, Meeta rallied her dismayed senses, and attributed his unusual absence, to the solemn subjects discussed between him and Aremberg.

Baroness Idenstein making the same inward observation, now bade Meeta adieu, in a subdued voice; and extending one fair hand to Muhldenau, while with the other she pressed her rosary against her heart, assured him she would henceforth pray for him, though perhaps he might not place much value on the prayers of a Catholic.

Meeta was astonished to observe her father, so still and silent just before, seize

the Baroness's hand with perturbed quickness, and instead of carrying it to his lips, fix his eyes on its delicate moulding with a look of what she deemed unsettling reason. Perceiving the frightful imagination of his daughter, and the greater panic of the Baroness, Muhldenau released the hand he had taken so wildly, exclaiming, "Pardon me, gracious Lady! but this extraordinary mark — I thought no human hand, save my lost child's — thy speaking resemblance to my wife, too! — O trying Providence, was not this poor heart wrung enough before?"

The vivid complexion of the Baroness faded as he spoke; her eyes assumed a very different expression: "What mean you, Sir!" she cried, hastening back to him, and grasping his arm, "for the love of God, speak! — know you not, that I am but the foundling of General Kleiner? — an unfortunate, plucked by his merciful hands from the fire and blood of a captured city!"

"The name of that city!" Muhldenau faintly gasped, catching at Meeta for support. "Magdeburgh," was the answer.

"Thy name!—thy name!"—he wildly demanded, "but thou could'st scarce speak it then, — yet on thy linen! —Frederica, was it?" "Frederica!" repeated the Baroness, her voice extinguishing as she fell at his honoured feet. Her father did not reply: he raised his eyes to Heaven, then sunk back upon the arm of Meeta, without sense or motion.

Every other emotion, except fear, was now suspended in the sisters' hearts at this awful circumstance. They bathed his pale brow with water, as with tears; Meeta untied his collar, and laid her quivering lips to his moveless ones, in the wild hope of so communicating warmth to them; while Frederica frantickly called on him to revive for her sake, wringing his hands in hers, with agonised and vain impatience.

At length, with the smile of one awak-

ing in paradise, the venerable man opened his eyes, and met the humid ones of a daughter yet doubtful of her happiness. Calling on him by the sacred name of father, the young Baroness threw herself upon his breast, rapidly enumerating the main circumstances of her preservation by General, then Major Kleiner, and counting over the testimonials she yet treasured up, of her name, and that of the murdered servant on whose body she was found.

A book of Lutheran hymns in the pocket of the latter, bore the name of Wilhelmina Freyberg, the appellative of Esther's unfortunate sister: and on the cambric cloathing of the child herself, was worked that of Frederica, in English characters. These garments had been a sponsor's present from the Queen of Bohemia. The enumeration of these things carried conviction with it; and leaning back in the seat on which his daughters had placed him, his hands, his eyes, his

heart, again raised to Heaven in speechless gratitude, the overjoyed parent claimed his long-lost child only by gushing tears. As these streamed down his pallid cheek, Frederica kissed off the sacred drops, while Meeta endeavoured to say something perhaps yet necessary for perfect explanation of their dear relationship: but Frederica, with the lovely credulity of youth, to all that gives or promises happiness, required no further proofs; and interrupting her sister's suffocated words, with expressions of love and joy, met her eager, tremulous embrace, in glowing delight. As thus encircled in each other's arms the sisters sunk at their father's feet, asking his blessing, he looked with piercing fondness upon both; the fearful future rose slowly before him. He drew a shivering sigh, repeating, unconsciously, "So found! — O how to leave!"

"Say not so, my father!" exclaimed Frederica, springing up, with hope's

brightest light glittering through her tears; "is not the governor another father to me? and if he—"

Muhldenau shook his grey head, unconscious of the movement: Meeta observed the action, and her heart, which had just caught the blissful contagion of her sister's, collapsed again in despair. She turned her altered eyes towards Frederica, whose more mutable ones, instantly filled with such tears, as the grave look of a stranger often calls into those of a timid child. But Frederica's heart was not used to sadness, so happy had been her destiny; and even while she looked thus sad, she repeated her conviction, that the governor would never take the life of his Frederica's real parent. She described his strong sensibility, her sway over him, and her husband's happy art of influencing those he lived amongst, with a rapidity of eloquence, and a power of gesticulation, which embellished her charming countenance with a thousand

new graces of expression and colour. Even in this awful moment, both her father and her sister beheld them with admiration; and as the magic of her smile banished for an instant the doubtfulness of Meeta, and the dismal certainty of Muhldenau, it seemed impossible to their hearts that Providence should doom so young and lovely a flower, to be mowed down by one direful calamity.

Frederica was eagerly recapitulating the power of her adopted father to suspend civil as well as military executions, and the great friends he could employ near the Emperor, when her husband entered, followed by a person unknown. Frederica was too much absorbed in her own visions, to observe even Idenstein's entrance. An exclamation of astonishment from the latter, at seeing his wife hanging round the neck of the Protestant minister, his arms enfolding her and Meeta in the same embrace, made her look up; she flew towards him, repeat-

ing in broken sentences, the thrilling discovery just made.

Idenstein, in extreme agitation, and scarcely comprehending what he heard, or why he should credit it, addressed himself to Muhldenau; and while he now clasped his sobbing wife more closely to him, listened to that distinct and convincing explanation, which she could not give, and which the foregone communications of General Kleiner, at the period of Idenstein's suit to his reputed daughter, amply corroborated.

The young Baron's ardent complexion lost its colour as he respectfully kissed the hand of his wife's parent, on the conclusion of this detail. He was come, alas, to withdraw his wife and Meeta, from the awful communication which it was the office of the person who accompanied him, to make; and full of that mournful knowledge, he seemed but faintly interested in the late touching event. In fact, he stood like a man

scarcely awakened after a strange dream; and when his wife called on him to testify joy and sympathy, he was not sufficiently experienced in scenes of sorrow, to endeavour even at controlling his own emotion, but tightly pressing his forehead with an air of distraction, he besought her to allow him a few moments, to recover from his surprise.

Frederica stood aghast as he walked from her: it was just possible that he might be mortified to find such near relations, under such circumstances as he beheld Muhldenau and Meeta: yet it was not like her husband! while she was gazing after him, Meeta's watchful eye, caught a glance from his, directed to her father, which revealed the whole: a piteous cry escaped her; and running to the object of her filial fear, threw her arms round him, as if to shelter him from the meaning of that glance. Frederica too, sprung forwards, wildly demanding what terrified her sister? Idenstein's

power of self-restraint, was now fast drawing to a close; he advanced hastily, and taking his wife's arm within his, said in a hurried voice, "remember, dearest, that time wears. If you wish any other attempts made, we should not stay here, —embrace your sister — your father!"

Frederica obeyed with reviving animation: but in embracing Meeta, she clasped a motionless statue. Meeta had lost all consciousness of sister, friends, lover. O who should have said, 'twas so Meeta would have felt, only a short interval after experiencing such a providence as that of her sister's restoration! Muhldenau, aware of what he was about to hear, pressed his youngest child earnestly to his heart. His closed eyelids quivered, and his lips moved; but neither tear dropt from his eye, nor sound proceeded from his mouth: only a shade of more ashy hue appeared on his features, and some agonized drops stood on his brow. A second, and a longer

time he prest Frederica against his heart; looked expressively at her husband; and lifting her up from his neck, put her into his unsteady arms. Frederica stooped her lips to the trembling hand of her father as he did so, calling on him to hope and confidence for her sake, and renewing her own fond augury of success.

"At all events, blessed be the merciful God who has thus miraculously sweetened my bitter draught!" exclaimed her father, breaking his sad silence, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, with the look of an expiring saint: then fixing them flooded with tears and tenderness upon both his daughters, added, "O my children, whether we are called after this, to greater thankfulness, or to harder submission, be that awful name blessed amongst us!"

Frederica pressed the crucifix of her rosary instinctively to her lips as her father spoke: a shade crossed his brow

as she did so; and a smothered sigh, as he turned from noting the action, showed that he felt there was alloy enough in their different modes of faith, to make even this recovered blessing, sufficiently moderate for worldly possession. Meeta marked not this feeling: her perturbed looks were following the movements of Baron Idenstein's companion, who changed his situation frequently, like one kept waiting against his inclination on business, and took no share, therefore, in the scene going on. She felt that he came charged with her father's destiny: yet she, who but an hour before, fancied any thing more tolerable than suspense, now trembled with apprehension, lest this ominous silence should be broken.

"My lord," said this man, at last, addressing Baron Idenstein, "it is time for this chamber to be cleared, unless you choose me to execute my commission."

Frederica interrupted him; her youthful countenance sparkling with becoming

anger at what she deemed an indignity offered to her husband. "By what right, Sir, do you dictate to Baron Idenstein? do you forget that we are here by General Kleiner's order?"

"General Kleiner has no power here, Madam, now," returned the man, with splenetic quickness,—"I am the officer of the new Governor."

Frederica's passionate exclamation of disbelief and alarm, forced her husband to acknowledge that the statement was true; and that General Kleiner's compliance with Count Rhinegravestein's intreaty for a lengthened respite untilhe could learn in person the ultimate determination of the Emperor, had forfeited his high post. An express from the Imperial presence at Tahor, had brought the order for another to supersede General Kleiner in the command of the city. Thus then his power was over; and Idenstein, limiting himself to that information, despondingly called upon his wife to sup-

port this shock for his sake, and for that of her oppressed parent. But the blow was too heavy upon a heart bounding previously with hope: Frederica uttered a mortal cry, and fell back as senseless as her father had been not an hour before. Her husband raised her drooping head, intreating Muhldenau to pardon him if he withdrew her from the agony of a last farewell. The afflicted parent averted his face as he said, in faltering accents, "take her away! — my blessing on her — on thee, too, my son! — Meeta, my soul's comfort, follow them awhile! — to-morrow we shall meet again."

Meeta flung herself precipitately on the ground, wrapping her arms round him, and exclaiming, in a desperate voice, "We shall never meet again, my father! — here is my last place on earth. — I will die here — here!" her frantic grief recalled Muhldenau's better spirit; he raised her to his bosom, and while she lay panting convulsively there, like some

hunted and expiring thing, he motioned again for Baron Idenstein to remove his wife from the chamber. The latter bowed his head in token of obedience, while starting tears showed with what unwillingness he thus yielded to a dire necessity: and the next moment Muhldenau found himself left solely with Meeta and the new governor's officer.

The latter began to speak: Muhldenau interrupted him. "Stay, Sir — in Christian charity I entreat thee to stay but for a few moments, ere thou dost deliver the message I guess at. — I trust in God I am prepared for it, through his grace: — but my child, my precious child — let me but speak with her awhile, and then we will both listen to thee, I hope, as becomes Christians."

The man hesitatingly acquiesced, and as he drew some steps nearer to the door, Muhldenau carried, rather than led his daughter to the remotest end of his prison-room; there, with the persuasiveness

of a fond parent, and the majesty of his sacred ministry, he endeavoured to compose his daughter's soul, and prepare her for acquiescence in the severe trial allotted her. The love, the compassion, the sufferings, and the submission of a dying Saviour, were themes with which, by degrees, he re-awakened her tranced faith to a sense of the duty of resignation; and with the promises of that blessed Redeemer, did he seek to kindle those transports of gratitude and love in her frozen heart, which hurries the Christian soul to the feet of its Lord, intreating for more burthens, more trials, to prove its faithfulness, and hasten its hour of victory and reward.

Muhldenau then called on her to remember, that he had already passed a long life of usefulness, often blessed with extraordinary mercies; that he would, therefore, end his days only a short time earlier than he might otherwise have done; and that with self-satisfaction, since he

would perish in the performance of a duty; that he should die blest in the recovery of a long-lost child, and happy in the consciousness of leaving her, and his dearer daughter, to the protection of deserving husbands, and surrounded by affectionate friends. "Death, my child," he said at the conclusion, "is dreaded solely by the wicked or the happy; and it is because thy father is too happy, that he would have rejoiced, had it pleased God to spare him a few more years. Shall we, then, make the very benefits of our Benefactor an argument for rebellion against his wise decrees?"

Meeta sunk upon her father's neck drowned in tears; in tears of anguish and contrition: it was long before she could find voice to exclaim, "I confess my sinfulness, dear Father! pray for me — pray with me!" — and gliding from his arms to the ground, she locked her hands together, and raising her streaming eyes, as though they would have pierced the

heaven they looked to, her spirit was soon absorbed wholly in earnest and effectual prayer. Muhldenau seized that opportunity of seeking the precise information he required. He advanced to the Governor's messenger, and inquired, in a low, firm voice, what hour was appointed for the termination of his sufferings?

"Nine, to-morrow morning," was the answer.

It would be vain to say that a cold thrill did not pass through Muhldenau's veins at these words: but it altered his mildly-coloured complexion only an instant; and returning to the speaker, he said, "May I have the consolations of a minister of my own religion now, and on the scaffold?"

"That indulgence is never granted." — "And my poor daughter?" "She may remain here, if she will; the Governor granted that petition to Baron Idenstein." — "I meant not that exactly," was Muhl-

denau's agitated reply, human affections, passions, and anxieties rushing back upon his soul: "what will become of her — if no one is by to take her home in mercy now — or to support her when her father is summoned?" — "She will be seen to; be satisfied," was the man's answer.

"Then on the morrow," resumed Muhldenau, with unwonted earnestness, "as thou wilt answer it to thy God, I charge thee, send for her betimes — let her not know the hour — and let some kind person of her own sex, be ready to conduct her to her friends." As he spoke, he drew from his finger the only ring he had ever worn, a small diamond, once the property of his royal master, for whose family's sake he was now going to lay down his life, and tendered it to the man, by way of ensuring his good offices for his desolate child.

The present took effect; and promis-

ing to bring Aremberg and his wife to the gates of the prison ere the dreaded hour, the man retired, drawing the heavy bolts of the door after him as he departed.

Muhldenau stood for a short space, in inward and fervent prayer: he then returned to Meeta, whom he saw still kneeling where he had left her, as if rooted there; but whose wild and haggard looks showed that she had long ceased to pray, while straining her sense to catch the low murmurs of the distant conversation. She did not alter her attitude when her father came up to her, and she spake not, except with her tearless eyes. Muhldenau required a moment or two, ere he found voice to answer this piteous questioning. "Meeta, my child! — my joy! — my comfort! — joy and comfort will be thine, from thy Heavenly Father, I doubt it not, at last! — Look up, sweet soul! — bear up now," he added, seeing her sinking upon the arm with which he was trying to raise her; "remember that

thou dost belong to more than thy aged father. A little while, and we shall meet again in an eternal abiding place! — till then, live for our Rupert!"

"In Heaven! — in Heaven!" was Meeta's scarcely articulate answer; then, with a thrilling smile, "even Rupert's love cannot keep me here now!"

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Day was doubtful, and but a sickly light gleaming through the barred windows of Muhldenau's prison-room, quivered over the pale features of Meeta, as he sat watching her almost unbreathing sleep. After a night of alternate despair and resignation, she had dropt into one of those death-like stupors which not unfrequently seizes persons in the midst of dire calamity.

As he looked on his motionless child, the fond father prayed in vain for perfect submission. That changed and dear countenance, the neglected masses of

that once boasted hair, shorn of its beauty for his sake; the very stillness and repose of the creature that must so soon awake to agony and despair; the angelic vision of his happier child;—the images of his home, his friends, his sorrowing parishioners, grasped his heart with a force and anguish irresistible. There were none, now by, to be spectators of this human infirmity: he knelt down, and prayed in the words of his divine master, that "the cup might pass from him!" but like his divine master he knew the petition sinful, and he repeated in the same sacred language, "if not, thy will, not mine, be done!"

A sudden and tumultuous noise in the street, accompanied with violent outcries, at that moment awakened Meeta: she started up from the mattrass on which her father had laid her during sleep, and gazing distractedly round, exclaimed "It is night still!—not morning!—not morning yet?"

"Calm thyself, my child. — It is not light yet; not quite light:" returned Muhldenau, clasping her in his arms, and trying to still the violent and contagious shaking of her whole frame, by more closely holding her against his breast.

Meeta's eyes continued to wander wildly over her father, as though her senses were not yet perfectly awakened. The sounds without increased: they drew nearer. She believed that they announced the approach of her father's murderers, and pulling her veil over him and herself with the hurried action of madness, said convulsively, "Pray for me, my father — for the love of God, pray for me! — O let me retain my reason, gracious Heaven!" At that moment the tumult drew nearer: sounds of firing and of clashing weapons were distinctly heard, mixed with other sounds of terror and confusion. Muhldenau at once comprehending what all this meant, started on his feet: "If it be thy will to

save this hoary head!" he exclaimed, raising his eyes to Heaven. Meeta clung more closely to him, uttering some broken sentences, expressive of her belief that his summons to death approached: her father soothed her distraction with difficulty, for his own thoughts were now like a troubled sea, even while cautiously infusing into her mind the blessed hopes strengthening in his, and calling her attention to those cries in the street, which confirmed his first imagination.

"The Swedes! the Swedes!" was heard echoing from various quarters: at that sound Meeta dropt upon her knees. It was a cry full of fearful things; it might be the fore-runner of her father's liberty, her Rupert's glory, and her own full happiness: or it might prove the knell of them all! In speechless awe she fixed her eyes upon her father's varying countenance, while he knelt down beside her, and addressed the Almighty and invisible

power, by whose will those mysterious changes were operating.

As the strife and tumult increased without, even Muhldenau's spirit was unable to support itself steadily above earth and its interests: the words of petition cleaved to his lips; yet he remained kneeling, and the earnest fixture of his lifted eyes, showed that he was still praying.

Suddenly a crash of bursting gates, and the rush of an armed croud, were heard in the lowest quarter of the prison. "They come! our deliverers!" exclaimed Muhldenau, attempting to start up, but unable to do so from combined weakness and emotion.

Meeta heard no more: she fell against her father's side, with a force that nearly overset him; but recovering himself and her, he lifted her in his arms, and at that instant the door of his prison-room flew open.

After a long and fearful suspension of

life, when Meeta revived to consciousness, she found herself no longer in her father's arms, but in those of Rupert, that dear father bending over her with clasped hands and quivering features, tears streaming down his venerable cheeks, dimming the joy that would else have kindled them into brightness. Some one stood near him, whose face Meeta seemed to know — some one in male attire: the person smiled, throwing back her raven locks, and Meeta knew it to be Esther. What did she not owe to Esther! From what anguish did not her appearance save her through years to come? Meeta sprung even from the bosom of Rupert, to embrace and thank this faithful creature, who could not herself speak for tears, but whose expressive gestures, and varying complexion, spoke volumes of gratification and joy.

When Rupert reclaimed Meeta, and supporting her glowing face on his breast, extended his hand to her honoured father,

he endeavoured to obey the wish of the latter, and inform him how this blessed revolution in their destinies had been effected.

Prague — at least all of it with which Muhldenau had any concern now, was in possession of the Swedes. The mode of its surprise, and the rapidity with which it was carried, at that period, is well known in history: suffice it, that Esther, who had painfully made her way, first to the camp of General Konigsmark on the Weisse, where it was said to be stationed, had with equal difficulty followed the general's swift and secret march into the neighbourhood of Egra, found Rupert, and repeated her momentous message.

Rupert knew well, that his venerable friend's fate would be determined long ere he could hope to reach his father by any means; he knew, also, that an important enterprise was meditated by his commander: and relying principally on

that, he hastened into Konigsmark's presence. There, with the energy of love and gratitude, he represented the desperate situation of his Meeta's father; and with more of a lover's passion, than a reasonable man's discretion, implored Konigsmark to let him expedite this plan of attacking Prague, by going himself into the town, to ascertain certain points necessary to success.

On this hazardous service, Rupert ventured his life without hesitation; since not merely love prompted it, but gratitude for his mother's sake. Guided by Esther, he gained the information he sought; and learnt, in addition, the sudden change of Governors. The last intelligence was important indeed: such a change insured something of perplexity and uncertainty in the movements of a machine, worked by an unpractised hand, as the government must be now. The knowledge of that circumstance decided Konigsmark. Rupert's importunity was

yielded to; and at dawn the ensuing morning, the Swedish troops burst into the small side of the town, and after short resistance, made themselves masters of it.

With Meeta in his arms, so won, — her father by his side, so saved, — Rupert wanted only his mother, to complete his wondrous transport. The altered looks of his beloved, pierced his heart with pity of the grief that had thus laid waste their blooming beauties, but it dimmed none of the fond rapture with which he sought her bashfully-closing eyes, and for the first time in his life, ventured to seal their humid lids with kisses, and to call her by the fond title of his own! So wrapt was he in looking at her, and replying in whispers to the meaning of her thronging sighs, that he scarcely heard the interesting things her father uttered: so that although Muhldenau told him with a father's joy, of his Frederica's existence, and her husband's

name; of Aremberg's marriage; and the vicinity of Rhinegravestein, Rupert started in delighted bewilderment, when most of these dear persons, soon afterwards entered the prison-room.

Frederica threw herself at once into the arms of her father and sister, bathed in tears, and too completely overpowered, for speech: while her husband, with constitutional gaiety, called for sympathy with a wound which he had received in the skirmish of the surprise, assuring Rupert that he was not sorry to become the prisoner of his future brother-in-law, but determined to exact much indulgence in virtue of that character. Rupert's pleasure in this meeting and relationship was sincere, and animatedly expressed: but how immeasurably deeper and stronger was the feeling with which he put the outstretched hand of the beaming Adolpha to his lips, and turned to embrace Aremberg?

"O my friend!" he whispered, "when I have time to count up all the amazing mercies of this period, I think they will overwhelm me! — your happiness, that I never ventured to imagine! — my father's affecting change!" —here emotion interrupted him. Muhldenau, catching some part of this short address, now called on his children and his friends, to join him in the duty of thanksgiving; and kneeling in the midst of them, like some prophet or patriarch of old, his mild brow radiating with the fervor of devotion, he poured out his spirit and theirs, in earnest, eloquent prayer.

Many hours did not pass after the miraculous preservation of Muhldenau, before the circle of blissful hearts around him were joined by that endearing child, so deservedly beloved by all. Julian came to mix his artless joy with theirs; to fly into the embraces of Meeta and his brother; to kiss the honored hand of the minister of Mariendorpt; and to talk of her whose

gracious image lived in his grateful heart, superseding all pining or resentful remembrance of his real mother. Conducted by him to the college of the Clementines, it was there, in a solitary cell, that Rupert again saw his father, pondering over the serious lesson he had learned from his last trial of royal gratitude; yet acknowledging, that the privilege of redeeming the life of him who had sheltered his injured wife and his sons, was too great for such an offender as himself to look for: it was there that Rupert could fall at his feet without degradation, and ask a father's blessing: there he could receive and return the assurance, and the clasp of unallayed affection; and thence he was permitted to withdraw Julian for a while, till expected events should enable him to restore that happy child to his father, and he himself, and others equally dear, be within frequent reach of their society.

The surprise of Prague was check-mate to the Emperor: that important event had followed immediately upon the capture of Munich, and consequent occupation of Bavaria by General Wrangel. The Elector had been forced to seek shelter in Saltzbourg; while his Imperial Majesty more hastily retreated from Tahor back into Austria. Peace, therefore, was the only alternative. Articles then were seriously drawn up; cessions made; indemnities granted; principalities restored; and a peace was finally concluded at Munster, which gave liberty of conscience to the suffering Protestants throughout the empire, and restored the Lower Palatinate to the son of the unfortunate Frederic V.

It was in the bosom of dear Mariendorpt, in the presence of that mother who had just promised to divide her life between this home of years and Zeirendahl, which was henceforth to be the home of her children, and on the day

which united him to Meeta, that Rupert heard the news of peace being concluded.

After exchanging many a joyful congratulation with those dearest objects — with the new members of the venerable minister's family — with the excellent Mr. Vanderhoven and his beloved relations, Rupert turned his smiling yet moistened eyes alternately from his mother to his bride, and unfastening the hilt of his sword, laid the sheathed weapon upon the ground.

"I lay down this good sword for ever, I hope," he said, addressing his mother and Meeta; "at least, never shall it again be drawn by your Rupert, in mere glory's name: but if invasion or oppression threaten the country I live in, then, and then only, may I preserve both the power and the will to use it ably!"

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Vol. I.

Page 3. line 11. *for* of a martial *read* of that martial.
—— 39. — 15. *for* with *read* in.
—— 104. — 4. *for* red *read* mail.
—— 133. — 4. from bottom, *for* lost *read* last.
—— 190. — 13. *for* ripen these *read* ripen there.
—— 264. — 6. *for* wish *read* rush.

Vol. II.

Page 241. line 3. *for* dross *read* drop.
—— 285. — 14. *for* experienced *read* expensive.

Vol. III.

Page 127. line 12. *for* oo *read* too.

Vol. IV.

Page 16. line 1. *for* week *read* weeks.
—— 24. — 16. *for* he *read* she.
—— 165. — 7. *for* blunted *read* planted.
—— 192. — 18. *for* honour *read* horror.
—— 201. — 15. *for* Fribourg *read* Franconian.
—— 299. — 13. *for* endowments *read* endearments.

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